THE STORY OF THE L.M.S.

NEW EDITION

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THE STORY OF THE L.M.S

Presented to

Miss Ruth Sheppard

as a Token of love for kindness

shown his Delegates to the

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Compliments,

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THE STORY OF THE L.M.S.

BY

C. SILVESTER HORNE, M.A

WITH AN APPENDIX
BRINGING THE STORY UP TO THE YEAR 1904

NEW EDITION
COMPLETING TWENTIETH THOUSAND

London
LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY
NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS, E.C

Trade Agents:—Messrs. SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co.
PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C

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ORIGINAL PREFACE.

THIS book makes no pretension to be a full and detailed history of the London Missionary Society. A work, on a scale worthy of the subject, is in preparation, and may shortly be expected from the competent hands of the Rev. R. Lovett. It is the hope of the present writer that such an interest in the story he has tried to tell may be awakened by reading this volume, as will lead many to study Mr. Lovett's history who otherwise might not have done so.

To enumerate all the writers to whom the author has been indebted for information regarding the various fields of labour would be impossible. Not being able to name all, he adopts the safer policy of naming none. In the Summary, however, will be found a list of notable contributions to English literature in connection with the work of missionaries of the London Missionary Society.

Having thus somewhat arbitrarily disposed of his "authorities," the author indulges in the personal satisfaction of expressing his sense of the kind courtesy and assistance of the Society's officers at the Mission House, and especially of the Rev. George Cousins, the Editorial Secretary.

If he does not in so many words particularly name the compiler of the Index, it is because she desires to be in no way distinguished from himself.

There is no dedication: if there were, it should be to all who are *young* enough to enjoy the perusal of a story which, however well known, can never altogether lose its freshness; and *large-hearted* enough to be in spirit the true descendants of those "fathers and founders" who dared to believe that there is motive in the simple love of God and man sufficient to inspire even the sublimest Christian sacrifice. In comparison with such motive, the mere desire to enlarge the circumference of any particular denomination seemed then, and seems still, poor and sordid.

C. S. H.

Kensington, 1894.

N1547

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

THE issue of a second edition enables me to thank numerous correspondents for appreciative words and useful corrections. Many of the chapters have now had the benefit of careful revision by competent authorities ; and the result has been to add materially to the value and reliability of the narrative. The alterations in the text have been considerable, but the statements of fact affected are few. One important one, however, I should like thus publicly to draw attention to. Following Mr. Ellis's report to the Directors, I wrote that the number of Malagasy Christians was multiplied during the time of persecution by *twenty*. It seems that Mr. Ellis's figures are unreliable. He did not sufficiently estimate the number of Christians before the persecutions began, and he somewhat confounded those who were well-disposed towards Christianity with those who were professed and consistent Christians. It is sufficiently notable that, notwithstanding the severity of their sufferings, the number of Christians should have increased *fourfold*.

One of my correspondents is afraid the impression will be conveyed that there was *no* visitation of the Zenanas until Mrs. Mullens and other ladies started the distinct and definite Zenana work. It ought to be said, therefore, that in connection with the girls' schools in Bangalore and elsewhere a certain amount of Zenana-visiting was carried on, and this as early as the year 1840, or soon afterwards.

Finally, I am sorry that no acknowledgment appeared in the first edition of the fact that the maps were taken from the manual of the Watchers' Band, the Prayer Union of the L.M.S. Had I been able to include any detailed history of our home organisations, I should not have failed to refer to the extraordinary progress of the Watchers' Band, which has done so much to cultivate a deeper and devouter interest in the work of our Society at home and abroad.

C. S. H.

Kensington, March, 1895.

PREFACE TO NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION

THE Second Edition of Mr. Horne's *Story* having been for some time out of print, and there being still a steady demand for the book, it was decided early in 1904 to bring out a new edition which should continue the record of the Society's work up to the current year. It was naturally the first thought and hope of the directors that Mr. Horne should add to the very valuable service he had rendered at the time of the Centenary by writing the required additional chapter for his book. Unfortunately, the pressure of other engagements, and especially the absorbing claims of the Mission at Whitefield's, made it quite impossible for Mr. Horne to accede to their request. It therefore fell to the lot of the Society's editor to undertake the duty.

It can never be an easy task to add a chapter to another man's book, and in the present instance the task was made exceptionally difficult by the brilliance of Mr. Horne's original achievement. No attempt has been made, however, to deceive the kindly reader into the belief that the same gifted pen has been at work throughout. The additional chapter at the end of the book is simply what it is styled—an Appendix.

The fact that the book was to be reprinted from the original plates has prevented the making of any corrections or additions, had such been called for, in the body of the work. The opportunity has been taken, however, to replace a few of the more old-fashioned illustrations by others of a newer order.

L. H. GAUNT.

August, 1904.

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THE STORY OF THE L.M.S.

CHAPTER I

LAYING THE FOUNDATION

Whitefield's Influence—Founding the Society in Dark Days—Dr. Haweis—The *Evangelical Magazine*—A Magnificent Offer—Dr. Bogue's Proposals—At Baker's Coffee House—Enthusiasm in London—Sermons and Addresses—The "Funeral of Bigotry"—Sketch of Joseph Hardcastle—The Society's Basis—Subsequent Societies—The Forward Movement—Purchase of the *Duff*—Dedication of Missionaries—The Early Stations of the Society.

AMONG the names of the Fathers and Founders of the London Missionary Society there does not appear the name of George Whitefield. Yet no one familiar with the period of English history at which the London Missionary Society had its rise would fail to acknowledge the influence of Whitefield in inspiring more than one great religious movement, and especially the one which we must now endeavour to describe. The passionately evangelistic spirit of Whitefield communicated itself to very many of those Churches which were debtors to his spiritual power and religious teaching. A conscience was created among the various Christian communities which were specially brought under the influence of Whitefield and his associates, as to the necessity of seeking to save those who were lost in sin and misery at home. This spirit of evangelism produced, as its inevitable

fruit, a sense of the larger responsibilities of the Christian Church.

Some were found to whom the motto "England for Christ" did not fully represent either the mission of the Redeemer, or the obligations of His Church in England. They were few, perhaps, who dared to entertain the magnificent faith that the time was ripe for a new and universal crusade, which should have as its inspiring watchword "the World for Christ." But these few were beginning to make themselves heard. In spite of the scorn of the mass of those who called themselves practical and level-headed men for this Quixotic proposal, it soon became apparent that it was receiving a response from a great many eager-hearted Christian people. The times were dark ones in which to make appeal for a world-wide extension of Christianity. Prophets were freely declaring that it was about to be seen in Europe that Christianity itself would not survive the portentous vicissitudes of human politics. The French Revolution had, it was said, proved that popular liberty could only issue in infidelity and licentiousness. Thousands of honest Christian people were full of dismal forebodings which they themselves could hardly reconcile with faith. Yet these were the days when the great modern missionary movement had its genesis—when, in the providence of God, men were raised up who bade the Church remember that the best way to meet the attacks of its foes is not by adopting a *defensive*, but an *aggressive*, attitude. Christianity itself had been challenged; the new missionary policy was a bold and trumpet-toned acceptance of that challenge.

There were reasons for such a forward movement in the expanding circle of British influence. Commerce had its missionaries before the churches. The trader had discovered that profits were to be made out of savage peoples; and it was only too notorious that the influence of trading crews was not of the highest. In India, England had already established those commercial relations which were to prove the highway to our subsequent sovereignty. Men of insight and religious feeling conceived that in all such ventures we were assuming responsibilities towards these people which could not be adequately discharged by serving them with British goods. We owed it alike to them

and to ourselves, that we offered to them at the same time the hopes of the Christian Gospel and the resources of the Christian civilization.

In the village of Aldwinkle, in Northamptonshire, there lived, as rector, a clergyman whose mind was profoundly exercised by these considerations. His name was Dr. Haweis, and he was chaplain to the celebrated Countess of Huntingdon. The records of the voyages of Captain Cook, published between 1771 and 1782, had excited widespread interest in the inhabitants of the rich and lonely islands of the South Seas. As we now know only too well, Captain Cook's impressions of the nobility of these savage races were founded on far too slender an acquaintance with them, and were for the most part misleading. But Dr. Haweis was not the only Christian minister who heard, in these fascinating chronicles of Cook's discoveries, a call from Macedonia for help and light. At the same time it deserves to be recorded of the Rector of Aldwinkle that, five years before the foundation of the Baptist Missionary Society, in 1792, he personally assumed the responsibility for the equipment and passage of two young men who, by consent of the Countess of Huntingdon, were to proceed to the South Seas from her college in Wales. The well-meant scheme fell through. Neither the Bishop of London nor the Archbishop of Canterbury would give the young men episcopal ordination, as they had not studied at a University; and they, for their part, refused to proceed without. Again, in 1791, Dr. Haweis' plan was frustrated, as no comrade could be found willing to share the risk

REV. DR. HAWEIS.

of the enterprise with a young man named Lewis, who had offered himself for missionary service. In the year following, Carey's celebrated Essay, and his sermon to the Nottingham Association on attempting and expecting great things from God, resulted in the establishment of the Baptist Missionary Society.

It was inevitable that Carey's heroic spirit of faith and resolution should bear fruit beyond the bounds of his own denomination. The associations of Independent Churches began to give consideration to the great problem. Those of Warwickshire and Worcestershire were among the first to pass earnest resolutions urging the prosecution of the enterprise. Mr. Ellis, in his history of the beginnings of the London Missionary Society, points out that these Churches looked for a movement within their own membership. Dr. Haweis, on the other hand, was appealing to the episcopal and Countess of Huntingdon communions. But the greatness of the cause was drawing together those who were outwardly divided by opinions of church order and manner of worship. The unity of spirit, which exists despite diversities of operations, was compelling very different men to fall into line together, that they might the more effectually wage the holy war. This was evident in 1793, when at a meeting of ministers of several denominations it was resolved to establish the *Evangelical Magazine*. Its object was defined as "to arouse the Christian public from its prevailing torpor, and excite to a more close and serious consideration of their obligations to use means for advancing the Redeemer's Kingdom." In July, 1793, the first number appeared. The principal editor was an episcopal

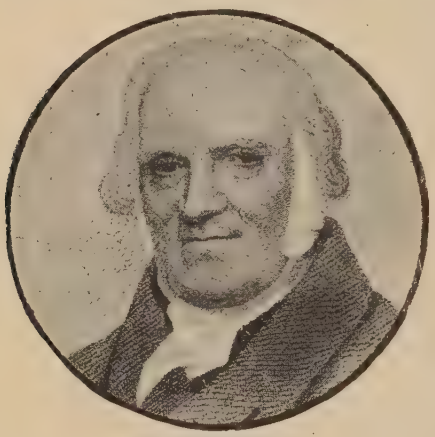
REV. JOHN EYRE, M.A.

clergyman, the Rev. John Eyre, of Homerton. The Rev. Matthew Wilks, so famous as the minister of Whitefield's Tabernacle, Tottenham Court Road, was also one of the principal instruments of the establishment of the magazine. Both these men were subsequently prominent in the founding of the Missionary Society.

Another clergyman of the Establishment, whose writings were influential in arousing interest in missions at this time, was the Rev. Melville Horne. He had been chaplain to the colony of Sierra Leone, and this gave his words a practical weight such as could not attach to those discussions, which might almost be termed academic. Melville Horne's appeals were as moving as his denunciations of the existing apathy were vigorous. It must be especially recorded in his praise that his enthusiasm was so genuine that it lifted him above all merely sectarian prejudices and considerations, and he declared emphatically that, instead of jealously regarding the prosperity of agents of another denomination than our own, it behoves us to rejoice that God is blessing them and, through them, those for whom they labour. This sensible and catholic utterance seems to have found a glad response in the heart of Dr. Haweis. He now wrote, "My former experience has convinced me that only by a general union of all denominations can a broad basis be laid for a mission." As the *Evangelical Magazine* was the most probable medium through which such a proposal could be realized, Dr. Haweis requested Mr. Eyre to insert an offer of £500 in that periodical "for the equipment of the first missionaries who should be sent on this blessed service." Previous to this munificent offer, the Rev. Dr.

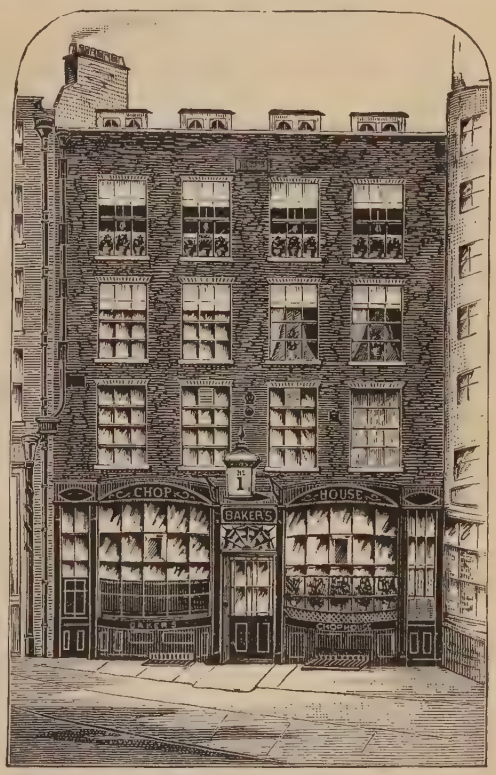
REV. MATTHEW WILKS.

Bogue, of Gosport, had addressed, through the columns of the same publication, a very weighty letter "to the Evangelical Dissenters who practise infant baptism." In this epistle he points out that the Episcopalians, through the S.P.G., were already doing missionary work, the Baptists had just begun, the Wesleyans were evangelising the colonies, the Continental Moravian Brethren were making magnificent sacrifices in this cause, and the Independents alone were resting on their oars. Dr. Bogue's proposals included not only the equipment of missionaries with all material necessities for their work in the foreign field, but also their appropriate mental and spiritual training. For this purpose he pleaded that a distinct seminary should be established for the education of those who offered themselves for missionary work. In his clear perception of the desirability of a previous special culture for would-be missionaries, in order that they might enter upon their work adequately prepared for service, Dr. Bogue was in advance of his contemporaries: and, indeed, his large-hearted and large-minded scheme has never been fully realized. The immediate result of this appeal, however, was in every sense encouraging. On November 4th, 1794, at Baker's Coffee House, in Change Alley, Cornhill, a memorable meeting was held. It was a meeting of ministers "of various denominations." True, there were but eight men all told; and the cynic would have doubtless made much capital out of their differences of ecclesiastical opinion. Let it be remembered that the principle of unity which they were about to put into practice was, at most, a "pious opinion" at that time. That it would



REV. DR. BOGUE.

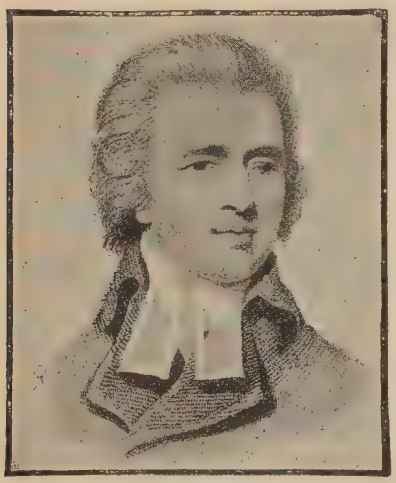
work, and prove a possible foundation for a great and growing society, many were unable or unwilling to believe. Hitherto societies had very largely appealed to strength of denominational prejudice for support. The men who met at Baker's Coffee House on November 4th, 1794, dared to believe that it was possible to found a missionary society in the simple love of Christ, and enthusiasm for the kingdom of God.



BAKER'S COFFEE HOUSE.

Evidently a new experiment was about to be tried in Christendom. Dr. Haweis, on the one hand, had met with little success in his efforts to persuade his fellow-denominationalists to embark on missionary enterprise. Dr. Bogue and his friends had apparently at first contemplated nothing more than a society within Independency. But the greatness of the cause that inspired them belittled the opinions that divided them, and they determined to base their association on a whole-hearted love of Christ and zeal for His truth, and to ask no questions as to the particular uniform worn by any soldier who was willing to suffer and to fight in His service. The eight who met at the Coffee

House decided to invite other sympathisers to meet with them at a larger room in the Castle and Falcon Inn, Aldersgate Street. Here, during the next few months, frequent meetings for prayer and counsel were held. The Rev. John Love was appointed as provisional secretary: the Rev. George Burder drew up an address, of which 15,000 copies were distributed throughout the country. Finally, a declaration setting forth the objects aimed at, and the comprehensive character of the association, was drawn up and signed by some thirty-four ministers and laymen, representing different denominations. It was decided to summon a general conference for September 22nd, 23rd, and 24th, 1795, when the directors might be appointed, and the general scheme endorsed.

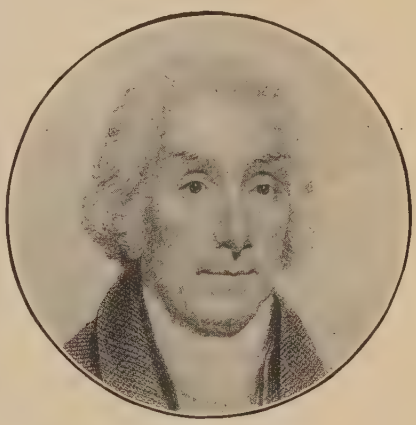


REV. JOHN LOVE, D.D.

The proceedings of these eventful days deserve to be recorded in some detail; for the spiritual influence manifested throughout them was described by those privileged to experience it as "Pentecostal." The men who met in solemn conference had been drawn together despite important differences of view, because they were intensely convinced of the necessity and Divine ordination of one great programme. At the end of last century, any proposal to send forth men and women as Christian missionaries to unknown lands could hardly have failed to excite general interest and elicit considerable enthusiasm. But it was the fact of men of such different schools of thought standing side by side, and ardently co-operating in this supreme service, that was so thrilling a spectacle. London is proverbially difficult to move in any cause; but it was stirred

to its centre a hundred years ago, when "the Missionary Society" was formed. Such assemblies of people, such representative gatherings of clergymen and ministers, had never before been witnessed; and a century of time has produced no more striking evidence of the fundamental unity of the Churches.

A meeting of a preliminary character was held on the morning of Monday, September 21st, in the large room of the Castle and Falcon Inn. The London ministers, and as many of the country ministers as had arrived so early, held informal consultation. The conference had practical result. Seven hundred and forty pounds was collected, a remarkable earnest of the spirit that was to prevail during the series of meetings. In the evening of this day, what is described as "the first *general* meeting" took place in the same room. Sir Egerton Leigh, Bart., of Warwickshire, a warm sympathiser with the Society's work, was voted to the chair. Remarkable letters were read showing how widespread was the interest with which the inauguration of the Society was regarded; and after Mr. Haweis had referred to some offers of service from would-be missionaries, "it was resolved, with perfect unanimity, that it is the opinion of this meeting that the establishment of a society for sending missionaries to the heathen and unenlightened countries is highly desirable." As we read this resolution, in cold print, a century after, there does not appear to be anything in it to agitate an assembly, and yet we are assured that those who were conducting the meeting "could not proceed for tears of joy"; and their emotion communicated itself to the

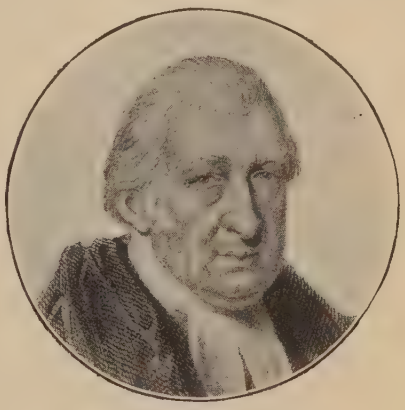


REV. GEORGE BURDER.

entire audience. The following day, at ten o'clock, a service was held at Northampton Chapel, Spa Fields. Two hundred ministers of various denominations were present, and Dr. Haweis preached the sermon. At the close of the discourse, all those who desired to become members of the Society were requested to meet in the area of the chapel. At this after-meeting the general plan of the Society was approved. It was to be called simply "the Missionary Society." Its "sole object" was defined as "to spread the knowledge of Christ among heathen and other unenlightened nations." Rules as to the body of directors, general meetings, membership, salaries, and so on, followed. As the series of services progressed, and it became evident that the proposed society was to become a realized fact, the excitement was intensified. On the Tuesday evening, when Crown Court Meeting House, Covent Garden, was the scene of assembly, it was feared that the proceedings would have to be suspended, so extraordinary was the popular enthusiasm, and so embarrassing the determination of the crowds of sympathisers to be present. The utmost solemnity, however, prevailed, and we are informed that the Rev. G. Burder, who preached the sermon, was listened to with "the most serious and pleasing attention." Another business meeting followed, at which a committee was appointed to nominate directors. The "session" on Wednesday morning lasted from ten o'clock till three o'clock. It was held at Haberdashers' Hall Meeting House. Mr. Greathead, of Newport Pagnell, preached the sermon. The twenty-five directors were duly nominated, and several subjects of importance, relative to the Mission, were discussed. Unexhausted by the prolonged proceedings of the earlier part of the day, a "vast congregation" thronged the Tabernacle in the evening an hour before the appointed time, and thousands of people were unable to obtain admission. The Rev. J. Hey, of Bristol, was the preacher. The business was confined to the public reading of the names of those nominated as directors, and the addition of seven others to the list.

Exacting as Wednesday's services and conferences had been, eight o'clock on Thursday morning saw the vestry of Surrey Chapel thronged with ministers. Here a preliminary discussion

took place as to the sphere of the first missionary enterprise. Matthew Wilks proposed, and it was unanimously agreed, that the Society be recommended to send missionaries to the South Seas. The names of several persons who had offered their services to the Society as missionaries were mentioned. Adjournment was now made to the chapel, where Rowland Hill preached. When the sermon was over, Dr. Haweis rose and set forth the many reasons that seemed to recommend a choice of the South Sea Islands as the scene of the first mission. He emphasized the striking offer of Captain James Wilson, whose romantic and remarkable career we shall detail in the next chapter. He spoke also of the excellence of the climate, the favourable estimate Captain Cook had formed of the native character, and so on. The last great public service was held on the evening of this day, at Tottenham Court Road Tabernacle. By common consent, the striking sermon then preached by Dr. Bogue touched the high-water mark of missionary apologetics. Taking as his text, "Thus speaketh the Lord of Hosts, This people say the time is not come, the time that the Lord's house should be built," he dwelt on the objections that were current to missionary enterprises. It was in the course of this sermon that Dr. Bogue described the congregations of the past few days as attending "the funeral of bigotry." "May she be buried so deep," he added fervently, "that not a particle of her dust may be ever thrown up on the face of the earth." The hope was a pious and sincere one. We have lived to learn that bigotry is not easily buried, and has singular gifts of resurrection after her obsequies have been ostensibly performed. But surely



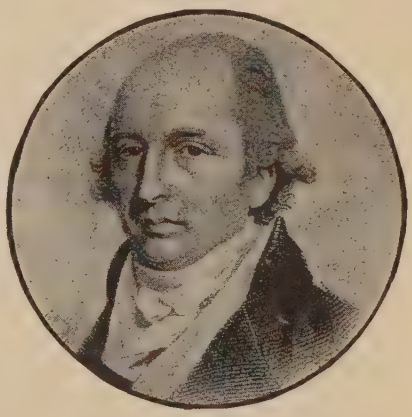
REV. ROWLAND HILL, M.A.

a movement begun in such a spirit had all the omens of true success. The congregation shared to the full the preacher's catholic sentiments; and, we are told, could hardly refrain from a general shout of joy. "Such a scene," writes the enthusiastic historian in the *Evangelical Magazine*, "was perhaps never before beheld in our world." There was "a visible union of ministers and Christians of all denominations, who, for the first time, forgetting their party prejudices and partialities, assembled in the same place, sang the same hymns, united in the same prayers, and felt themselves one in Christ." There can be little doubt that the unanimous opinion of those who took part in these phenomenal gatherings was voiced by Dr. Bogue, when he said, "We shall account it, through eternity, a distinguished favour, and the highest honour conferred on us during our pilgrimage on earth, that we appeared here and gave our names among the *Founders of the Missionary Society*."

At the final business meeting on the Friday morning, the various proposals that had been made during the previous assemblies were formally confirmed. Thirty gentlemen—twenty ministers and ten laymen—were elected to the directorate. The mission to the South Seas was determined upon; and it was decided to attempt, in addition, missions to the Pelew Islands, to Sumatra, to the Coromandel coast and Surat in India, to Tartary, and to the West Coast of Africa. A monthly prayer-meeting was to be held in future. But of all the resolutions passed at this memorable meeting, none was of greater importance or more happy inspiration than the appointment of Mr. Joseph Hardcastle to be the first Treasurer.

Joseph Hardcastle was an English merchant of the old school. Descended from a well-known Yorkshire family, he was one of those who united to the tenderest domestic affections a very high sense of public responsibility. No one ever impeached his absolute integrity in any commercial engagement, nor questioned the sincerity of the piety that coloured his thought and his life. He was on terms of close private friendship with Thomas Clarkson, Granville Sharp, and William Wilberforce; and was a stout co-operator with them in every movement for the ameliora-

tion of the condition of the slave. Indeed, some few years before the Missionary Society was founded, he was practically interested in a mission to the "Foulah Country" on the west coast of Africa. The mission failed, and it says much for the force of Mr. Hardcastle's convictions that, despite this disappointment, he accorded to the new Society his most generous assistance. His appointment to the treasurership was hailed with general satisfaction, for his name was the guarantee of high principle and sound business sagacity. In connection with his occupancy of this office, however, there is one fact to be noted which is of considerable historical interest and importance. Mr. Hardcastle's business premises were situated near London Bridge, at Old Swan Stairs. Here for many years the committee meetings of the London Missionary Society were held; and here those two gigantic institutions, the Religious Tract Society and the British and Foreign Bible Society, had their birth. When it is remembered that the same catholic basis, which made the Missionary Society the meeting-ground for Christian people of all denominations, was adopted as the foundation of these new societies, it will be seen how the generous spirit of Mr. Hardcastle and his coadjutors was reflected in these products of a great religious movement. It is also indubitable that the Religious Tract Society and the British and Foreign Bible Society were largely the result of the experience gained in working the Missionary Society. As time went on and the demand for the written word, in all its various forms, increased, these societies were seen to be the indispensable adjunct of the missionary crusade. Mr. Hardcastle himself, in a letter to



JOSEPH HARDCASTLE, ESQ.

his eldest daughter, described the British and Foreign Bible Society as "another stream which has flowed from the missionary fountain, as it is entirely owing to the committee of the Tract Society, which sprung out of it." Thus the Missionary Society was destined to become the parent of two other institutions of world-wide influence; while the noble catholicity of its basis reappeared in the societies which were the offspring of its spirit. Joseph Hardcastle was the living link between the three great organizations, and in his offices at Old Swan Stairs he did his part in the making of history.

It should be added that he was by preference an Episcopalian, like Dr. Haweis and Dr. Eyre, the editor of the *Evangelical Magazine*, although all Christian work without distinction commanded his ready sympathy and aid. It is also significant, as helping to falsify a certain cheap heresy still current, that his zeal for foreign missions did not in the least degree diminish his earnest solicitude for the spiritual welfare of his fellow-countrymen at home. In concert with several of those who had been prominent in the foundation of the Missionary Society, he threw himself heartily into the organization of a Village Itinerancy Society. His evangelistic enthusiasm was thus cosmopolitan: home missions and foreign missions, with him, went hand in hand. For the long period of twenty years he retained the office to which we have seen him elected, as treasurer of the London Missionary Society. These early years were, as we shall see, full of anxieties that made a severe demand on the faith and courage of those at the helm. None of the Society's friends and supporters was a trustier counsellor during these stormy, and oftentimes dark, days than Joseph Hardcastle.

We have anticipated somewhat in thus reviewing the treasurership of Mr. Hardcastle; and we must now return to September, 1795. There is clearly a connection between the treasurer of a society and its funds. The exceptional interest manifested in the inauguration of the Missionary Society was a guarantee that adequate financial support would be provided. Ministers returned from London to their provincial churches to organize local auxiliaries, and set in motion collectors. In a month's time some three

thousand pounds had been given or promised. The directors had met with all possible speed, and on Monday, September 28th, the Rev. John Love was elected Foreign Secretary, and William Shrubsole, Esq., of the Bank of England, was chosen as co-secretary "chiefly with a view to the home correspondence." James Wilson's offer of service in the capacity of captain of the first ship was thankfully accepted; and the serious and delicate task of examining volunteers for the office of missionary was undertaken by a committee appointed for the purpose. Full inquiries as to the best means of transport, most suitable equipment, provisions, and so on, were, we may be sure, made of any who were able to furnish information. In this way the time passed, and the arrangements were made for the general meeting of the Society, in May, 1796, which was to precede the departure of the first band of missionaries to Tahiti and the South Seas. It comes to us almost as a shock, in these enlightened days, to find that the Rev. Thomas Pentycross, Vicar of St. Mary's, Wallingford, was announced as the preacher at Surrey Chapel. No bishop forbade him; no particular surprise seems to have been occasioned; and no fatality ensued. We have already seen Dr. Haweis, the Rector of Aldwinkle, occupying the pulpit of Northampton Chapel, Spa Fields. It may well be questioned whether we have gained in Christian charity and catholicity during the last hundred years, when we consider how rigid have become the ecclesiastical conventions that are fatal to any such practical manifestations of sympathy and co-operation as were possible to Dr. Haweis, Mr. Pentycross and others, a century ago. We cannot doubt that it served to recommend the basal principle of the new Society, that those who professed belief in it were able thus to illustrate

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE, ESQ.

the faith that was in them. It is possible, undoubtedly, to make too little of ecclesiastical differences, as well as to make too much. It may be that the multitudes who shouted for gladness when Dr. Waugh's famous definition of the Society's basis was publicly recited did not appreciate sufficiently the importance of the form, as well as the spirit, of Church life and discipline. They felt they were helping to realize the ideal of Thomas Burbidge, when he wrote,—

> O God ! I thank Thee for a homely taste
> And appetite of soul, that wheresoe'er
> I find Thy Gospel—preachèd Word or Prayer—
> Before me set, by whomsoever placed,
> I love the food, and let no morsel waste ;
> Who serves me, who feeds with me, I less care ;
> All who speak truth to me commissioned are ;
> All who love God are in my Church embraced.

With such sentiments, the audiences which assembled in May, 1796, were prepared to ratify the great central principle on which the Missionary Society rested, and which had been thus expressed by Dr. Waugh, an influential London Presbyterian Minister: "As the union of Christians of various denominations, in carrying on this great work, is a most desirable object : so to prevent, if possible, any cause of future dissension, it is declared to be a fundamental principle of the Missionary Society, that its design is not to send Presbyterianism, Independency, Episcopacy, or any other form of Church order and government (about which there may be difference of opinion among serious persons), but the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, to the heathen ; and that it shall be left (as it ought to be left) to the minds of the persons whom God may call into the fellowship of His Son from among them to assume for themselves such form of Church government as to them shall appear most agreeable to the word of God."

This, then, was the adopted principle and policy in agreement with which the Society's work was to be prosecuted. The principle still stands, and the policy is still pursued. But a hundred years have brought many changes. For a time it

seemed probable that, instead of denominational missionary associations, we should have societies called from the cities where their headquarters were. Already we hear of the Glasgow Missionary Society, the Edinburgh Missionary Society, and so on. The existence of these led the Missionary Society to define its own name more distinctively, and thenceforth it was generally known as the London Missionary Society. In the next few years it became evident that efforts would be made to turn to account the spirit of denominational loyalty for the inauguration and support of new evangelistic enterprises in foreign lands. Missionary societies bearing the names, and acknowledging the distinctive tenets, of different Churches, sprang into existence ; and no doubt it was felt to be an advantage, for the adequate sustenance of a work of this kind, to have a compact and homogeneous constituency to which to appeal, and which had already confessed the claim upon its generosity of the particular principles and methods which it existed to realize and to propagate. Already the Particular Baptists had their own society : the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was distinctively Episcopalian. On the Continent, the Moravian Brethren had for many years undertaken missionary work on their own lines. The Wesleyan Methodists followed suit, the Church Missionary Society beginning its great career a year or two later. It was inevitable that the founding of these latter and similar societies should divert a certain amount of support from the London Missionary Society to other institutions that existed primarily for the same end. Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Baptists, Methodists, were organized for foreign mission work on the same lines as for home mission work. Thus the London Missionary Society came to depend mainly for support upon the Congregationalists ; but it has never made the denominational preferences of any applicant for service a barrier to his, or her, acceptance ; nor has it forced upon its converts in any particular field a rigid system of Church order. The question will naturally be asked, what has been the prevalent type of Christian Church under the agents of the London Missionary Society in foreign lands ? The answer is that, with considerable variations, the Churches formed have been Congregational ; that

is to say, membership has been confined to those who have made definite profession of faith in Christ, and have, in the opinion of the missionaries, given evidence in their life of the reality of their profession. The Congregational polity is seen in the self-supporting Churches of the Society's converts, the District Committees have many of the characteristics of a Presbyterian Synod, while the English missionary, when, as in most fields, he presides over a great number of native pastors and teachers in charge of stations, holds a truly episcopal position. It has been the custom to train our new converts from the beginning in the habits of self-government, to impress upon them their personal and collective responsibilities, and to encourage every Church to keep well before it the desire to be self-sustaining, and, in this sense, independent. It should be said, however, that the powers assumed and exercised by the missionaries have varied a good deal according to their personal convictions. Many of our missionaries have been Presbyterians, and have brought to their foreign work strong impressions as to the value of a Presbyterian system. Others have been very staunch Independents, and their private convictions can be clearly seen stamped upon the work of their hands in the foreign field. In all cases the widest latitude has been permitted to the individual missionary; the exhortation being added that he should steadily cultivate in the people among whom, and for whom, he labours, the virtue of self-reliance, so that, as speedily as may be, they may stand upright on their feet and be able to walk alone. The reader of the story that follows will be able to see with what conspicuous success this policy has been pursued on nearly every field where the Society has carried on operations.

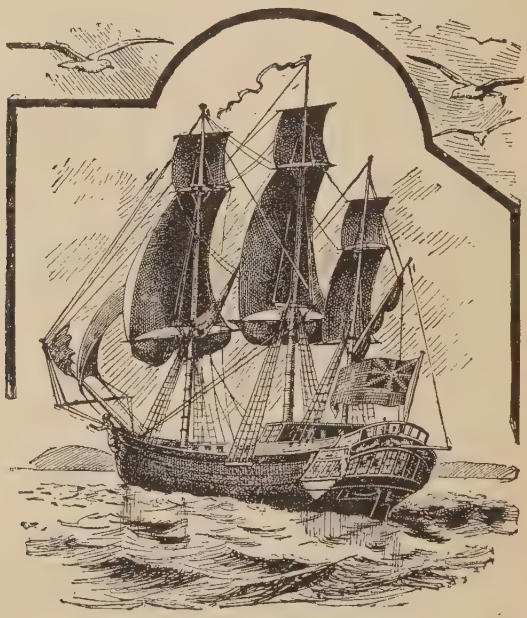
Before leaving this important point, and continuing our narrative, we may say that as recently as the year 1889 the Society recognised in a practical way that its constituency had become very largely Congregational. A scheme was adopted by which the directorate of the Society might be composed in part of the representatives of the Congregational Churches. In this way their responsibility for the effective support of the Society would, it was felt, be brought home with greater force to these Churches.

Also, the whole policy of the Society would be subjected in the most open way to the scrutiny, and, if necessary, the revision, of popularly elected representatives. At a period of severe criticism of missionary methods, this was a bold step to take. The immediate result was what is known as the Forward Movement: the determination largely to increase the staff of English missionaries in the foreign field. It is as yet too early to speak decisively as to the success of that policy, but it is not too early to say that it has resulted in a considerable increase in the income raised by the Churches, and an intensified interest in the missionary movement. It should be added that even after thus directly associating the London Missionary Society with the Congregational Churches of Great Britain, room has been left on the directorate for others who may not be Congregationalists, but who nevertheless are deeply in sympathy with the work of the Society.

Any Society would be self-condemned whose catholicity existed simply in its trust-deed, and not in the practical spirit which it manifested. The L.M.S., however, may fearlessly claim to have translated its fundamental principle of co-operation into actual deeds. Grants of money were made more than once to the Baptist Missionary Society. When the Moravian Society was in financial difficulties, the directors of the L.M.S. voted a generous grant by way of assistance. At the inauguration of the Church Missionary Society, the advice of the L.M.S. was asked and cordially tendered, and active help was given in obtaining missionaries from Germany for the former Society. Several of the Continental societies owe their origin to the example of the L.M.S., and the zeal of its agents, and were guided by it in their choice of fields of labour. The directors of the L.M.S. have been the steady and consistent advocates of such apportionment of the foreign field as would prevent overlapping, and that competition which tends to so much ill-feeling. Instances of this will appear in the course of our story. Finally, for many years a resolution rejoicing in the success of other Societies was a regular part of the programme at the annual meeting.

Not much remains to be told of events preparatory to the sailing of the first missionary ship. Advice had been taken as to

the relative advantages of three possible courses: sending out missionaries in some trading vessel; hiring a ship for the purposes of the expedition; or purchasing a ship that should henceforth be the absolute property of the Society. The last course was the one adopted. For the sum of £4,800 the ship *Duff* was purchased. In the references made to the event at the time, it was pointed out that probably never before, in the history of Christendom, had any ship ploughed the seas wholly devoted to



THE MISSIONARY SHIP "DUFF."

missionary purposes. "Such a vessel," said Dr. Haweis, "was about to be seen on the bosom of the deep, as perhaps it had never borne since the day of its creation!" The ship secured, there was much emulation among the Society's friends as to who should supply the necessary stores and furnishings. Articles of clothing, books, printing apparatus, tools and other useful articles were freely supplied. The Apothecaries' Company sent a supply

of medicines. The Royal Humane Society presented a complete set of their apparatus. Messrs. Cox & Co., in whose dock the *Duff* had undergone repairs, refused to receive any payment. High officials of state gave evidence of their interest in the experiment. Laws were at the time in force preventing handicraftsmen from leaving the country; but Lord Hawkesbury made an exception in the case of our artisan missionaries. Protection from impressment was also granted for all the *Duff's* crew. In short, the utmost sympathy with the project was manifested by high and low alike.

On July 27th, at Zion Chapel, those who had offered their services as missionaries, and had been accepted by the directors, were set apart for their great and solemn work in the presence of a vast congregation. In token of the catholicity of the Society's basis, five ministers, representing five denominations, delivered addresses to the missionaries. Mr. Ellis has recorded that each missionary was exhorted with these words, "Go forth, and live agreeably to this word" (placing a Bible in his hands), "and publish the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ to the heathen according to your calling, gifts, and abilities, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost!" To which each missionary replied: "I will, God being my Helper!"

On August 9th, being the day before the mission party was to embark at Blackwall, a valedictory service was held; and those who were going forth, as well as those who were pledged to uphold their hands, took the sacrament, and commemorated that eternal love which was the power in which they desired to work, as it was the theme they longed to preach to those in darkness and the shadow of death. Then on the following day they took ship, while multitudes of people thronged the wharves and banks of the Thames, and watched them with intense solicitude "as they sailed down the river, singing the praises of God."

We must now follow in detail the history of the principal fields where the missionaries of the London Missionary Society have laboured. In the early days of the Society, desultory, and one might almost say abortive, efforts were made in several directions. A French version of the New Testament, catechisms and tracts,

were largely circulated on the Continent, and among the French prisoners, so numerous in this country during the great war with Napoleon. Efforts were made for the conversion of the Jews, and Lascar sailors in London. The Society had for some years stations at Malta and Zante on the Mediterranean. In Russia, with more success, two or three centres of evangelistic work were maintained. Newfoundland and Canada were selected as spheres of labour, and considerable interest was elicited on behalf of work there. But in time a wiser policy prevailed—that of concentrating on the great heathen fields. Continental work has naturally passed into the hands of such societies as the Evangelical Continental Society. There are other societies more distinctly responsible for colonial missionary work. The London Missionary Society has thus been released from such engagements as these, and enabled to pursue to greater advantage its proper work in China, India, the South Seas, Madagascar, and the Dark Continent. We will only say one word more of introduction to the fascinating story of its various enterprises. When we consider the noble catholicity of its basis, the fact of its parentage of the two gigantic institutions for the circulation of the Bible and religious tracts, the eminence of many of its servants who have attained a world-wide reputation, and the extraordinary successes achieved by its efforts in lands that are to-day veritable miracles of grace ; when we consider, too, the great army of native teachers and pastors, who have each a place on its staff, and who are an evidence that Christianity is taking root as the natural religion of the peoples, and no alien importation, we shall, I think, be bound to admit the justice of the claim that the London Missionary Society stands second to none among all the societies in the world.

CHAPTER II

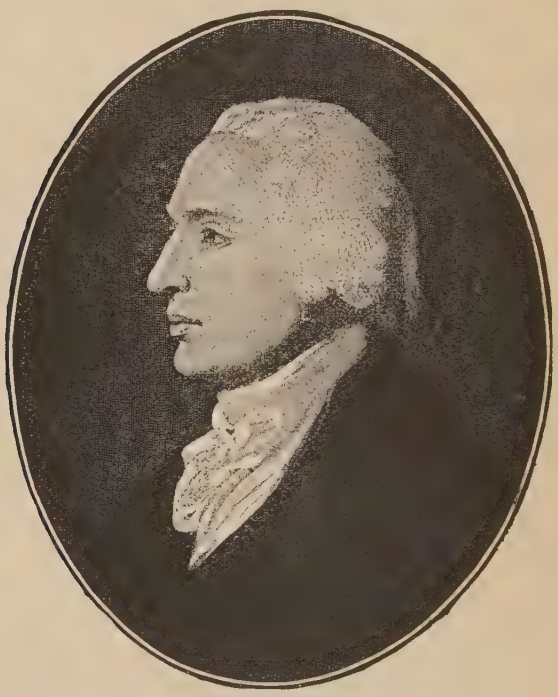
THE SOUTH SEAS

The Sailing of the *Duff*—Captain James Wilson—The Islands of the Seas—Planting the First Missions—Tragedy in Tonga—The Mission in Tahiti—Troublous Times—Failure and Discouragement—Translation of the Language—Scenes of Blood—Death of Pomare—The Darkness deepens—Flight of the Missionaries—Proposed Abandonment of the Mission—The Dawn breaks—Extraordinary Progress—Victory of Christianity—The Arrival of John Williams—The Printing Press—Framing New Laws—The Gospel spreads—Voyages of Williams—Discovery of Rarotonga—Williams builds a Ship—Native Evangelists—Work and Death of Williams—Testimony of Darwin.

IT was on the morning of August 10th, 1796, that the *Duff* hoisted the mission flag, "three white doves with olive branches on a purple field," and sailed from Blackwall for the South Seas. The little vessel was under three hundred tons burthen; but the Pilgrim Fathers crossed the Atlantic in a vessel, the *Mayflower*, of only 180 tons burthen, and the smallness of the ship strikes us, no doubt, more than it would strike those who lived a hundred years ago. The *Duff* carried thirty missionaries and a crew of twenty men. Of the missionaries, only four were trained and ordained ministers; twenty-five were artisans, and one was a surgeon. Among the artisans were bricklayers, carpenters, tailors, weavers, a blacksmith, and a gunner of the Royal Artillery. Great care had been taken to man the vessel with a pattern crew. The injury done to mission work in all parts of heathendom by the open wickedness of the sailors of various trading vessels made the directors especially anxious that the missionary ship should be distinguished by the character and morality of its officers and seamen. In this respect the success was complete. The natives of Tahiti expressed their astonishment at the Christian conduct of the crew of the *Duff*;

and we are told that the sobriety and purity of life of the latter earned for them at Canton on the homeward journey the title of "The ten commandments."

But most of all the *Duff* was favoured in its captain. James Wilson, who came forward at this time to offer his services *gratuitously* to the Society in the capacity of captain, had had an



CAPTAIN JAMES WILSON, COMMANDER OF THE "DUFF."

almost unparalleled career of adventure. Bred to the sea, he gave up his calling after a wild life, and after fighting in the famous battles of Bunker's Hill and Long Island in America, he enlisted in a regiment in India under Sir Eyre Coote. He was taken prisoner by the French, and kept in confinement at Cuddapore. Hearing that the English prisoners were to be handed over to

Hyder Ali, who was well known to be a monster of cruelty, Wilson leapt one day from the top of his prison wall, a height of more than forty feet, and succeeded in escaping. In his flight he was obliged to swim the Coleroon, a river swarming with alligators ; and when he had crossed in safety, he was seized by some of Hyder Ali's men. So astonished were they at any one swimming the Coleroon and escaping with his life that they said, "This is God's man." This conviction of the hand of God in his deliverance from the alligators did not, however, prevent their stripping him of his clothes, chaining him to another prisoner, and driving him 500 miles, naked and barefoot, across country, under a burning sun ; and finally plunging him into a miserable den, called, like its more notorious predecessor, the "Black Hole." There he languished for twenty-two months, half-fed, and with great iron weights on his arms. At the end of that time, he and twenty-nine other survivors came forth, emaciated and covered with ulcers. After making some successful mercantile voyages—in one of which he was the only European survivor from an outbreak of fever—he returned to England. At this time he was a hardened atheist ; but a sermon preached in Portsea Chapel by the Rev. John Griffin entirely convinced him of the truth of the Gospel ; and when the London Missionary Society was formed, James Wilson, who was indeed "God's man," offered his services as captain of the *Duff*.

In those days it was not safe for a vessel to venture down the Channel and across the Bay of Biscay alone, when so many foreign privateers were abroad. The *Duff* was consequently delayed some weeks, waiting for the English frigate which was to convoy her and a small fleet of trading vessels as far south as Gibraltar. The voyage, once begun, proved a pleasant and prosperous one, and after 208 days upon the water, the little ship anchored safe and sound in Matavai Bay, Tahiti, and the even more perilous and responsible duty of settling the missionaries among the natives had now to be faced.

So far as the outward aspect of their new home was concerned, the missionaries could scarcely fail to be more than satisfied. The islands of the South Seas excel in physical beauty. They

contain lofty mountains with deep and lovely valleys and glades. Luxuriant tropical vegetation abounds on every hand. The wonderful fern-trees, the cocoa-nut groves, the pandanus, the orange-trees, bread-fruit trees, plantains, bananas, and numbers of other trees and shrubs, both beautiful and useful, proclaim that Nature here is rich and bountiful. And yet we can well understand what a solemn and well-nigh awful hour this was, when the missionaries were to begin their life among the unknown inhabitants in these savage tribes. True, it was a blessing that they did not know some of the worst characteristics of those to whom they had been sent. Only as they became more intimate with them did the most vicious and horrible features of their life become known. Physically a fine race of people, they were cursed by the untold evils of a sanguinary idolatry. It was said of the old king, Pomare, that with him the one sin was to fail to offer sacrifices and perform religious ceremonies. Nothing else was wrong. Murder, theft, licentiousness, cruelty of all kinds abounded. Whenever a temple was built to the gods, its pillars had to rest on the bodies of men and women who had been offered in sacrifice to the deities. The same butchery was perpetrated when a house was built, in order that prosperity might attend its occupants. The altars were frequently drenched in human blood, and, of course, other nameless sins followed in the train. The huts of the people were wretched in the extreme. Neither the men nor the women had much sense of shame. It was among such benighted and savage creatures that the early missionaries had to live and labour ; knowing little of their language, isolated by the deep and wild sea from intercourse with any other island, relying only on the over-shadowing care of God, and the great and glorious mission they were pledged to pursue.

At the time of landing, the old king, Pomare, whom Captain Cook had praised as a splendid specimen of a savage, was still alive; but he was king no longer, his young son, Otu, seventeen years of age, having succeeded him. Pomare was among the first to welcome the missionaries, and he and his wife, Idia, gave them consistent protection so long as they lived. There was a

large bamboo house on the island which the natives had built for Captain Bligh, who had visited them four years before, and was expected to return. This house was now placed at the disposal of the visitors ; the artisans among them soon rendered it thoroughly habitable ; and seventeen out of the thirty missionaries were settled in this dwelling. Then, after many tears and prayers and tender farewells, the *Duff* sailed away to plant other missions in the Friendly and Marquesas Islands, promising, however, to return to Tahiti before finally sailing for England.

Twelve hundred miles to the west of Tahiti lies Tongatabu, or Tonga, one of the so-called Friendly Islands. This name was given to the islands on account of the native hospitality shown to Captain Cook and his sailors. The latter would probably have chosen a different name had they known then what was subsequently discovered, that the natives were plotting how to massacre them and seize their vessels at the very time when they were entertaining them so royally. Indeed, savagery and duplicity were the leading characteristics of the people of Tonga. Nine unmarried missionaries were left on the island in the month of April, 1797. After settling one other missionary on Santa Christina, one of the Marquesas Islands, Captain Wilson revisited Tahiti, and then sailed home by way of China, arriving in London July, 1798.

The story of the first mission to Tonga is of two-and-a-half years of indescribable horror, relieved only by the faith and fortitude of the brave men who endured so much for Christ's sake. For three of the nine missionaries was reserved the glory of being the first martyrs of the London Missionary Society. Very soon after the departure of the *Duff*, the peril in which they were placed was discovered to the missionaries. They were frequently ill-treated, their property was stolen, and more than once they heard their murder planned by the people. To add to their sorrows, one of their own number deserted them, and became unfaithful to his Christian profession, joining the natives in a life of immorality. The island was also overrun by released convicts from New South Wales, who incensed the people against the missionaries. At last their sufferings culminated.

A SOUTH SEA HARBOUR.

War broke out among the tribes. The protection that had been afforded by the chiefs was withdrawn, and they were exposed to the attacks of either side. Five of the missionaries fled to the rocks by the shore and hid in the caves there. They were pursued and stripped of all their clothing, but their lives were spared. Their brethren were less fortunate. A band of infuriated savages marched to the mission-house, where they were sheltering ; and when the missionaries came peaceably forward to meet them, they were struck down to the ground and their brains dashed out with clubs. Later on a great battle was fought. The conquerors celebrated their victory by a cannibal feast. At length, surfeited with human flesh, they sank down in sleep. Their opponents perceived their opportunity and returned, when a horrible slaughter followed. Those who escaped sailed away to a small island belonging to the conquerors, and put to death every man, woman, and child they could find. Such was the life of the people of the Friendly Islands a hundred years ago. The five heroic survivors subsequently buried the bodies of their brethren, and stayed on in daily peril of sharing their fate, until in January, 1800, a passing vessel afforded them the means of deliverance. Amidst the tears of a few faithful native friends, they sailed to Port Jackson, and the mission at Tonga was abandoned.

The missionary who single-handed had undertaken the establishment of a mission at Santa Christina was more kindly treated, but in the end was compelled to abandon the work. The extreme loneliness and isolation were manfully endured ; but he became increasingly conscious that to successfully accomplish his purpose he must have assistance in the work. By a curious accident he was involuntarily blown away from the island in an American vessel which he had visited. After being landed at another island and working there some months, he returned to England to consult the directors as to the more effectual manning of the mission.

Meanwhile an attempt had been made to strengthen the missions by sending out the *Duff* a second time, with thirty more missionaries. In December, 1798, she sailed, and had made good pro-

gress as far as Rio Janeiro, when she was fired at and subsequently boarded and captured by the crew of a French frigate, the *Buonaparte*. The missionaries were subjected to great hardships. The *Duff*, with all her goods, was taken away as a prize ; and it was not until many long weeks of involuntary voyagings and perils that the missionaries were landed at Lisbon and enabled to return to London. Thus it happened that in God's providence five years of loneliness and discouraging work had to be faced by the first band of missionaries, amid almost unexampled hardships and dangers, before their hands were strengthened by fresh helpers from England.

The mission which had been planted at Tahiti, as it was the strongest of the three, so at first promised to be the most successful. The skill of the artisans in various useful crafts elicited great admiration from the islanders and their chiefs. Through two Swedish sailors, who had been living for a long time among the Tahitians, and who now acted as interpreters, the missionaries were able to begin the preaching of the Gospel, and to explain the object of their settlement to the people. The Swedes also gave them considerable assistance in learning the language. At first, too, the people seemed to have been inspired with such regard for the missionaries, that they endeavoured to conceal from them many of the brutal crimes and abominable practices which prevailed. To acquaint themselves more thoroughly with the language and life of the people, however, two of the missionaries went and lived in the houses of some native friends, and tours of the island were made. The life and customs of the inhabitants soon became known. Very faithfully and frequently did the missionaries remonstrate with the chiefs, the priests, and the people on the horrible practice of infanticide, as well as on many other crimes that were all too common. But their expostulations were in vain, and only served to offend and incense those who were addressed. The first great trouble, however, was occasioned at Tahiti, as on so many other fields of labour, by the visit of a foreign vessel. It was the habit of traders to purchase native foods by giving in exchange muskets and gunpowder. As soon as some chief had secured a supply of

the latter, he would make a murderous raid on a neighbouring tribe, and bloodshed and devastation was the result. To avoid this, the missionaries endeavoured to dissuade the captain of the vessel from giving weapons to the people, and offered themselves to supply him with provisions. All might have gone well, but several sailors deserted from the ship; and when the missionaries tried to secure them, the natives sided with the deserters, and the missionaries were somewhat roughly assaulted. The affair was not really serious, and no mischief was apparently intended; but a panic arose, and, believing their lives to be in peril, no fewer than eleven of the little band of Christians sailed away to New South Wales. Seven men remained, and one brave woman, Mrs. Eyre, to maintain the forlorn hope among the savages of Tahiti.

But even so, the mission had not suffered all it was destined to suffer. Worse tribulations remained. After a year of strife and bloodshed among the islanders, one of the missionaries announced to his brethren that he purposed marrying one of the native women. This he did, was separated from the others, and at the end of the year 1799 was found murdered in his house. Yet another of the now terribly small company lost faith, failed in his moral life, and subsequently retired from the island. A third, Mr. Harris, left to recruit his health in New South Wales; and from thence returned to England. About the same time, however, Mr. and Mrs. Henry, who were among the eleven who fled in the previous year, returned with the steadfast purpose of giving their lives to the work. Thus in the year 1800 it came to pass that five men and two women represented the solitary mission in the South Seas, and remained to face calmly the hardships and perils of their lot in the strength of God and for the salvation of their fellow-creatures. Low as the fortunes of the mission had fallen, they were destined to fall lower still before the Hand of God brought deliverance and prosperity.

Another year of apparently fruitless labour passed; and then reinforcements, which had been grievously delayed, arrived to cheer and strengthen these missionary pioneers. Nine new

missionaries, five of whom had been passengers on the second ill-fated voyage of the *Duff*, and had offered their services again to the Society, arrived at Tahiti. Mr. Shelly, one of the survivors of the terrible Tongatabu mission, came back nobly to Tahiti, bringing his wife with him. It was just at this time, moreover, that the senior missionaries first found themselves able to preach to the islanders in the native language without an interpreter. Five weary years of drudgery had brought them so far. This wild Tahitian tongue had been mastered, and the right translations of the great Christian watch-words had been found. Mr. Henry Nott and Mr. Jefferson now began to preach in the villages to large assemblies of the natives. A catechism was prepared, and the teaching of the children began. The new missionaries, under the tuition of the older ones, more readily mastered the popular speech. A more hopeful spirit prevailed; and yet not only were there no results, there was not a cloud so large as a man's hand that could be construed into the promise of any. Only the unfaltering faith of the missionaries sustained them. There are some causes in which it is worth while to fail.

The privations of the missionaries were very great. So long was the voyage from England, and so uncertain, owing to the prevalence of piracy, that five more years elapsed before new stores arrived. Meanwhile their clothes dropped to pieces; they went about barefoot. Their axes were broken or stolen, their tea and sugar and various household stores were exhausted, and, more difficult to bear than all, they had no letters to bring them one word of sympathy and love, and news from over seas.

The year 1802 was a year of terrible trial. Its months were marked by a succession of furious internecine struggles among the islanders for the possession of a native idol called Oro. The mission house had on several occasions to be barricaded, and a number of shipwrecked sailors made common cause with the missionaries. It was nothing but war, war everywhere, one slaughter bringing another in revenge, murderous midnight attacks, and open fightings by day. It seemed as if those the missionaries had come to save would exterminate themselves. All

TAHITIAN MARAE, OR ALTAR.

teaching and preaching were suspended; the devoted mission band lived in daily expectation of destruction.

In 1803 the old Pomare died, and his son assumed the title. The old man with all his savagery had consistently defended the missionaries, and his death was felt as a severe blow by them. The son they had mistrusted on account of his gross viciousness and cruelty. He gave evidence, however, of a genuine desire to continue his father's protection, and soon began to manifest this additional sign of grace—a keen interest in *writing*. The Tahitians had never seen before symbols used to express words; and when the missionaries were enabled to reduce the language to writing, the astonishment of the people was great. The king came to receive instruction, and was very proud of his own progress in the art. When we remember that this was the first Polynesian language ever written down, and how uncouth a tongue it seemed, as well as the peculiar difficulties under which it had to be learned, we shall not wonder that many years elapsed before much progress was accomplished. A school was now started, and the children taught to read and write. Also a dictionary containing many thousands of words was compiled. Thus the work went on; nevertheless, in August, 1806, they had to write home, "No success has attended our labours so as to terminate in the conversion of any." Yet so far were these stalwart souls from being discouraged that they planned and carried out an evangelistic tour among several of the neighbouring islands. Towards the end of 1807 Mr. Jefferson died. From the first he had been one of the loyallest and most courageous of the workers. He had never left his post. Through ten years of awful trial and discouragement he had worked on unwavering; and now, when no single gleam of hope had come to chasten the blackness of the night of heathenism, he passed peacefully away; and even the natives discerned in a new comet the spirit of *Paete*, as they called him, on his way to heaven.

During the year 1808 the darkness deepened around the courageous workers. It was broken, however, by one or two precious spurs of light. Two or three of the natives seemed to have been feeling after the true God. Two young men died expressing trust in the love of Christ. Such fruits appeared to cheer the

missionaries in the sad time that was upon them. The old war broke out anew, with even more than the ancient fury. At last Pomare warned the missionaries that he could no longer be confident of defending them. Nine of the little band, consequently, sailed away from Tahiti, four single missionaries alone remaining, and they were soon compelled to flee from the mission house. King Pomare was defeated, and the rebels overran the land. The mission houses were burned to the ground, implements and printing types converted into bullets and weapons of war. All was desolation. An English vessel in Matavai was seized by the rebels, and was only narrowly rescued by another trader. The missionaries retired to the neighbouring isle of Huahine, and in October, 1809, they decided to withdraw from the islands for a time, only Messrs. Nott and Hayward remaining at Eimeo (now commonly known as Moorea) and Huahine.

Twelve years of patient suffering and heroic constancy had apparently ended in blank defeat and absolute failure. Nothing whatever remained to show for the labours of these weary years. A host of infuriated idolaters was holding a horrible carnival of blood and lust on the very site of the mission house, and turning the possessions of the missionaries into murderous implements of cruelty. Every Christian worker had been driven away, and, so far as was known, no single native heart was even favourably disposed towards the Christian message. At home the Directors were seriously debating the abandonment of the mission. Blood and treasure seemed to have been expended in vain. Prayer and labour alike had apparently failed to produce any impression. And yet, as it was the darkest hour of the night, it was just before the dawn. When the decision to renew the mission had been made, and Dr. Haweis and a few faithful ones had gallantly supported the decision with generous gifts, a prayer meeting was held to pray for the conversion of King Pomare and the triumph of Christianity. At the very time when this was taking place in England, Pomare came to the missionaries at Moorea and asked for Christian baptism, declaring his purpose to forsake idolatry and all its practices, and to become a follower of Jesus Christ. This was in July, 1812.

It was in the summer of 1811 that the missionaries who had retired to Sydney received letters from Mr. Nott and Mr. Hayward, as well as from Pomare himself, inviting them to return. Eight of them did so; and although Tahiti was still in the hands of the rebels, they formed a settlement at Moorea and continued their labours. The remarkable change in the character of the king surprised and encouraged them all. He seemed to be deeply in earnest in his inquiries about Jesus Christ and His Gospel. Neither was he at all discouraged when the missionaries, in reply to his request for baptism, spoke to him of the need for thorough instruction in the truths of the Bible, and the life that was required of him, before taking so solemn and serious a step. The joy of the little band of workers was just at this time mingled with deep sorrow. Ten days after Pomare's request for baptism, Mrs. Henry, the devoted English lady who had gone out in the *Duff*, and remained so splendidly loyal for fifteen years, was removed by death. No voice had been stronger than hers against the abandonment of the mission: as soon as it could be renewed, she returned with her husband to Moorea, and there she passed away just as the day of victory was dawning. A few months afterwards Mrs. Davies and Mrs. Hayward died within a few days of one another. The stricken husbands had now to struggle on in loneliness, save for the presence of Him who is never nearer to His servants than at such a time as this.

THE REV. HENRY NOTT.

Pomare was invited by a large section of his subjects to return to Tahiti in 1812, and he did so, although the rebel army re-

mained in possession of the larger part of the island. It was not until the following year that two of the missionaries were able to revisit the scene of their former labours. These two were Mr. Scott and Mr. Hayward. The morning after their arrival, Mr. Scott heard, about daybreak, the sound of a native voice. There was something so unusual in its tone of earnestness and devotion that he listened, and discovered that one of the natives was praying to the Christians' God. This scene, so near to the very place where shortly before the mission house had been destroyed amid nameless atrocities, was a very wonderful indication that a real spiritual change had been in process among the people. It was accepted as the sure omen of the coming victory. And, indeed, that victory was seen to be certain when the story of this native Christian became known. The Spirit of God was manifestly working among these people. Years before he had listened to the preaching of the missionaries, and the message had stayed with him. A few chance words of Pomare's had deepened the impression. Secretly he had sought out one who had been a servant in the missionaries' house, and these two simple seekers after God had resolved to renounce their idols, had observed the Sabbath as the missionaries used to do, had prayed together to the true God; and all this without the guidance of the missionaries, and with no instruction but that given direct from the Source of all Light and Truth. In such secret and mysterious ways God moves.

Events now began to progress rapidly. A chapel was erected at Moorea, and the first native church was founded. Neighbouring chiefs, some of whom had come to help Pomare in his struggle for the kingdom, were brought under the influence of the new faith. Tamatoa of Raiatea, afterwards so famous as the friend of John Williams, was deeply moved by the preaching of the missionaries. Some of the native priests became converted to Christianity, and the old superstitions began to languish. In 1815 there might have been seen a strange and profoundly significant scene on the island of Moorea. One of the most powerful priests of that island, Patii by name, assembled the people to witness the degradation and destruction of the idols. The natives gathered from

near and far. The pile was kindled; and at a word from the priest, the attendants brought out the idols and strewed them on the ground. Taking up each god in turn and stripping it of its ornaments and vestments, Patii rehearsed to the people its fabled deeds and its ancient pedigree, and then consigned it to the flames. As the fire fastened on the idols, the priest bade his audience note how helpless these dreaded images were, and reproached himself that he had ever encouraged any to trust in them. The people stood aghast, and anticipated some frightful retaliation. But when no harm befel the priest, it soon became evident that the power of this idolatrous superstition over these natives was practically broken for ever.

The growing numbers of the Christians, and the influence of their religion, could not fail, however, to incense and provoke those who clung to the old habits and beliefs of heathendom. The inevitable consequence was that more than one of the native Christians was called to suffer for his convictions. Tahiti still remained in heathen hands; and when human sacrifices were offered to the idols, the fact that an individual had professed Christianity was made the reason for dooming him to death. Mr. Nott has told us how bravely and calmly some of these early martyrs met their fate. One young man, when he saw himself surrounded by the servants of the priest, and perceived only too well their cruel errand, told them that though they killed his body, Jesus Christ would receive his spirit; and secure in this confidence, went to his death.

At this period, indeed, any one skilled to read the signs of the times would have perceived many dark and anxious features in the situation. The growing fury of the heathen party, the fierceness of the priests who saw their ancient authority menaced, made a crisis inevitable. That there must be a terrible struggle before any enduring peace could possibly be established, many were convinced. The Christians, however, did nothing to provoke it, save by quietly practising the manners of Christianity. Arrayed against them was a force numerically superior, and animated by the deepest passions of hatred and savage fear. They were men who would stick at nothing to achieve their end; and their leaders, the

priests, were practised in stealth. One night a plan was nearly executed for assassinating every Christian in Tahiti. Timely warning was received, and the Christians fled to Moorea. Tempted back by promises of peace, Pomare and most of his followers established themselves in Tahiti again. The peace was but a snare. The idolaters had organized themselves for an overwhelming attack upon the Christians. Biding their time warily, they waited for the Sabbath day, when they knew the Christians would be peacefully at worship. In the midst of the service the sound of muskets was heard ; and to their dismay the congregation saw advancing towards them a great army of their foes, under the flag of the god Oro. There was a rush to possess themselves of weapons of defence ; and then followed a sublime incident. Reassembling, they quietly renewed the service. As the enemy approached, a hymn was sung, the Scriptures read, and prayer offered to Jehovah. Then they went out to battle. At first the impetuous attack of the heathen host carried all before it. But as they drew on towards the main band of the Christians, they were stopped, and finally hurled back in confusion. Their chief was slain, and after some further attempts at a rally, they were driven from the field. With the true spirit of a Christian chief, Pomare forbade his followers to plunder or pursue the enemy, but commanded that the temples and idols should be demolished. Mercy was shown to all the rebels ; the bodies of the slain were decently buried ; and the image of Oro, which had been the cause of so many bloody wars, and to which had been offered so many human sacrifices, was first employed in the king's kitchen to hang baskets of food on, and finally burned as fuel. No wonder the conquerors, in the gladness of their victory, sailed with the good news to Moorea, and as they leaped from their canoes to the shore exclaimed, "Vanquished ! vanquished ! by prayer alone !"

In the autumn of the same year the crisis came to the Christians at Raiatea, where Tamatoa was king. The destruction of the temples and idols by royal command had greatly incensed the priests. Two-thirds of the natives followed the latter, and prepared for the conflict. The Christians spent the night before

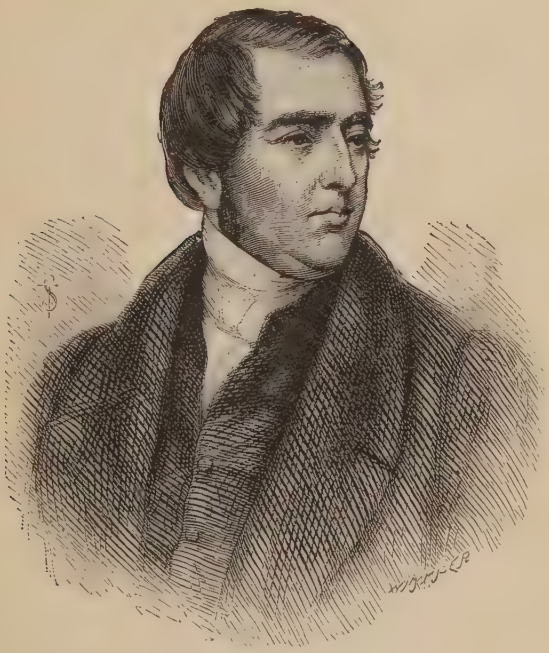
the battle in prayer, and when the morning came, began the attack. An utter rout of the idolaters followed, and we are told how the prisoners exclaimed to their captors, "Spare me by Jesus, your new God." When the chief of Tahaa, who had been a prime mover in the rebellion, was led captive into the presence of Tamatoa, he said, "Am I dead?" but Tamatoa replied, "No, my brother; cease to tremble; you are saved by Jesus." The prisoners were afterwards entertained at a banquet, in proof of the clemency of the religion of Christ.

It can truly be said that it was not the magnitude of the victory, nor the valour of the Christians who won the day on both these occasions against a vastly superior force, that produced such an overwhelming effect upon the tribes of these islands. It was emphatically the humane and merciful disposition of the conquerors; the manifestation of the spirit of Jesus Christ. Henceforth these bloody and merciless tribal feuds were to become a nightmare of the past. Order, and peace, and concord arose steadily out of the chaos, and Christianity and civilization advanced hand in hand.

And here there should be mentioned a very striking fact, which was repeatedly referred to by the earliest South Sea missionaries. So long as the natives remained idolaters, they manifested no anxiety to improve the outward conditions of their life. The instruction of our artisan missionaries was absolutely thrown away on them. They cared nothing for better dwellings, well-cultivated gardens, or the hundred useful arts which the missionaries employed. But as soon as they became Christians, with the new disposition to serve the living God, they awoke to all the higher interests of life. The change in the outward appearance of the islands was miraculous Neat little cottages began to arise, orchards and gardens to be planted. The whole standard of decency and comfort seemed to have been instantaneously raised. Henceforth there was a strong disposition among the natives to master all kinds of industrial arts.

We have now traversed the first twenty years of the history of the South Sea mission; and at this point we must interrupt our narrative to introduce to the reader a new and deeply interesting

personage, who in 1817 arrived on the mission field. In the very year in which the London Missionary Society had its birth, a boy was born in London destined to exercise a profound influence over nearly the whole of Polynesia, and to become the apostle of the South Seas. He was named John Williams. As he grew up he was apprenticed to an ironmonger, and it was his delight to watch and to practise the manufacture of all kinds of



REV. JOHN WILLIAMS.

ironwork, little thinking at the time how invaluable this knowledge would be to him afterwards. In his youth he drifted away from any positive sympathy with the Christian faith, or practice of the Christian morality, but was recalled to the obligations of the higher life when he was eighteen years of age, and afterwards became a most earnest and devoted Christian. The new missionary movement attracted him irresistibly, and in 1816 he left Eng-

land for the South Seas, arriving at Tahiti in the following year. While to him does not belong the peculiar honour of those pioneers who, after fifteen years of indomitable perseverance, broke the neck of heathenism in Polynesia, yet his indefatigable enterprise, his eager evangelistic spirit, were used by God at this period to spread far and wide among the scattered islands the influence of Christianity. Just as John Wesley rebelled against the limitations of the parochial system, and said, "The world is my parish," so John Williams was moved, by the sight of innumerable islands languishing in heathenism, to make this his motto: "For my own part I cannot content myself within the narrow limits of a single reef."

With John Williams there went out Mr. William Ellis, another of the true heroes of the mission field. Mr. Ellis took out with him a printing-press, and this invaluable auxiliary was duly installed at Moorea, where King Pomare set up the first types, and printed the first sheets, amid the most indescribable excitement and enthusiasm on the part of his subjects. Many are the stories of the zeal of the natives to possess themselves of the printed books. The mortality among cats on the island is said to have been extreme, in order that out of their skins might be made bindings for the new volumes! Thousands of natives gathered from all the neighbouring islands with the object of seeing this strange sight—"the printing of the Word." Success had brought with it very considerable embarrassments. The lack of teachers was painfully felt. No sight could be more pathetic than a large number of these ignorant natives meeting together on the Sabbath in imitation of the missionaries, and seeking, in their own uninstructed way, to help one another in the new faith. Their prayers are said to have been infinitely touching—the human cry for light, a cry not unheeded by the All-pitying Father to whom it was addressed. King Pomare, we are told, would pray at the assembly in Tahiti that every one might "stretch out his hands unto God and say, Lord, save me! Lord, save me!" This simple prayer indeed went up almost night and day from thousands of earnest seekers after the true salvation.

Now that the mission was taking root in the affections of the

people, the question of its sustenance was raised. It was suggested to King Pomare, and warmly approved by him, that free-will offerings should be sent to the Society's Directors in London ; and accordingly a vast mass-meeting of the natives was held, and Pomare explained to them the nature of the proposal. "Six times," says Mr. Nott, "he repeated that all gifts were to be voluntary." No one was to feel obliged to contribute. But the idea was enthusiastically welcomed. All sorts of curious donations began to flow in. Pigs, oil, arrowroot, cotton, and so on, were most cheerfully offered. Huahine and Raiatea followed the example of Tahiti, and held similar meetings. When the offerings of the first year came to be sold in London, they realized the noble sum of £1700.

There was probably a strong admixture of vanity with an honest feeling of gratitude in the desire of Pomare to erect an enormous church in Tahiti, after the fashion of the European cathedrals of which he had heard. The building was erected, and proved a great failure. It would hold six or seven thousand people, but it was far too expensive to keep up. Here, however, two most interesting events happened. First of all King Pomare was baptized. None knew better than the missionaries his grave defects of character, his occasional over-indulgence in strong drinks. None remonstrated with him more firmly. But they recognised a real desire to live as a Christian, and they felt this was the qualifying element in him. Secondly, a great assembly was convened in the new temple for the popular endorsement of a new code of laws. The missionaries had been asked by Pomare to assist him in this matter, and, somewhat reluctantly at first, they consented to do so. The laws were very simple. Judges were to be appointed, and punishments were to be defined for murder, theft, adultery, and so on. General regulations were drawn up concerning lost property, buying and selling, the observance of the Sabbath, rebellion, polygamy, and other questions that were likely to affect the life of the people. These laws were added to as years went on; and, with sundry alterations and additions, were introduced into many other islands. In Raiatea, at Mr. Williams' suggestion, trial by jury was established ; and

this invaluable limitation of despotic power was subsequently adopted very generally throughout Polynesia.

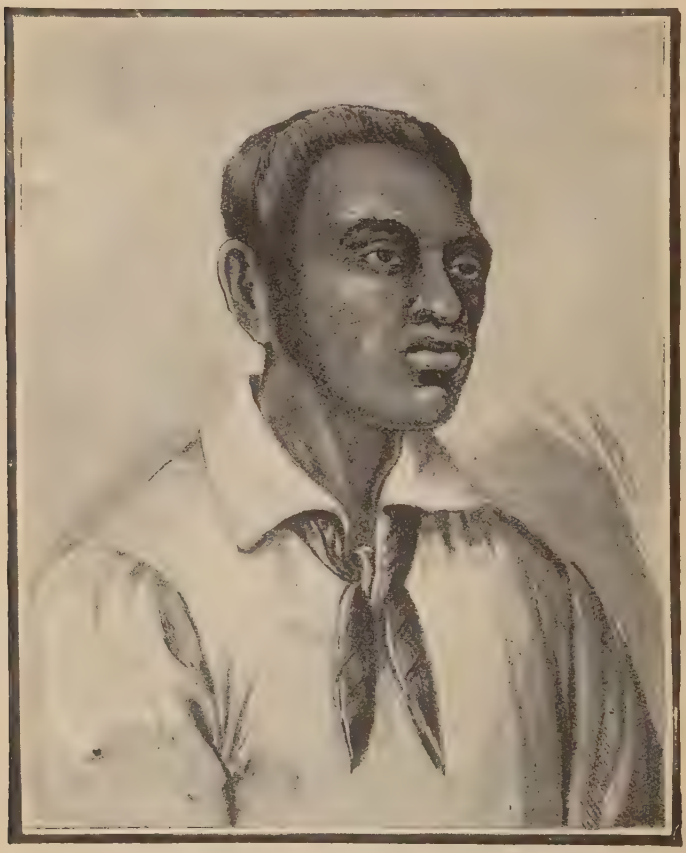
It was in 1818 that Mr. Williams and Mr. Threlkeld settled at Raiatea, under the famous chief Tamatoa. The inhabitants welcomed them with every demonstration of delight, and provided a great feast, which included five hogs for Mr. Williams, five hogs for Mrs. Williams, and five hogs for the baby! With characteristic energy and practical common sense, Mr. Williams devoted himself to stimulating the people to all kinds of good works. He became "guide, philosopher, and friend" to them all. Apparently there was nothing he could not make, from a house to a constitution; and even the notorious indolence of the Raiateans gave way under his energetic leadership. The main settlement of natives lay in an exposed position, which resulted in their huts and crops being frequently destroyed by storms. Largely at Mr. Williams' instigation, there was an "exodus" of the entire settlement. A new town was formed in a more healthy and sheltered position. Good houses were built, wells were sunk, a beautiful place of worship erected, gardens planned and planted, until the whole place was a monument to Mr. Williams' genius and industry.

A missionary society was started to send on the glad tidings to the neighbouring islands; while at the same time the Raiatean Church grew and prospered. It must not be supposed, however, that he met with no opposition in his work. Heathenism still had its disciples, and the vigour with which the new moral obligations of Christianity were enforced upon the people incensed many of the baser sort. On two or three occasions the missionary narrowly escaped being murdered. At one time the servant in his house had become an accessory, but in the end Mr. Williams' kindness proved too much for him, and he disclosed the plot on the eve of its accomplishment. Every year, however, the fruits of the new religion began to appear. The people grew in industry and morality. The evidences of the blessings of Christianity abounded on every hand. Mr. Williams had more than once been tempted to make an evangelistic tour among the other heathen islands; but the way did not open for some years. In

1821 a canoe arrived at Maurua, 40 miles from Raiatea. In it were the chief and some others from the island of Rurutu. Tossed about these stormy seas for three weeks, they had at last made land. They were amazed beyond measure at all they saw of the new civilization. The chief, Aura, was especially interested. He at once began to learn to read and write and spell, and in three months declared his intention of returning to Rurutu, if two Raiatean teachers would accompany him. The question was put to the Church, and two of the leading deacons at once volunteered for the service. An English vessel landed them at Rurutu, and a month afterwards the two native missionaries returned with great joy, announcing the overthrow of idolatry, and pointing to the idols of Rurutu suspended ignominiously from the yard-arm. That this remarkable change was real, and not superficial, is best proved by the fact that when, some little time after this, an English vessel was wrecked on Rurutu, Captain Chase, its commander, testified that not one single article of the ship's property was stolen by the natives, but that everything was safely conveyed to the shore and restored to the owners. The captain and his men were most hospitably treated by the native Christians.

It was in this way that the employment of native Christians as missionaries, which has been such an admirable feature in our South Sea mission work, began. Among these heroic and consistent men, no one deserves a higher place than Papeiha. When Mr. and Mrs. Williams paid a visit to Sydney in 1821, Papeiha, with a comrade, was, at his own request, landed on Aitutaki, one of the Hervey Islands. Their reception was not favourable. They were seized and taken up to one of the 'maraes,' and formally dedicated to the gods. In spite of this, they began at once to urge upon the people the folly of their idolatry, and to teach those who were willing to learn how to read and write. After a year of continual peril and disheartening work, an awakening came. The teachers had some great public arguments with the idolatrous priests, and the people began to listen more eagerly to what they had to say. Soon after, the victory of these two single Christians was complete. Every temple and altar in the island

was demolished, and a Christian church erected; and when in 1822 Mr. Williams visited the island, all the inhabitants with one accord came out to welcome him with "The good Word has taken root." The next service for which the devoted Papeiha



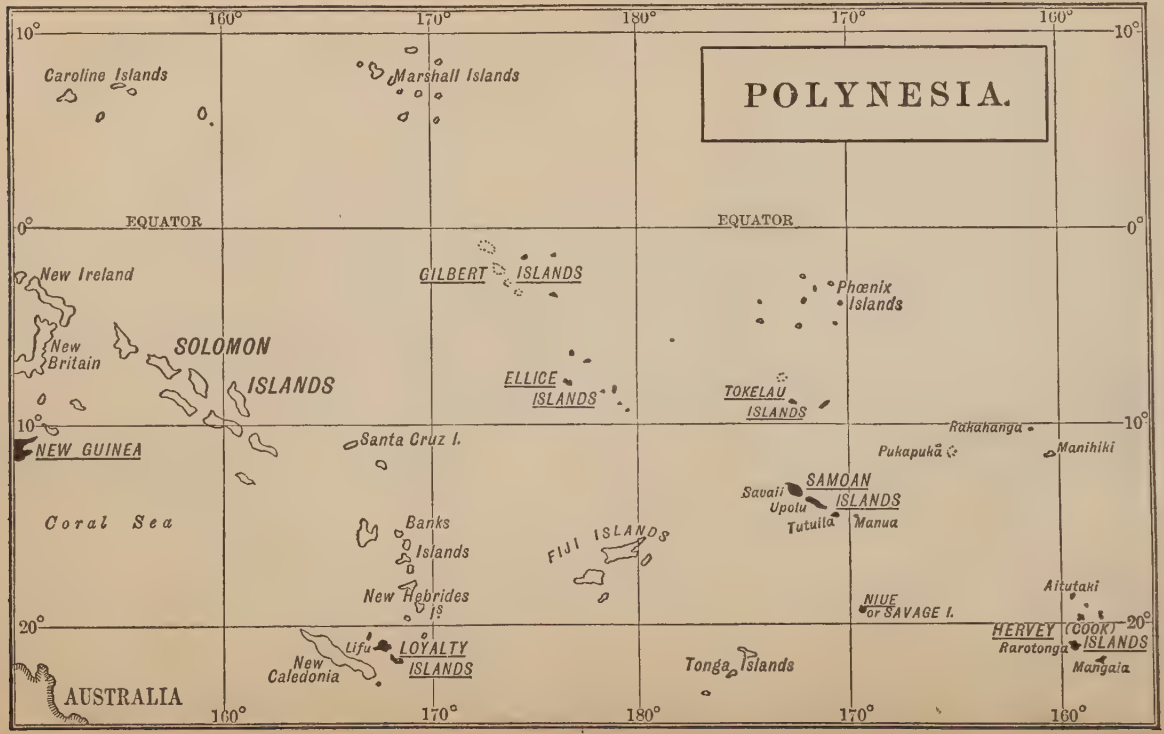
THE BRAVE TEACHER, PAPEIHA.

volunteered was to settle among the Mangaians. When the vessel could not make the shore for the storm and the reefs, this dauntless fellow, with a spelling-book and New Testament bound on his head, plunged into the water, and with great peril made his

way to the beach. Here the natives were drawn up with clubs and spears. He told them he had come on a peaceful mission, and protection was promised to himself and companions. Next day, however, when several natives and their wives were landed, they were abominably treated, and barely escaped back to the ship with their lives. The mission was for a short time abandoned; but later on two natives settled among the people, met with a friendlier reception, and won another victory for Christ and humanity. Meanwhile Mr. Williams and his native escort, repulsed at Mangaia, resumed their evangelistic enterprise. Several small islands were visited, and teachers settled on them. But the great object of their search evaded them. This was the famous island of Rarotonga, of which they had heard so much at Aitutaki, but the way to which no one seemed to know. The natives of the latter island had entreated Mr. Williams not to try to find it, for the inhabitants were the most ferocious and bloodthirsty in Polynesia. These rumours, however, only served to increase Mr. Williams' interest. After a five days' voyage across the seas in the direction where Rarotonga was supposed to lie, the missionary had consented to the captain's request that the expedition should be abandoned at a certain hour. Half an hour before this time was reached the mountains of Rarotonga were discovered. The vessel drew in to the shore. It was soon seen that the inhabitants confirmed the worst opinion of the Aitutakians. The native missionaries, landed that night, were subjected to nameless insults and persecutions. Next day they were removed to the ship. Then the splendid heroism of Papeiha shone forth. He offered to stay in this strange and savage island alone, provided only a comrade might be sent him later. The promise was made, and the vessel sailed away, and Papeiha began single-handed his work of Christianizing Rarotonga. In saying this, however, we must not omit to mention that Mr. Williams had brought back to Rarotonga from Aitutaki certain natives of the former island, who had seen what Christ had done for the people elsewhere. These gathered round Papeiha. In four months his colleague arrived, and found that progress had already been made. In twelve months idolatry was absolutely at an end, and the

people were building a Christian temple. At the islands of Atiu, Mauke, and Mitiaro, the same wonderful revolution was accomplished.

It was on the island of Rarotonga, whither he had gone to visit the converts, and to help in the establishment of Christian institutions, that Mr. Williams found himself cut off from communication with the sister islands, and determined with his own hands, and by the help of the natives, to build a missionary ship. Only those living out among these scattered islands knew the importance of such a project. The Directors at home had not seen their way to sanction the purchase of a vessel, and until this was done the evangelization of the South Seas was at a standstill. Mr. Williams' proposal was indeed an extraordinary one when the difficulties of the task are realized. But, with him, to see that a thing ought to be done was to attempt it. His English audiences were never tired in after-years of getting him to describe the building of *The Messenger of Peace.* His attempt to make bellows out ot goat-skins; his sensations when the rats ate up every vestige of his bellows; his construction of another pair out of wood, and how the suction of the fire threatened these; his ingenuity in making charcoal out of cocoanut-trees, in welding and working iron, splitting trees with wedges, fastening the planks with wooden pins in default of nails, using cocoanut husk for oakum, and the bark of the hibiscus for ropes, native mats for sails, and for the fastening of a rudder "a piece of a pickaxe, a cooper's adze, and a large hoe,"—these things are known wherever the story of missionary enterprise is known. In fifteen weeks *The Messenger of Peace*, sixty feet long and eighteen feet broad, was verily built; and in this little vessel for many years, and over thousands of miles of the stormy southern seas, John Williams sailed, bearing the Gospel from island to island. In *The Messenger of Peace* he visited the Fijis, and subsequently planted native teachers on the important Samoan group. This latter mission has proved one of the most interesting and valuable of all. When, after an English visit, John Williams revisited it in 1838, out of 60,000 inhabitants, 50,000 were under Christian instruction. At the time, however, of this


POLYNESIA.
160°
170°
180°
170°
160°
10°
0°
EQUATOR
Caroline Islands
Marshall Islands
New Ireland
GILBERT ISLANDS
Phœnix Islands
New Britain
SOLOMON ISLANDS
ELLICE ISLANDS
TOKELAU ISLANDS
Rakahanga
Manihiki
Pukapukā
NEW GUINEA
Santa Cruz I.
SAMOAN ISLANDS
Savaii
Upolu
Tutuila
Manua
Coral Sea
Banks Islands
FIJI ISLANDS
New Hebrides Is
NIUE or SAVAGE I.
Aitutaki
HERVEY (COOK) ISLANDS
Rarotonga
Mangaia
Lifu
LOYALTY ISLANDS
New Caledonia
Tonga Islands
AUSTRALIA
20°

first visit, Samoa was known only as the scene of a horrible massacre of a boat-crew engaged in a French expedition, under the well-known navigator La Perouse. For half a century after this event Samoa was avoided, and thought of, if at all, only with fear and horror. Its reputation was well known to John Williams, but the character of the inhabitants seemed to him only a more urgent plea for help. He arrived at a fortunate period. War had been raging for some time, and the new chief, Malietoa, was perhaps glad to avail himself of the prestige to be obtained from alliance with the far-famed white man. He promised protection for Tahitian teachers, and was as good as his word. The advance of the islanders in outward civilization may be partially gathered from the fact that in twenty-eight years' time these men, who for fifty years had been shunned by traders as fiends in human shape, were importing goods from England, Australia, and America, of the value of £35,000 per year. Criticism is still heard from some quarters of the cost of missions. The money expended has, in reality, come back again, good measure, pressed down, and running over, in actual profits from the mission field.

It was on this latter visit to the Samoan Islands that Mr. Williams found one most striking illustration of the wonderful way in which the Gospel was spreading. A number of natives of Raivavai had been driven out of their course at sea by sudden storms, and for nearly three months had drifted helplessly about. Twenty of them died. The little boat was carried 2,000 miles away from Raivavai, to a part of the Samoan group called Manua. The survivors had, just before this remarkable voyage, received the Gospel; and even on a simple expedition such as they had proposed, they had taken their portions of the Scriptures with them. Finding themselves among heathen, they began to tell them of Christ. After a little while they built a chapel, chose one of their number to be teacher, and by these means prepared the people to receive, through Mr. Williams and others, those final impressions which induced them to abandon idolatry and worship the true God.

However much we may admire the courage and enterprise of the missionaries during this glad and prosperous season of evan-

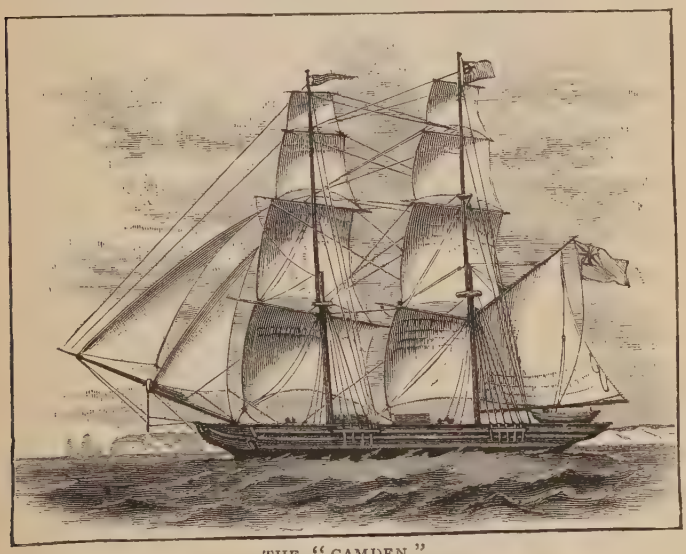
gelization, all who read their history will agree that even more admirable qualities were displayed when very grave and sad difficulties arose to hinder, and sometimes almost to undo, their former work. We must not suppose that those who professed Christianity were suddenly and immediately emancipated from their old animal passions and appetites. The work of moral redemption is a patient and prolonged one, and there are periods of retrogression as well as of progress. Then, too, we must remember the large number of unchristian inhabitants, who were still a most dangerous element. There were minor chiefs only too glad to seize any opportunity of disturbing the peace. When the native wars in the Society Islands had ceased for some fifteen years, there was an outbreak, caused very largely by the ambition of one man. Tahiti and Raiatea were once again the scenes of bloodshed, the only redeeming point being the Christian clemency of the victors. The missionaries not only actively endeavoured to make peace between the contending factions, but exerted every influence to protect the Christian Churches, and foster the work that was inevitably thrown back for the time being. John Williams' beloved island of Raiatea was especially demoralized by these struggles. In the midst of civil disorders, King Tamatoa had died. This had disheartened the Christians, and had precipitated the disturbances. The absence of Mr. Williams, moreover, on various evangelistic tours, removed his inspiring personality from the people when they needed him most. To deepen the shadows there came an even graver visitation. By the partial civilization of the islands, perfect security had been provided for foreign traders. They could now come and go without fear, and the increased industry of the natives provided many useful products which the foreigners were only too glad to obtain. But there is no darker stain on the history of commerce than the persistent efforts of the traders to purchase the native products with ardent spirits. In this they were only too successful. Not only did the unprofessing Christians rejoice to traffic on these terms, the plague soon spread to the Church members. The disease of drunkenness swept over the islands. Nearly everywhere the work was thrown back. Some churches and schools were almost

emptied. Yet even then the missionaries could write home that all those who remained respectable were Church members. But for these little handfuls of true and faithful Christians, the whole race might have gone back into savagery. Never before had the missionaries been more sorely tried. Expostulation produced no effect on the trader; but at last faithful and persistent appeals began to tell upon the people. In some islands laws were enacted forbidding any importation of intoxicating drinks. Temperance societies were very generally formed. The chapels began to refill, and the education of the people to go forward again.

During the years 1836 and 1837 both Mr. Williams and the veteran missionary, Mr. Henry Nott, were engaged in England, publishing the Bible in the Tahitian tongue, and many portions in other dialects of the South Seas. Mr. Williams also published, for English people, his well-known book *Missionary Enterprises*, the success of which was phenomenal. Large sums of money were given in response to his appeals. A vessel, the *Camden*, was bought, and in this ship Mr. Williams returned. There are many people living to-day who remember the extraordinary excitement in London, when London Bridge and the shores of the Thames were crowded with thousands of people to see the great missionary sail to those strange shores with which his name was so indelibly associated. Mr. and Mrs. Williams now took up their residence in one of the Samoan islands. It was characteristic of them that they built their house among a tribe which had been recently crushed in a native war. Conquered people were greatly despised by surrounding tribes, and were consequently exposed to plunder and insult. Mr. Williams felt that his presence would be a protection to the poor people; and, to the amazement of the more powerful tribes, he made his home among these. On more than one occasion the presence of his son proved a protection to the natives in Mr. Williams' absence; for even those savage warriors who were most greedy for plunder respected the name of Williams, and spared the people for his sake.

Though his home was now established in Samoa, this devoted evangelist could not conceive it to be God's will that he should restrict himself to one island, when hundreds of islands seemed to

cry, "Come over and help us." The vision of the people, sunk in idolatry and cruelty and superstition, filled his soul. He bade farewell to his wife and children, for the last time, as it was to prove, preached to his Samoan flock from the text, "Sorrowing most of all that they should see his face no more," and in his new vessel sailed away to carry the glad tidings to the New Hebrides. In these islands the struggle between the Gospel and the old heathenism has been as terrible as anywhere. Few of the islands to-day but are stained with the blood of some heroic Christian



THE "CAMDEN."

missionary, foreign or native. When the *Camden* drew near to them, the actual character of the savage inhabitants was but little known. True, Captain Cook had only escaped from Erromanga by firing on the natives; but beyond this fact, there was nothing to guide John Williams as to the nature of the people. On the 20th November, 1839, the *Camden* anchored off Erromanga. Mr. Williams, with Mr. Harris, a new missionary, and Mr. Cunningham, decided to go on shore. This they did, and by kindness and presents seemed to have allayed the fears of the savages.

Mr. Williams and Mr. Harris had taken a short walk towards the native huts, when Mr. Cunningham was horrified by hearing an ominous yell, and seeing Mr. Harris and Mr. Williams running for their lives, closely pursued by the natives. Mr. Harris plunged into a stream, and was beaten to death by his infuriated assailants. Mr. Williams ran for the sea, as if to try to swim to the boat. The savages, however, followed him swiftly into the waters, and attacked him so brutally that the waves were crimson with his blood. They then dragged the bodies away into the bushes, where they held a cannibal feast. No idea can be given of the awful grief of those on board the *Camden*, nor of the terrible sorrow of Mrs. Williams and her children. But indeed throughout all those islands to which he had devoted his life the news spread anguish and despair. Then it was fully seen what Mr. Williams had been to the Polynesians. The cry that went up from those scattered islands was the orphaned cry of those who felt themselves fatherless. "Alas, Wiliamu! alas, our Father!" were the words that were frequently used to express their sense of loss. Mysterious as the calamity seems still, it seemed even more so to those who knew how much John Williams' unique influence over the people was needed at this very hour. Roman Catholic missionaries, on their contemptible errand of proselytising, backed by the armed influence of France, were adding to the already serious difficulties of the work. The days were anxious ones; and, to our human conception, just the days when John Williams could least be spared. But, possibly to show that we should lean not at all on human instrumentalities, but on the arm of God, this was the very time appointed for the removal of the "Apostle of Polynesia." A very "humble stone" marks the place at Apia where certain remains of the great missionary, sacredly and reverently collected by Captain Croker, of H.M.S. *Favourite*, were laid to rest amid an immense concourse of natives. But if we seek his monument, it is around his grave, where, in many an island to which he first carried the gospel of peace, happy, contented, and prosperous people live in the fear of God and the love of Christ.

This chapter may fitly close with some words of Mr. Charles Darwin's, who in 1835 visited the South Sea Islands in the

Beagle. The great naturalist made an inland tour in Tahiti, and thus describes an event that happened in the evening: "Before we laid ourselves down to sleep, the elder Tahitian fell on his knees, and with closed eyes repeated a long prayer in his native tongue. He prayed as a Christian should do, with fitting reverence, and without the fear of ridicule or any ostentation of piety. At our meals neither of the men would taste food without saying beforehand a short grace. Those travellers who think that a Tahitian prays only when the eyes of the missionary are fixed on him should have slept with us that night on the mountain." He goes on to discuss the rumour "that the Tahitians had become a gloomy race, and lived in fear of the missionaries"; he says: "Of the latter feeling I saw no trace, unless, indeed, fear and respect be confounded under one name. Instead of discontent being a common feeling, it would be difficult in Europe to pick out of a crowd half so many merry and happy faces." He then replies to those who were ever ready to point out still-existing defects in the South Sea Islanders, and blame the missionaries for these. He says: "They forget, or will not remember, that human sacrifices and the power of an idolatrous priesthood, a system of profligacy unparalleled in any other part of the world, infanticide, a consequence of that system, bloody wars, where the conquerors spared neither women nor children,—that all these have been abolished, and that dishonesty, intemperance, and licentiousness have been greatly reduced by the introduction of Christianity. In a voyager, to forget these things would be base ingratitude; for, should he chance to be on the point of shipwreck on some unknown coast, he will most devoutly pray that the lesson of the missionary may have extended thus far."

For such a result as this the earliest missionaries had not lived and laboured, nor the earliest martyrs died, in vain.

We must now postpone the further history of the South Sea missions to a later chapter, and look at the progress of the kingdom of God in other lands where the London Missionary Society had planted stations.

CHAPTER III

SOUTH AFRICA

Discovery and First Missions—Cruel Treatment of Hottentots—Dr. Vanderkemp—Opposition of Settlers—Bethelsdorp Institution—Death and Character of Vanderkemp—Mission to the Bushmen—Heroism of the Albrechts—Africaner the Outlaw—Destruction of the Warm Bath Mission—Robert Moffat—Moffat and Africaner—An Eventful Journey—Moffat sent to Bechuanaland—Settles on the Kuruman—Progress at Bethelsdorp, Pacaltsdorp, and Theopolis—Moffat among the Bechuanas—Fighting and Confusion—Courage of Mary Moffat—Translation of the Scriptures—Wonderful Results of the Mission—Moffat and the Matabele.

ONE of the chiefs in the South Sea Islands is reported to have said to a missionary, in explanation of the slowness of the natives to believe Christianity, "If only you missionaries had been the *first* to come to us, we should all be Christians now." The chief was, of course, referring to the fact that the white trader came first, and by the excesses and shameless depravity of his seamen created in the hearts of the natives a deep hostility to the white man and his message. In no part of the world was the way rendered more difficult for Christian missionaries than in South Africa. The deeds of the settlers there had roused the natives to violent enmity against all foreign intruders. The poor savage inhabitants of South Africa had been forcibly dispossessed of their lands, and many of them seized as slaves, by the Dutch settlers. The rest of them had fled to the forests, or were in hiding in the holes and caves of the earth, from whence they would now and then issue forth, bent on some errand of bloody retaliation upon the men who had appropriated their country.

A few simple facts about the history of the Cape Colony will make it easier for the reader to follow intelligently the story

of our missions there. Discovered by the Portuguese in 1486, it was not until 1652 that the Dutch East India Company directed a certain Jan Van Riebeeck, with a small body of colonists, to form a settlement there. The South Africans seem to have welcomed them, at first, cordially enough; but, not unnaturally, the natives soon came to view these new-comers with great suspicion: a sentiment which increased as the determination of the Dutch to possess themselves of all the more fertile and profitable lands became apparent. Gradually the original inhabitants were driven back into the interior, as the frontier of the new settlement was extended. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* enumerates, among other effects of this settlement, these three points. First, the Dutch, partly by so-called contracts, partly by force, gradually deprived the Hottentots of their country; secondly, they reduced to slavery a large part of that unfortunate people whom they did not destroy; thirdly, they introduced a number of Malays and negroes as slaves. It is not difficult to see what an implacable hatred of the white aggressor must inevitably have grown up in the breasts of the natives, in consequence of this shameful behaviour of the colonists. Dutch rule in Cape Colony lasted till 1795, the date of the foundation of the London Missionary Society. From 1795–1802 British Governors ruled the colony. By the Peace of Amiens in 1802 the colony was restored to Holland; but in 1806 it was taken by Sir David Baird, and has remained in our possession ever since, being ceded to us by treaty in 1815.

But now, can we form any opinion of the character of these South Africans among whom the Dutchmen settled? When our missionaries first went among them, they had suffered for 150 years from the injustice and malignity of their European enemies. They had been enslaved, or they had been hunted like wild beasts. Cunning, ferocity, and insensibility were the natural fruits of such a miserable existence. But, if the early narratives are to be trusted, the first colonists found a very different race of people. The Quae-quaes—to give them the benefit of their proper name—or Hottentots, as the Dutch called them, were for the most part a friendly, inoffensive, and contented race, who

were highly praised by several of the earliest travellers for their honesty in dealing, and entire freedom from thieving propensities. They were most of them possessed of herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep, which soon excited the cupidity of the colonists. All investigations into their history go to show that the thefts and murders, of which some of these unhappy people were afterwards guilty, were regarded by them in the light of legitimate retaliation on those who had first of all robbed them, and with whom they were perpetually at war. As the numbers of the colonists increased, the position of the Hottentots grew more and more desperate. It became obvious to the settlers that they had now gone so far, that they must either entirely subjugate and overwhelm the natives, or live in continual peril from their resentment. Accordingly, the horrible fact has to be recorded that, in 1774, "the whole race of Bushmen or Hottentots who had not submitted to servitude was ordered to be seized or extirpated."

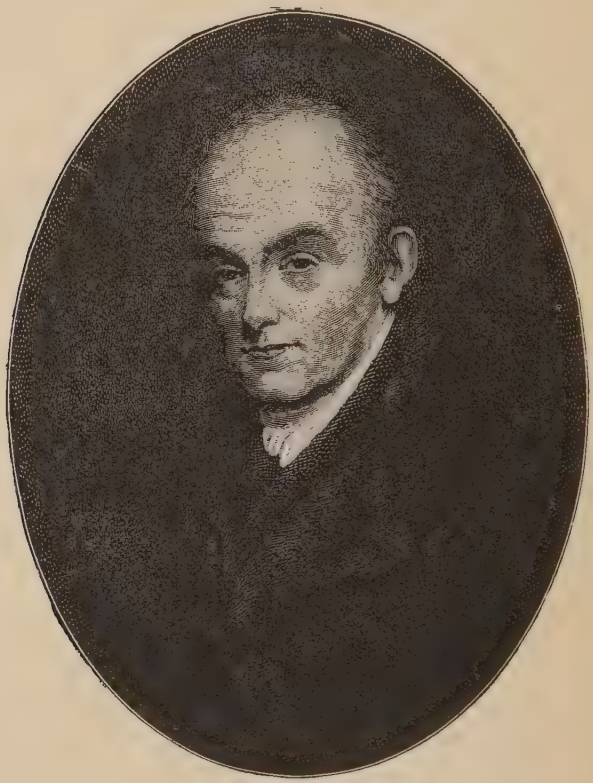
This abominable policy introduces us to what was known as the "commando" system. Armed bands of colonists were mustered in various districts, for the purpose of making raids on the Hottentots, and either killing or enslaving them. The ghastly details of these expeditions we may well be spared to-day; but there is abundant evidence that many of the colonists soon came to regard the shooting of a Hottentot as a matter of as much indifference as the shooting of a wild beast. Hunted, starved, maddened, it is little wonder that this apparently doomed race did indeed come to behave as if they were no more than the wild beasts they were supposed. The awful experience of a century had turned a peaceful and, on the whole, amiable people into a race of desperate Ishmaels, with their hand against every man, and every man's hand against them.

It is remarkable that, even after such a miserable history, the main difficulty of the earliest missionaries to the Cape Colony lay, not with the natives, but with the colonists, whose implacable hatred of the Bushmen made them strongly opposed to all efforts for the amelioration of that people. In one way, and perhaps only one, the Dutch colonists had made the path of the missionary easier. The numerous Hottentots who had been reduced to a

life of servitude on the various farms of the settlers had picked up so much of the Dutch language as made it possible for missionaries of that race to begin to preach to them at the very outset. This of course did not apply to the free tribes who still lived among the hills, and whose language was afterwards learned and reduced to writing by our English missionaries. The first missionary to South Africa was a Moravian, George Schmidt. He was a wonderful man. He had suffered six years' imprisonment in irons on the Continent for his Protestantism. As early as 1737, he was moved by the descriptions of the degradation of the Hottentots, and he crossed the sea, and landed at Cape Town, to begin single-handed the evangelization of the South Africans. For six years he steadily worked on, gathering a little Church of forty-seven Hottentots. Then so bitter was the opposition to his attempts to elevate this people that he was compelled to give up. The Church was scattered. Schmidt returned to Europe, and for nearly fifty years no one appeared to succeed him.

The London Missionary Society sent out their first missionary to South Africa in 1798. His name was Dr. John Vanderkemp. He was a man of remarkable character and gifts, and he had had a singular history. Sixteen years of his life had been spent as an officer of the Dutch army. He had studied both at the University of Leyden and the University of Edinburgh. He took a medical degree at the latter university, and, settling at Middleburgh in Holland, he acquired a large practice, and interested himself in various kinds of literary and scientific pursuits. At this time he was a man of no religious belief. The change in his life came through a terrible domestic tragedy. Sailing with his wife and child upon the Meuse, the boat was overset, and the wife and child drowned before his eyes, although he made agonized efforts to save them. For such an awful calamity no sceptical theories afforded any consolation. He was thrown back on God, and found a new life in the love and service of Christ. That a man of Vanderkemp's great intellectual powers and attainments should volunteer for Christian work among the Hottentots, who were esteemed the very lowest and basest of mankind, may well strike us as a singular evidence of his deep personal consecration In-

deed, his consecration was only equalled by his determination. He had immense force of resolution, and when once he saw his duty, was firm as a rock in the prosecution of it. He had need of all his resources of faith and resolve in the work to which he had set his hand. The desire of his heart was to do something



DR. VANDERKEMP.

for the Kaffres, a tribe living in the country to the north-east of the Cape Colony. Refusing to listen to any overtures made to him that he should work among the southern Hottentots, Vanderkemp made his way into Kaffreland; but after eighteen months of great hardship and difficulty, he was compelled to abandon his

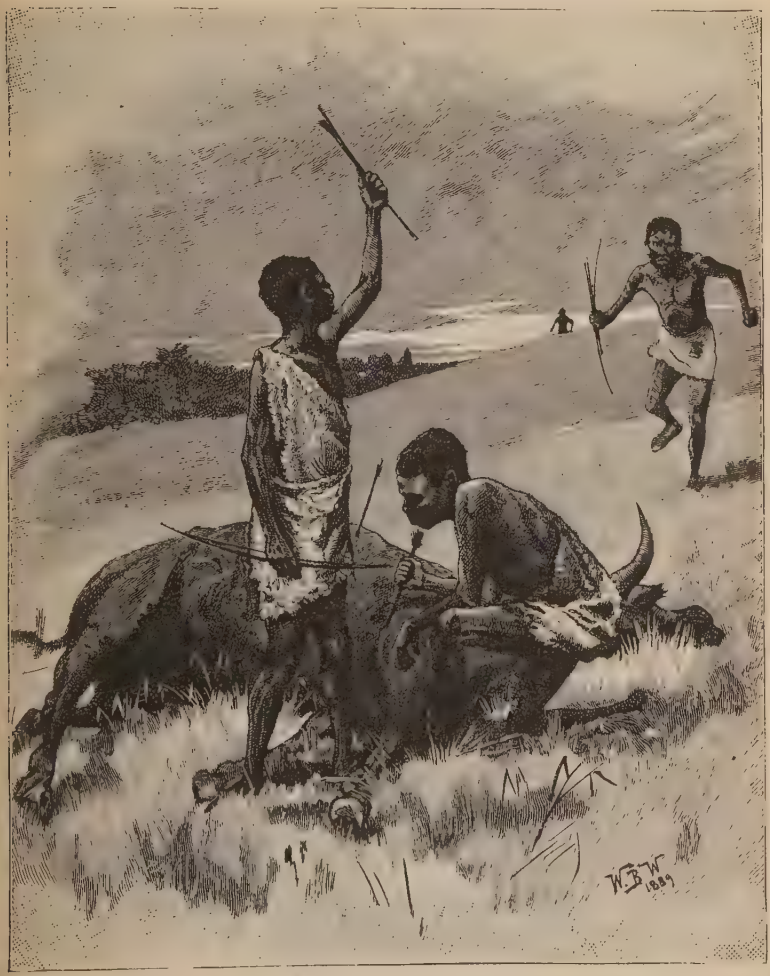
work, and to join two newly arrived missionaries from England who had settled at Graaf-Reinet, and were devoting themselves to the evangelization of the Hottentots there. At every step in the progress of the mission, the Dutch farmers opposed the work. Either they endeavoured to prejudice the natives against the missionaries, or they complained to the Government that the missionaries protected natives who were robbers and murderers. The village of Graaf-Reinet was on one occasion surrounded by the Boers, who repeatedly endeavoured to shoot Vanderkemp, but in vain. This fearless man made himself the mouthpiece of the natives, and reported the cruelties and injustices committed upon them to the Governor, and was frequently the instrument through whom their grievances were redressed. More than this, by living among them, and adopting them, as it were, as his peculiar charge, his very presence became a protection to them from their enemies. In 1802, by the advice of the English Governor, Vanderkemp established a missionary institution for the Hottentots at a place called Botha's Plain, near Algoa Bay. The idea of this institution was to provide a centre round which these wild and uncivilized Hottentots might gather, and where they might find at once protection and education. Men and women from various tribes, in search of knowledge and training in industry, as well as any who might have come in search of higher blessings still, might find their way to this institution. This turned out to be the case. Chiefs of other tribes came here to learn, and went back to tell their people what they had seen and heard. The Hottentots came to look on Vanderkemp as their champion, and he, for his part, loyally regarded their interests. The force of his influence, not only among the Hottentots, but the Kaffres, whom, as we have seen, he visited more than once, may be judged from this striking fact. On one occasion the missionary institution was attacked by some marauding Hottentots. They were repulsed, and fled into Kaffreland. When the Kaffres discovered that they had attacked Vanderkemp's institution, they took three of them and put them to death.

Soon after the settlement at Botha's Plain, the Dutch again became rulers of the Cape Colony. The new Governor was an

old friend of Vanderkemp's, but the change in government aroused once again all the fierce hatred of the Dutch settlers against the missionary. One of them actually went to Cape Town to ask the Governor if they might shoot Vanderkemp. The Governor's answer was one of grim humour. He asked the petitioner whether he had noticed the gallows that stood at the entrance to Cape Town. We may imagine that the man was effectually silenced. Still Vanderkemp's enemies were constantly at work. They urged that his missionary institution was a city of refuge to which Hottentots who had committed crimes, or were flying from service, fled to hide themselves. They urged, too, that an institution under an English Society was a peril to Dutch rule.

In 1803 the Dutch Governor assigned to Vanderkemp a tract of land for the permanent settlement of his institution. It was a most bare and barren and exposed position; but there was nothing for it but to accept it, and Bethelsdorp, as it was called, was established there. It is said that the farmers rejoiced at the prospect that in such an inhospitable country the natives could not possibly live, and the institution must be broken up. If, however, they imagined that even these grave physical disadvantages would break the spirit and intention of Dr. Vanderkemp, they were mistaken. For years the settlement seems to have consisted of a number of wretched huts, which miserably housed the "lean, ragged, or naked figures" which so pathetically clung to this scholarly and distinguished man, who shared their misfortunes that he might help to redeem their life. Vanderkemp was described by one who saw him at this period of his life as "dressed in a threadbare black coat, waistcoat and breeches, without shirt, neckcloth, or stockings, and leather sandals bound upon his feet, the same as are worn by the Hottentots." He was sitting upon a plank laid across a waggon "drawn by four meagre oxen," "his venerable bald head exposed to the burning rays of the sun." The traveller goes on to say that, "instead of the usual salutations, he uttered a short prayer, in which he begged a blessing upon our chief and his company, and the protection of Heaven during the remainder of our journey."

In the year 1805, Dr. Vanderkemp and other missionaries were summoned to Cape Town to answer charges preferred



BUSHMEN HUNTING.

against them by the colonists. They were kept there nine months in a state of suspense, without a trial. No attempt was

made to substantiate the charges against them. Worn out with this form of persecution, they were about to take ship for England, when the English fleet anchored in Table Bay, and the colony again passed under English rule. It is worthy of record that during this long absence of Dr. Vanderkemp from Bethelsdorp Mrs. de Smidt, of Cape Town, an earnest Christian lady, had given up her comfortable home, and, despite her fifty-five years, had travelled out to Bethelsdorp and taken charge of the institution there. Many of the women were impressed by her zeal and instruction, and her twelve months' work among the natives bore fruit in after-years.

If Dr. Vanderkemp expected, as he naturally might, that a restoration of English government would prove immediately for the benefit of the missionary institutions, he must have been disappointed. True, he was at once permitted to return to Bethelsdorp; but the old system of petty persecutions was continued. An especial hardship was that he was frequently called upon by the local magistrate, or landdrost, to send some of the Hottentots of the institution to one district or another, to perform certain work. Vanderkemp insisted that the Hottentots were a free people, and that the colonists had no right to force them to labour, and he distinctly declared that he had come to preach the Gospel, and not to become a mere Government agent to apprehend Hottentots, and send them into servitude. In constant effort to promote the best interests of these unhappy people, and to secure that justice should be done to them, this faithful minister of Christ wore himself out. In 1811 events had reached a crisis. So serious had been the treatment of the natives by the colonists, that the Governor had been obliged to take notice of the complaints. Accordingly, Mr. Read—a missionary who had most carefully investigated the charges—and Dr. Vanderkemp were summoned to Cape Town. A special commission was appointed; but before it could meet, Dr. Vanderkemp was suddenly taken ill, and it was soon apparent that he could not recover. Asked by a friend what was the state of his mind, he answered brightly, "All is well!" Another asked him, "Is it light or dark with you?" The dying man said emphatically, "Light!" and

this was his final testimony. Dr. Philip has recorded the fact that Vanderkemp was a great linguist, having considerable knowledge of Greek, Hebrew, Armenian, Arabic, Persian, and Syriac. Although he was only a few months in Kaffreland, he drew up a rough sketch of the Kaffre language, and formed a vocabulary of about eight hundred words. He was a keen metaphysician, and an enthusiastic scientist. Chemistry, natural history, anatomy, and botany were all subjects in which he was strongly interested. His life and death for the welfare of the Hottentot races is certainly a noble example of the consecration of singular talent to the interests of a people almost universally despised; and who, but for the efforts of Vanderkemp and others like him, might literally have been extirpated. No man was more hated by those who would not allow that anything ought to be done for the blacks in South Africa against the whites. But, as Dr. Philip says, "the head and front of his offending" was his hatred of oppression and his uncompromising zeal in the cause of the oppressed. His life bears out his own simple words regarding the Hottentots: "I should not fear to offer my life for the least child among them."

While Dr. Vanderkemp was thus devoting himself to Bethelsdorp and the Hottentots, we must not suppose that the London Missionary Society had lost sight of the other peoples of South Africa. This was by no means the case. Two other missionaries, Messrs. Kicherer and Kramer, had come out to South Africa with Dr. Vanderkemp, and had intended to proceed to Kaffreland. But they were diverted from their purpose by a very interesting circumstance. One of the truly Christian colonists was a man named Florus Fischer, who lived among the Bushmen. These degraded people had noticed with reverence Fischer's simple religious observances, and had asked him why they could not have teachers to show them the true worship. Fischer was so touched by the circumstance that he took several of the Bushmen to Cape Town, and there they arrived just as Kicherer and Kramer, with a third missionary, Edwards, were about to set out for Kaffreland. The result of the plea of these poor Bushmen was that the missionaries went back with them into the country of the Bushmen near the Zak River, 400 or 500 miles north-east of

Cape Town. The character and habits of the Bushmen have long been known as the very lowest possible to human beings. Their dwellings were not much more than ostriches' nests, burrowed in the ground, the branches of a tree or an overhanging rock affording shelter. Their sole joys appeared to be afforded by meat and drink. When women died leaving children who were helpless, the little ones were buried alive with their mothers. The wanton destruction of children by throwing them to the wild beasts, or by some other method of death, shows how little affection existed among them. It was not perhaps to be wondered at that the Gospel took root slowly in such a soil. Many of the Hottentots of the district were led to embrace Christianity, and of the Griquas or Bastards not a few. Some of these were distinguished in after-days as eminent supporters of the mission church in Griqua Town. On the Bushmen, however, little impression was made, and in 1806 it was felt to be wise to abandon the station. Mr. Kicherer entered the Dutch Church, and became minister at Graaf Reinet. An attempt made later by the London Missionary Society in 1814, in a more eastern position, at Colesberg, was more successful. Some five hundred Bushmen gathered round Mr. Erasmus Smith and Mr. Corner, and much good was done, despite the attempt of the farmers to persuade the Bushmen that the missionaries were in league with the Government to betray them into slavery. The settlement made still later at Hephzibah was broken up by the animosity of the farmers, and the missionaries were peremptorily ordered by the Government to return to the borders of Cape Colony.

Leaving now for a time these somewhat desultory attempts to reach the Bushmen, we must follow the course of a most remarkable line of development in our South African missions. Flowing from east to west of South Africa, and forming a natural boundary line for its southern portion, there runs the Orange River. The borders of Cape Colony were being rapidly extended northwards towards this great river, and the tribes south of it subjugated to the European. But as to the country that lay away to the north of it very little was known. It was known, however, to be the home of the wild marauder Africaner, who was the

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terror of South Africa. It was also the place of refuge for multitudes of natives who had been driven out of their ancient lands by the steady aggression of the colonists. The western portion of this district, or Great Namaqualand, seems to be a most desert and desolate region, hardly watered at all, and scarce affording sustenance for man or beast. Into this region, however, in 1806, two heroic missionaries, Abraham and Christian Albrecht, penetrated as pioneers. . Their journey up to and beyond the borders of the colony was one of terrible hardships and privations. Several times death seemed absolutely inevitable, now from the inhospitable character of the country, and now from the wild beasts. Still they struggled bravely on, and finally crossed the Orange River and settled at a spot called Warm Bath, about 100 miles west of the dreaded and notorious free-booter Africaner.

As the history of our missions at this period is intimately associated with this famous chief, we must remind ourselves of his very dramatic story. He belonged to a governing family of a tribe which once was wealthy and prosperous, and roamed the hills and valleys 100 miles north of Cape Town. Driven further and further out by the settlers, Africaner found himself an exile from the home of his forefathers, and reduced to serve a Dutch farmer. Even now all might have been well if he had been treated with ordinary consideration ; for he was an excellent shepherd and had been trained to military service on the commando system. But his Dutch master seemed determined to drive Africaner, and indeed all the other natives on his farm, to the utmost limits of exasperation. For a long time the chief, and such of his people who still lived around him, bore their wrongs patiently. But at last rumours reached them of a plot which was aimed at the lives and liberties of the whole clan. Summoned to undertake some duty, they refused, and were called to answer for their refusal at the door of the farmer's house. It was night, and Africaner's brother, Titus, concealed a gun which he took with him by holding it behind his back. When they appeared, the farmer, in a storm of passion, struck Africaner to the ground. It was his last act. Titus Africaner shot him down on the spot.

Entering the house, they told his wife no harm should be done to her if she would yield up the guns and ammunition belonging to her husband. This she did, and her life was spared; but two of her children, flying in fear, were caught and murdered by Bushmen. Africaner rallied his tribe and led them across the Orange River. There he practically declared war against the white invaders, and the Cape Government set a price upon his head. Such was the terror, however, that this outlaw, in his fastnesses beyond the Orange River, inspired, that no commando dared venture to attack him. The farmers consequently bribed the chief of a native tribe to undertake the task of ridding the country of this terror. The result was a series of bloody encounters between Africaner and Berend, the Bastard chief. No scene in South African history is more striking than one that occurred years after, when Berend and Africaner, having both embraced Christianity, met in peace and brotherhood, and looked back in horror at the savage and bloody history of the days of their warfare. All along the frontiers of the Orange River, Africaner's name spread panic. Dr. Moffat tells us how chiefs of other tribes confessed to him that, in dread of Africaner, they had fled with their wives and children to the mountains or the glens, and preferred the perils among wild beasts to facing the renowned and ferocious marauder. Africaner's brother, Titus, was a man of even fiercer and darker spirit than Africaner himself. We hear of him that he was so destitute of fear that he would sit on a jutting rock in a river, and when the hippopotamus opened its terrible jaws to seize him, would calmly fire down its open throat. Such were the two brothers whose proximity to the new mission station founded by the Albrechts not unnaturally filled the hearts of the missionaries with some alarm.

At the outset, however, Africaner was most favourably disposed towards the new-comers; for he learned that they represented an English Society, and he had come to regard Englishmen as protectors of the blacks. He sent some of his children to be taught at Warm Bath mission station, and expressed himself as being much gratified with the instruction. But dark days were in store for the mission and its workers. In 1810 Abraham

Albrecht had to seek renewal of health, and, accompanied by his brother, returned towards Cape Town, leaving the mission station in the charge of a Mr. Tromp. On the way to Cape Town, this earnest and devoted missionary died, and was buried by his sorrowing wife and brother at Honing Berg. Before returning to Warm Bath, Christian Albrecht was married to Miss Burgman, who was nothing daunted by the prospect of the long and hazardous journey, and the perils of the mission work. She had come out to Africa from Rotterdam, full of zeal for the service of Christ. She was a lady of superior education, and most bravely and cheerfully bore the fatigues and difficulties of the journey. The two missionaries had only just begun their united labours at Warm Bath, when the whole mission was involved in danger of imminent destruction. The cause was this: Africaner had sent a certain man named Hans to purchase a waggon in the colony. Hans was met by a farmer to whom he owed money, and the farmer seized Africaner's cattle in discharge of the debt. Hans took up his residence at the missionary station of a Mr. Seidenfaden. Thither Africaner went and sought him out. Hans was punished, and in his rage endeavoured to shoot Africaner. The outlaw, in anger, killed Hans. There ensued the greatest excitement. The friends of Hans vowed vengeance on Africaner, and sought assistance among some of the natives of Warm Bath. Rumours reached Africaner that the missionaries were aiding and abetting his enemies, and he vowed vengeance on the mission. The scenes that followed must be reckoned among the most harrowing in the history of missions. Two hundred miles away from contact with civilized beings, with the wilderness on one hand and the unfordable Orange River on the other, in hourly expectation of being massacred by the infuriated Africaner, the little band of missionaries was clearly in a terrible situation. One week, when the alarm was at its height, they dug square holes in the ground, so that they might have protection from the rifle balls, and in these holes they remained for six days, with the sail of a waggon thrown over the mouth of the pit to keep off the burning rays of the sun. Well-nigh suffocated, and utterly prostrate from nervous exhaustion, they owed deliverance

MASHONALAND
MATEBELELAND
BECHUANALAND
TRANSVAAL
ZULULAND
KAFIRLAND
CAPE OF GOOD HOPE
SOUTH ATLANTIC OCEAN
INDIAN OCEAN
Kalahari Desert
Great Fish R.
ORANGE R.
R. Teoge
L. NGAMI
INYATI
HOPE FOUNTAIN
PHALAPYE
MOLEPOLOLE
KANYE
TAUNG
KURUMAN
Likhatlong
BARKLY
Kimberley
R. Molopo
R. Vaal
R. Caledon
Pretoria
R. Olifants
R. Limpopo
R. Sabi
Sofala
Quiliman
Delagoa Bay
Natal
KING WILLIAMS TOWN
East London
HANKEY
Algoa Bay
Port Elizabeth
Cape Town
20°
30°
SOUTH AFRICA.
Scale: English Miles.
0 100 200 300

to a chief named Fledermius, who took them first to the base of the Karas mountains, and afterwards enabled them to escape southwards to the colony. Africaner meanwhile had been diverted into attacking the Namaquas; but the missionaries had but just got away when he and his men descended on Warm Bath, and, finding it deserted, devoted it to destruction. Soon after, the bright and brilliant young lady missionary passed away, never having recovered from the shock of those terrible days. Her husband, Christian Albrecht, did not long survive her. Thus did the pioneers who first crossed the Orange River lay down their lives for the Gospel. Despite this lamentable history, overtures were made to Africaner, through the Rev. J. Campbell, who was sent out by the London Missionary Society to visit the stations in South Africa, to induce him to accept a Christian teacher. The chief consented, and Mr. Ebner went as first missionary to Africaner's kraal. In a short time the news was spread abroad that Africaner and his brother had been baptized. It soon became evident, however, that Africaner had by no means abandoned his old life, and the colonists generally sneered at the story of his conversion. Mr. Ebner was not altogether a wise man, and certainly not suited for the difficult and delicate position in which he was placed.

God was leading to the mission field just the man most needed at this critical moment, and in 1817 Robert Moffat set out from Cape Town to Africaner's kraal, and entered on that missionary life which he pursued for so many years with almost unparalleled devotion and success. On his way to the kraal of the famous outlaw, Moffat was treated by the farmers to some cheerful prophecies. They told him Africaner would set him up as a mark for his boys to shoot at; that he would make a drum of his skin, and a drinking-cup of his skull. The spirit, however, in which the young missionary entered upon his work may be judged from this story. Stopping on his journey at the house of a farmer, he asked that the Hottentot servants might be gathered in to evening prayer. The farmer contemptuously told his sons to go and call in the baboons and the dogs! Moffat took the Bible and read the verses where the woman says to our Lord, "Even the

dogs eat the crumbs that fall from the master's table." The shot told. The farmer stopped him, and ordered the servants to be called in. "Young man," he said afterwards, "you took a hard hammer, and you have broken a hard head." Moffat's introduction to Africaner's kraal was not encouraging. He found that bitter hatred against Mr. Ebner existed among Africaner and his men; and Mr. Ebner seems to have cordially disliked the people. Moffat's first house was built by native women in half an hour. Poles were fixed in the ground, bent over in hemispheric fashion, and then fastened down at the other end. These were covered with native mats, and the habitation was ready for use. In this hut Moffat lived six months, though the rain came through freely, and the sun made it intolerably hot, and the snakes seem to have regarded it as their property as much as the missionary's. Mr. Ebner speedily left the kraal, after a violent dispute with the Africaners, and Moffat was left in sole charge. He was soon cheered, however, by the most gratifying alteration in the character of Africaner and his brothers. The chief began to give signs of an utter change in life. He became intensely interested in the Bible, as well as in all forms of Christian work. He used to take charge of the school, and watch most affectionately the progress of the children. At nights he loved to sit up and talk with Moffat about the truths of the Bible. His fierce and apparently untameable brother Titus, too, became strangely subdued, and would sit listening for hours together to the conversation of Moffat and Africaner, and then say, "I hear what you say, and I think I sometimes understand, but my heart will not feel." Africaner would greatly mourn the evil and murderous deeds of his former life. "What have I now of all the battles I fought and the cattle I took but shame and remorse?" he would say. During an illness of Moffat's, the once dreaded outlaw nursed him with all the tenderness of a woman.

In the year 1818 Moffat persuaded Africaner to accompany him to Cape Town. The expedition had its risks. Africaner was still an outlaw; a price was still upon his head, and the farmers had not forgotten, nor forgiven, old injuries. But Moffat calculated rightly on the effect that would be produced on the

colony in favour of missions by the very sight of this notorious chief, who had laid aside his bloodthirsty designs, and was animated by a new spirit of friendship and peace. Disguised as a servant, Africaner followed the missonary ; and on his journey was often not a little amused at hearing references made to himself and his former life, which showed the terror he had once inspired. On reaching Cape Town the Governor was greatly astonished at being introduced to one whom he had regarded as the prime rebel against the colony. He received Africaner most cordially, and showed him many marks of kindness, while his appreciation of missionary work was evidently raised considerably. Africaner was the first to return towards his old home, for Robert Moffat had been earnestly solicited to transfer his services to the mission among the Bechuanas, and had at last consented. At the end of 1819 he was married to Miss Mary Smith, who, through so many dark and bright years, was his heroic and unfaltering helpmeet, and whose patience, courage, and hopefulness fitted her so admirably to support and sustain her husband through the arduous and difficult work that lay before him now. In the beginning of 1820 they started for Bechuanaland, which lies across the Orange River, considerably to the east of Africaner's kraal. They met Africaner again at Lattakoo, beyond the Orange River, and then parted from him, and saw him no more. He died in 1823. When he felt his death approaching, he gathered his people together, and exhorted them to remember that they were no longer savages, but Christians and men of peace. He testified to his own love of God, and that He had done much for him of which he was totally unworthy.

It is now necessary to take a brief glance at the attempts that had been made to plant missions in this central portion of Southern Africa, to which Mr. and Mrs. Moffat were now on their way. It will be remembered that Mr. Kramer and others had endeavoured at the very beginning of the century to reach the Bushmen, and other natives, who lived near the Zak River. In 1804 Mr. Kramer, with Mr. Anderson, made their headquarters at Griqua Town, and there began a very remarkable and success-

ful mission. The missionaries gathered around them a large number of natives of various tribes, and, after much self-denying work, marked improvements were manifest in the life and habits of the people. Serious attempts at the cultivation of the land were made, and in 1809 we find that the congregation in Griqua Town consisted of 800 people, while the influence of the inhabitants on the natives living round about was very great. At the height of its prosperity, in 1814, the mission received a terrible blow from the Colonial Government. Mr. Anderson was formally commanded to send down to the Cape twenty Griquas to serve in a Cape regiment. Now when it is remembered that the great dread of the people had always been that the white man had come among them, so that he might ultimately enslave them, we can imagine the effect of such an order as this. It was, as Dr. Moffat says, a wonder the people did not rise up and stone Anderson on the spot. They did not do this, but it was soon evident that his influence was gone. He was suspected. A large party withdrew from the mission, and soon Mr. Anderson himself was compelled to retire. He did, however, leave behind him his colleague, a Mr. Helm, who was now associated with the mission, and Robert Moffat and his wife joined Mr. and Mrs. Helm in 1820. They found the people all divided among themselves, and with no guiding head. There was no influential chief left in Griqua Town. Things looked exceedingly like an utter break-up. With Moffat's arrival, however, there was a rally. The people were called together, and advised to appoint a chief themselves. They did so, and chose one Andries Waterboer, who proved a most admirable and energetic ruler. Indeed, the firmness and integrity of his government, by driving out numbers of unworthy natives who refused to submit to good laws, created outside difficulties; for these disaffected Griquas united in frequent raids upon weaker tribes, and indeed upon Griqua Town itself more than once. In spite of this, the mission was again firmly established.

From a hundred to a hundred and fifty miles due north of Griqua Town lies the Kuruman River. Round the banks of this river there lived the Bechuanas. They were first discovered by

DR. MOFFAT'S HOUSE AND THE CHURCH AT KURUMAN.

marauding white men, whose appearance among them was signalized by many atrocious deeds of murder and theft. At the very beginning of the century two missionaries had settled in the country ; but one of them gave himself up to barter and money-making, and the other one was shot by the natives. During the Rev. John Campbell's missionary tour on behalf of the London Missionary Society, visiting old stations and looking out for new ones, he came in contact with Mothibi, chief of the Batlapins, a tribe of Bechuanas, who expressed himself as most eager to have a missionary. In consequence of Dr. Campbell's appeal, four missionaries were sent from England. They travelled up country to Griqua Town, and then, with the additional help of an interpreter, made their way to the principal town of the Batlapins, where Mothibi was living. Their reception was most unfavourable. Mothibi wanted traders, but not teachers. The people refused to receive them, and hooted and howled at them as they took their departure and sadly returned to Griqua Town. Two of them subsequently made a second attempt to settle at Lattakoo with Mothibi, but were again unsuccessful. One of them, however, Mr. Hamilton, was not discouraged, and aided by Mr. Read, of Griqua Town, a most capable and sagacious missionary, he contrived to get a footing among the Bechuanas ; and there he remained through a long ministry, a simple, humble, devoted worker for the good of a people who were many years before they evinced any gratitude whatever for the labour bestowed upon them. In May, 1821, the Moffats, with their infant daughter, afterwards wife to David Livingstone, settled with Hamilton on the Kuruman.

Leaving now these pioneers among the Bechuanas, quietly at work, seeking to win their way into the confidence and affection of the people, let us just take a glance at the other fields of labour where our missionaries were engaged in their arduous work. Wretchedly situated as we have seen Bethelsdorp to have been, it has a peculiar interest for the reader by reason of the life and death of Dr. Vanderkemp. After the death of this missionary we can hardly wonder that the mission suffered considerably. Those who were hostile to missions among the Hottentots did

their utmost at this period of weakness to crush out the institution. The natives were compelled to feel the loss of Dr. Vanderkemp's steadfast advocacy of their cause. They also lost heart, and left the work of the station undone, so that their enemies had an easy ground of accusation. In 1818, three years before Moffat settled among the Bechuanas, Dr. Philip was sent out with Rev. J. Campbell to inquire into the condition of the South African missions, and to report upon them to the Society in England. Dr. Philip proved one of the noblest servants the Society has ever had. His whole soul was set on fire by what he learned as to the treatment of the Hottentots by the colonists, and the inadequate protection afforded by the Government. Very largely owing to his persistent and eloquent advocacy of their rights, a better state of things was eventually brought about. But not only did Dr. Philip make himself the mouthpiece of the wrongs of the Hottentots, he valiantly addressed himself to the task of cultivating in the Hottentots themselves a more industrious, enterprising, and manly spirit. Being a man of a thoroughly practical mind, he noticed as a grave defect that there were very few encouragements to commerce among the Hottentots, and consequently too many of them were content to live in indolence. Even if the people received money, they could not spend it without travelling fifteen or sixteen miles to do so. Dr. Philip entered into negotiation with a truly Christian merchant, who opened a store in Bethelsdorp, and brought within the reach of the people numerous useful as well as beautiful articles. The effect was remarkable. The people began to discover a purpose in cultivating the land, growing fruit, and so on. By the result of their industry they were able to surround themselves with a variety of serviceable possessions. From one thing they were led on to another. When they had better clothes, they soon began to feel the inconvenience of living in mud huts; and, under the inspiration of the missionaries, they began to build in stone and wood. The consequence was that in a very short time the whole aspect of Bethelsdorp underwent a change. Not only were the unsightly huts replaced in many instances by decent houses, but the spirit of activity and industry

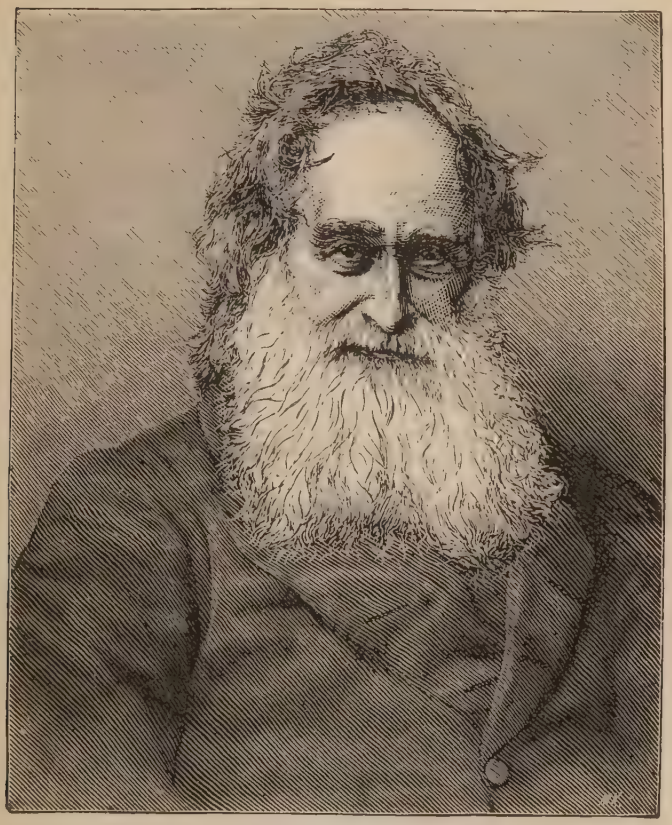
transformed the life of the people. Sunday schools and day schools became popular, and it is gratifying to know that the merchants who were thus introduced to Bethelsdorp heartily co-operated with the missionaries in the work of education. The benefit of missions to the colony, from a merely secular point of view, was forcibly pointed out by Dr. Philip when he mentioned the fact that in 1823 the village of Bethelsdorp was paying more than £500 a year in taxes to the Government, and buying £5,000 worth of British goods every year. But most gratifying of all were the warm tributes paid by all visitors to the singular improvement in the character of the people, their honesty, truthfulness, sobriety, and industry, as well as zeal for the worship of God, and training of the children in Christian principles.

Pacaltsdorp is near the coast, about half-way between Cape Town and Bethelsdorp. It is a monument, not in name only, but in fact, to one of our missionaries, the Rev. Charles Pacalt. When Mr. Pacalt went there, it was no more than a rude collection of mud huts. The people were naked, filthy, and destitute of any desires save to eat and sleep. After Mr. Pacalt's death the magistrate of the district, when pointing out Pacaltsdorp to one of the English Naval Commissioners, said to him, "You see these houses, these beautiful gardens and cornfields; when Mr. Pacalt came to this place the whole grounds were as bare as the palm of my hand." How was this great transformation accomplished? Very simply. Mr. Pacalt went to live among these degraded people, and built a house there for himself, persuaded them to help him, but insisted on paying them in full for their labour; then sketched out a village, marked out sites for houses and gardens, and, by leading them on himself, induced the people to build houses and to plant gardens. They then proceeded to erect a church, and to enclose the whole village in a substantial turf wall to protect their gardens from the incursions of wild beasts. Meanwhile moral and spiritual improvement went on apace. Mr. Pacalt trained a bright young Hottentot lad to become schoolmaster, and the school soon flourished. This devoted missionary died early, leaving all that he possessed to the Society. The place where he lived and died, and which was a monument

to his work and character, was called by the Government after him—Pacaltsdorp. To the north-east of Bethelsdorp, and also on the coast, lies Theopolis, another missionary institution. It was founded of Hottentots from Bethelsdorp in 1813, on a grant of land made by the Government. The early history of Theopolis is a very chequered one. This was largely due to the fact that Theopolis stood between the Kaffres and the settlers, and was regarded by the former as a kind of outpost signifying the aggression of the whites. Hence it suffered through repeated attacks by the Kaffres. Especially was this the case in the latter part of 1818, when Theopolis was surrounded by hordes of Kaffres who were bent on its destruction. For a time the place and all its gallant defenders seemed doomed. But so intrepid was the spirit of the Hottentots that their assailants were beaten back again and again, and after many months of conflict were driven out of the colony. For this the Hottentots were specially commended in the Cape *Gazette*. It is almost incredible that after this the first steps of the Government should have been to curtail the rights and alienate the lands of the institution at Theopolis. But it was so. The Hottentots were lamentably weakened by their late wars, their cattle and crops seriously injured. They had stood between savage hordes of Kaffres and the white settlers for months, and had given their blood to hold this outpost safe. Their reward was that the lands given them by Government were awarded to new settlers, and the way to the sea closed to them. It is no wonder that in 1821 we find that the village of Theopolis had lost two-thirds of its inhabitants, and the people were returning to their old savage state. There was no school, no interest in public worship. After Dr. Philip's arrival, the same healthy measures that had been so successful at Bethelsdorp were introduced here, with even, if possible, better results. The institution became a vigorous, industrious, and prosperous settlement under the patient care and loving encouragement of the missionaries.

We must now return to that extreme northern station where Robert and Mary Moffat, with Mr. Hamilton, were at work among the Bechuanas. The office of missionary to these people proved a very thankless one. Perhaps among no savage people

on the face of the earth was there such an absence of religious instincts and ideas. It was impossible to make them grasp any conception of God. They ridiculed the thought of the resurrection, "mocking," as some of the Athenians did at Paul's message.



ROBERT MOFFAT.

Their lives were such as one would expect from such people. They were inveterate thieves, robbing the missionaries of the very necessaries of life, and frequently reducing them to extremities of need. They took a savage delight in destroying all the efforts of

the Moffats to improve the condition of this sterile and inhospitable region. Their hostility to the new faith was implacable. They disturbed the worship by shouting, singing—and snoring! They used to say frankly that they were quite sure the missionaries had done something wrong in their own country and were afraid to go back, otherwise they would never endure such a life as they were made to lead. Their superstitions had great power over them. In that "dry and thirsty land where no water was," the prestige of so-called rain-makers was immense. One of the most remarkable of these men was called in by the king, Mothibi, in the early days of Moffat's settlement. This man did all he could to impose upon the people, and delude them until, as he hoped, rain should appear. He proposed to them all kinds of difficult enterprises, promising them that if these were done rain would follow. Now it was a young baboon that was to be caught alive. When this was procured and nothing came of it, he demanded the heart of a lion, and so on. At last the incensed people began to plot his destruction, and he was only saved by the intrepidity of Moffat, who went into the council, summoned to deliberate on the method of the rain-maker's murder, and begged that he might be sent away alive. Soon after this another council was held by the people. This time the proposal was to compel the missionaries to withdraw. The chief with some followers waited on them, and, with raised spears, warned them that they must take their departure at once. Mrs. Moffat stood by her husband's side holding a baby in her arms. The answer of the missionaries fairly staggered the chief. They said, "If you are resolved to rid yourselves of us, you must resort to stronger methods, for our hearts are with you." So overcome were the natives by this calm resolution that the chief man said to the others, "These men must have ten lives when they are so fearless of death; there must be something in immortality." They went away, and the mission continued.

The year 1823 proved a memorable one in many ways. At that time the country round Kuruman was being overrun by vast hordes of people known as the Mantatees, who seem to have overwhelmed many tribes by sheer force of numbers, and

who were said to be advancing on the Batlapis, among whom Moffat was. So alarming were the reports, that Moffat went out to reconnoitre, and discovered that invasion was imminent. The king called his people together, and on the advice of Moffat made alliance with the Griquas under Waterboer, and determined to go out and attack the aggressors. The result was a desperate battle, which ended in favour of the Bechuanas. The enemy retreated in full flight to the country from which they had come, and it needed all Moffat's exertions to prevent the Bechuanas taking fearful vengeance on the wounded. Even after this victory peace was very far from secured. Rumours of a return of the Mantatees to demolish the Kuruman mission were frequent, and at last, on the entreaty of Waterboer, the Moffats buried their belongings and retreated to Griqua Town. The alarm subsided, and they returned to Kuruman to find that most of their possessions had been plundered by the natives, who owed their very existence to Moffat's exertions on their behalf. Such was Bechuana gratitude in those days!

About this time Mr. Moffat and Mr. Hamilton came to the conclusion to move the mission settlement to a place on the Kuruman, about eight miles distant, where water was more abundant, and the general character of the country more promising. This is the place where Kuruman village arose, which will be always associated with the life-work of these heroic pioneers. To get supplies and make some necessary arrangements the Moffats visited Cape Town, and took with them the Batlapins prince, Peclu, who was a very well disposed and promising young man. The prince was greatly impressed by what he saw. On the return to Kuruman, Robert Moffat began one of his great missionary journeys, travelling to the famous king Makabe, chief of the Banwaketse tribe. The journey was full of exciting incidents. Makabe, who had a very savage reputation, received Moffat with every demonstration of delight.

At Kwakwe, the capital, Moffat made a stay. Kwakwe stands about a mile from where Kanye, the present capital, stands, the seat of a thriving mission of the Society. On the return journey, the little band of travellers was attacked by a large host of the

dreaded Mantatees; but a few shots succeeded in throwing alarm into the enemy's camp, and they fled in confusion. Meanwhile, Mary Moffat, in her lonely situation, with her little children, had passed through a terrible time of suspense and alarm. Mr. Hamilton was eight miles away, superintending the planting of the new station. After various disturbing reports, Mrs. Moffat was roused in the dead of night by the king, Mothibi, and her house filled with his men. Their counsel to her was to fly at once, for the Mantatees were upon them. She sat down calmly and wrote to Mr. Hamilton, and then clothed the children and prepared to await the issue. Mr. Hamilton arrived in the morning, and at noon the news reached them that the enemy had turned their course into another country. Then followed many reports that Robert Moffat had been murdered on his journey. Thus the agony was prolonged until her forebodings were finally dispelled by the arrival of her husband.

Still wars and rumours of wars continued. This time the dispute lay between two Bechuana tribes, the Batlapins and the Batlaros. The descriptions given by Moffat of these bloody tribal feuds admit us to all the horror of darkest Africa. Lust and revenge were the common motives of war. The situation of the missionaries in the very thick of the strife was one of habitual peril. No remonstrances proved of any avail. More than once the little band had sorrowfully to retire to Griqua Town to join the other white settlers with a view to a better defence. Stories continued to come in of the utter demoralization of the interior tribes. Everywhere there was the same spirit of disorder and aggression. The hearts of the missionaries were indeed sad and sore. To add to their sorrows, the bright young prince Pechu, who had shown many signs of grace, succumbed to a fatal disease, and many hopes died with him. An infant son of the Moffats died also. Mr. Hughes, who had come out to strengthen the mission, was so severely attacked by fever that he had to withdraw to Griqua Town. To complete their misfortunes, a spelling-book and catechism, and some portions of Scripture, which had been prepared in the native language and sent to Cape Town to be printed, were by mistake sent on to England,

and their use thus postponed for a long time. Yet, undeterred by this accumulation of trials and disappointments, the missionaries steadfastly continued the work, and prayed for the dawn of a brighter day.

MARY MOFFAT.

In the year 1827 Robert Moffat determined on a bold and characteristic step. He was conscious that living in a separate house prevented a perfect mastery of the Bechuana tongue. Mr. Hamilton, indeed, had never mastered the tongue sufficiently

to preach in it. Moffat now determined to go out among the Barolong tribe and there live as one of the people, so as to perfect himself in their speech. This, of course, involved a prolonged absence from home, and submission to all kinds of discomfort, and even danger. But it seemed to him a necessary preliminary to the great work of making a complete translation of the Bible. He carried out his purpose, and not only learned far more of the speech, but also of the habits of the people, than he had known before.

Wife-murder was horribly common; indeed, it provoked no indignation whatever. Wounded and sick persons were often exposed in situations where the wild beasts might devour them. His experiences strengthened, as may be imagined, the desire of Moffat that these wild and cruel peoples should learn the love of God in Christ.

The long struggle of the mission against opposition of so many kinds was nearly over, but not quite. The existence of a Christian station in the midst of these Bechuanas was a perpetual check to the lawless designs of the freebooters, who lived by plunder. Consequently among these men, of whom there were many about, it came to be a marked place. There were now many thousands of Bechuanas clustered around the new station, and the flocks and herds of these were a great temptation to marauders. One or two dangerous attacks were made on Kuruman, but the most serious of all was in August, 1828, under two renegade Christians, one a Griqua and one a Coranna. They came up in considerable force, and with a large supply of guns, and settled down before the village. Moffat at once sent, proposing to meet the leader, Jantye Goeman, half-way between the enemy and the village. Goeman at last consented, but drew his hat over his eyes for shame, not daring to look Moffat in the face, who knew him well. He began to throw all the blame on his co-leader, Paul. Moffat demanded to see Paul, and after much demur an interview was granted. This man, Paul, was one to whom Moffat had often preached in the old days in Namaqualand, and he was equally affected with shame at meeting his former teacher. For some time he refused to promise to withdraw peaceably; but at last he gave way, ordered

some stolen cattle to be restored, and consented to leave Kuruman alone. This unhappy band of marauders came to a frightful end, being gradually destroyed by pestilence, and by the attacks of the tribes that they had plundered. Kuruman was thus providentially delivered, and one may almost say, in the words of the Book of Judges, "The land had rest fifty years."

And now the time of reaping had come. The faith of the missionaries had never wavered. Some time before, when little prospect of success had appeared, Mrs. Moffat had written to an English friend, who had asked if there was anything she would like to have, "Send us a communion service; we shall want it some day." This was nearly three years before the awakening came. It was in 1829 that a wonderful change came over the scene. The people who had boasted that the missionaries would never make one convert began to throng to the services. A large church was erected, and then, after careful inquiry and a testing time, six candidates for baptism were selected, the first-fruits of the Bechuana mission. On the Sunday following they sat down to the Lord's table together. The very day before this memorable occasion, Mary Moffat's communion service arrived from England. Marvellous as the change was, Moffat tells us they "rejoiced with trembling." They were hard-headed Scotch people, and not at all disposed to be carried away on a wave of emotion. The applicants for membership were carefully sifted. Many old and cherished habits had to be wisely dealt with. The people had to be guided aright in the paths of outward civilization. The hands of the missionaries were indeed full, but the work was now as glad and hopeful as formerly it had been dark and depressing.

The next few years were years of quiet, constant growth at the mission. The schools were well attended, and the tone and character of the people steadily improved. A very large new church was planned and built, and, by the remarkable enterprise of Moffat and others—timber being brought from the Transvaal to roof it—finished durably in every part. The church grew in numbers month by month, and the work of translation was persevered in. Perhaps the most interesting event was Moffat's

journey to the Matabele king, Mosilikatse, the father of Lobengula. This famous chief had sent envoys to Kuruman to learn the doings of the white men there; and subsequently Moffat accompanied them back to their country. The journey in those days was a very arduous and perilous one. All kinds of wild beasts abounded. Indeed, the dangers of such expeditions are well illustrated by some incidents in Moffat's life. On one occasion he walked right up to a lion, thinking it to be part of a rock, and barely escaped with his life. On another occasion, looking up, he saw a tiger-cat preparing to spring at him. Stepping hastily back, he trod on a cobra, which instantly wrapped itself round him. He had presence of mind to raise his gun, and just as the venomous beast was preparing to strike its fangs into him he shot it over his shoulder, and it fell dead. It needed a cool head, a quick eye and hand, and a very bold heart to be a pioneer missionary in these savage parts.

The king of the Matabele entertained Moffat royally, and the missionary was struck with the perfect despotism of this man—a despotism often cruelly exercised. After some sojourn with the king, Moffat returned home; but he subsequently visited Mosilikatse's court on more than one occasion: and his great influence with this chief became the means in future years of opening up a mission among the Matabele.

In 1838, the translation of the New Testament being complete, Moffat and his wife went to Cape Town to see it through the press. Finding difficulty there, they resolved to return to England and have it printed in London. This they did, to the joy of great numbers of people who had followed sympathetically the course of their romantic and devoted life in Bechuanaland. Their stay in England was prolonged beyond their intentions, for Robert Moffat wrote his well-known book on "Missionary Labours in South Africa," and travelled over the land, rousing everywhere great enthusiasm for the missionary cause. They were not to go back without helpers. Indeed, in 1840, and before Robert and Mary Moffat were able to return, two young men sailed for Africa to reinforce the workers at Kuruman. One of the two was William Ross. The other was David Livingstone.

CHAPTER IV

INDIA

Its Population and Early Missions—William Carey—Mr. Forsyth at Chinsurah—Hostility of Government—Mr. Ringeltaube in South India—"The Land of Charity"—Ringeltaube at Meilady—Spread of Christianity—Ringeltaube's Disappearance—Work at Vizagapatam—Heathen Practices—Anandarayer and his Story—Educational Work at Chinsurah—A Start at Calcutta—Union Chapel—The First Girls' School in India—Village Work near Calcutta—Work in Madras—Rev. Richard Knill—Prosperity at Travancore—A Great Chapel—Mr. Hands at Bellary—A Remarkable Conversion—A Start at Bangalore—Missionary Sufferings—Summary.

INDIA is a world in itself. Its ancient temples bear witness to the antiquity of its religions, and remind us that we are in presence of a people who are the heirs of a historic past. We are told that there are no fewer than one hundred and six distinct Indian languages. The population is said to number the unrealizable total of two hundred and eighty millions. The Indian peoples have always been "very religious." Hindhuism and Buddhism found a fertile soil here; but they had no intention of growing quietly side by side. The contest between them was severe, and the old faith, Hindhuism, triumphed, and Buddha travelled into other lands to find his conquests, "a prophet without honour in his own country." Mohammedanism, that "church militant," invaded India, and claims to-day some fifty millions of adherents. It has often been contended that the apostle Thomas was the first Christian missionary to India. Others have argued that Bartholomew first brought the glad tidings thus far eastward. These suppositions, however, belong to the region of conjecture. But there exists in Southern India to-day a numerically strong and historically ancient Christian

Church, called the Syrian Church. This Church has something like a quarter of a million of adherents, and it seems probable that this Christian community owes its origin to times of persecution, and that its original founders were driven from Antioch

GATEWAY OF A HINDU TEMPLE.

more than fifteen centuries ago. Alike in its faith and order, it suggests a compromise between Protestantism and Catholicism. More than one pope has endeavoured to capture it, but the attempts have never been wholly successful, and those who know it best to-day speak of reforms that are advancing within it,

which promise to bring it more into line with the Protestant agencies at work in India.

Modern interest in missionary work in India may be said to have begun with William Carey. The founder of the Baptist Missionary Society, the pioneer of English missions in the East, Carey hnd a rare combination of qualities that fitted him for his remarkable work. Cobbler as he was, never attaining the distinction of shoemaker, as he used to say, he yet had all the instincts of the scholar, and an enthusiasm that no difficulties could daunt. It is well known how, in 1793, an India Bill was introduced into Parliament to renew the powers of the East India Company. William Wilberforce stood forth as a truly Christian representative, and succeeded in introducing a clause for the encouragement of schools and missions. At this modest proposal there was a perfect storm of opposition. The design to "proselytize" the people of India was warmly resented. The "Court of Directors" even went so far as to "thank God" that the conversion of India was impracticable. So fierce was the clamour that the obnoxious clause was withdrawn. The bishops made no attempt to champion it. The Bill became law without it. Now, with such a spirit prevalent in England, it needed a bold heart as well as a clear head to prosecute the enterprise of planting a mission in India. Carey, however, was not to be disheartened. He got himself, and a fellow-missionary named Thomas, smuggled on board a ship bound for India; but, before it could sail, the captain was so frightened by a remonstrance he received against taking "unlicensed" passengers, that he turned them both ashore on the Isle of Wight, and went off without them. Even then Carey was not to be daunted. If an English ship would not take him, a Dutch ship had no such scruple; and, at the end of 1793, Carey did verily land in India at Calcutta, and made a start with almost no money, and what was worse, with a wife and sister-in-law bitterly opposed to the whole undertaking. We must not, however, concern ourselves with the details of Carey's mission work, and the story of his association with Marshman and Ward at Serampore. The Church of Christ everywhere knows and honours these three men.

It is to the lasting disgrace of the British Government of those days that any one purposing to promote Christian interests in India had to seek protection under the Danish or Dutch Government, at one or other of the stations which were at that time held by Denmark or Holland. It was in consequence of British opposition that Carey, Marshman, and Ward made Serampore, a Danish possession, their headquarters; and it is impossible to exaggerate the debt that Christian missions in India owe to Danish protection and patronage. Again and again the English authorities, who hated the Baptist missionaries and all their works, would have expelled them from India if they could; but it could only have been done by forcibly interfering with Danish jurisdiction, and thus making war with Denmark inevitable. The good-will of the Dutch towards Christian missionaries was also manifested, as the good-will of the Danes had been.

Almost twelve months before Marshman and Ward joined Carey, an agent of the L.M.S. landed at Calcutta, and, finding that he would not be allowed to work quietly under the auspices of his native Government, he pushed out as far as the Dutch settlement Chinsurah, some twenty miles to the north of Calcutta. This man was Nathanael Forsyth. The Baptist station at Serampore lay about half-way between Forsyth's station at Chinsurah and the city of Calcutta. But Forsyth was single-handed, and this, no doubt, largely contributed to his lack of success. Of very few missionaries is so little known. Quietly, perseveringly, conscientiously, he went on his way, doing his work as best he could; and it must be reckoned among the faults of policy of the Directors that he was left absolutely unsupported for fourteen years. It appears that Mr. Forsyth's earnest desire for missionary work in India had first been excited by a notable project for evangelizing Benares, and from thence disseminating Christian knowledge throughout India—a project that was defeated by the invincible antagonism of British authorities to Christian missionary enterprise. A certain Mr. Haldane, a wealthy landowner in Scotland, sold his magnificent estate and purposed to devote his entire substance to this Benares mission, going out himself and taking a company of workers with him. In their application

to the Government for permission, they were most influentially supported ; but it was no use. The prejudice against missions was too bitter, and leave was refused. They made a second attempt, but with the same result, and the project was reluctantly abandoned. Mr. Forsyth, however, was accepted by the L.M.S., and, as we have seen, succeeded in getting a footing at Chinsurah. The simple record of his work is this : " He was indefatigable in his attempts to do good as he had opportunity, and he supported himself by his own property." His work may not outwardly have been very successful, and, indeed, the reports contain scarcely a reference to him ; but he must have the credit of being the first L.M.S. missionary to India, and thus he became the founder of a very remarkable work. Interest in North India missionary effort, however, centred at Serampore. There the Baptist brethren, with the enthusiastic co-operation of Dr. Buchanan, a Church of England missionary, had determined to translate the Christian Scriptures into no fewer than *fifteen* Oriental languages. Thus did this gallant band of missionaries make themselves responsible for the evangelization of the East.

In the year 1804, a party of six missionaries was sent out by the L.M.S. to establish mission stations either in Ceylon or Southern India, as they should decide to be desirable when they had made inquiries on the spot. Among these was Mr. Ringeltaube, a man of singular character, impulsive, eccentric, and fervid, who was to be the originator of a marvellous movement among the people of Travancore. Ringeltaube had already had some experience of North India, having been sent out by the Christian Knowledge Society to Calcutta in 1799. For some unknown reason he gave up the work, and returned to England. Still he busied himself stirring up interest in the condition of India, and finally offered himself to the L.M.S., was accepted and sent out. Arrived in India, the little company dispersed, two of them going northward to Vizagapatam, three southward to Ceylon, while Ringeltaube remained alone at Tranquebar on the east coast, and studied perseveringly the Tamil language. While doing so, a deeply moving incident occurred, which Ringeltaube interpreted as a Divine call to proceed to Travancore, in the

south-west. We have adopted in English the word "pariah," to signify an outcast from society. The pariahs of South India form one of the lowest castes; and a century ago it came as a great surprise to most people to know that, among these despised and degraded people, there were those with religious aspirations

RINGELTAUBE.

which could not be satisfied by their own idolatries. Such a man was Maha Rasan. Finding no peace in the religious practices of his own village, he set out on a pilgrimage eastward. He took part in other heathen ceremonies, but still found no rest. Passing through Tanjore, he found a small mission church, and

entered. The Christian message arrested him. He listened eagerly, and at the close of the service possessed himself of some Christian books, with which he set off across the hills back to his native village. There he built a small hut, "which he set apart to the worship of the true God." This was the event which decided Mr. Ringeltaube. In 1806 he took passage to Tuticorin, and began an evangelistic tour. He had written a letter at an earlier date to the Directors, in which he said, "I am one of the greatest cowards that ever went forth shod with the preparation of the Gospel;" but certainly the sacred enthusiasm that filled him cast out the fear of dangers. He seems to have travelled more than a thousand miles, preaching and baptizing as he went. He passed through regions where the tiger and the wild elephant have their home, while every variety of poisonous snake abounds. His companions, however, seem to have suffered more through fear of the Brahmins, the high, priestly caste in whose power all the people practically lay, and who were, of course, fiercely opposed to Christianity. Sometimes he would be ordered by the magistrate to move on, or else the god of the place would refuse to eat! It was explained to him, at another time, that no church could be built, because the whole country belonged to the Brahmins. Indeed, the bane of Southern India has been the despotism of this priestly aristocracy. Members of the poor slave-castes must not approach nearer than ninety paces to a Brahmin, but must cry out from a distance whenever a Brahmin approaches. They cannot consequently enter the towns, but have to do what work they can in the rice-fields. Everything that the low-caste man touches is defiled. All the laws are made in the interest of the Brahmins. Their crimes are most leniently punished, but any crimes against them are dealt with in the severest fashion. Indeed, Travancore is called the "Land of Charity," because of the enormous revenues which the Brahminical priestly order receives. The theory is that in reality everything belongs to them; and whatever others use and enjoy, they do so by the mercy and indulgence of the Brahmins. So great is their love of dignity, that missionaries have been subjected to great indignities because they did not leave the road on which

they were travelling and walk in the mud, or into the bushes, when a Brahmin approached.

Finding that, at that time, no settlement could be made in Trevandrum, the capital of Travancore, Ringeltaube betook himself to the province of Tinnevelly. In this part the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge had a number of native agents at work, and some 5,000 Christian converts. Ringeltaube entered into an arrangement by which he should help in this work, and at the same time collect other congregations for which the L.M.S. should be responsible. For a time he took up his headquarters at Palamcotta. This was about sixty miles from the town of Meilady, from which Maha Rasan had made his pilgrimage in search of spiritual peace. In this latter place the missionary soon had the satisfaction of baptizing forty persons, among whom was Maha Rasan himself, the first convert. The latter was then appointed catechist, and continued a faithful and consistent worker till his death. He had to endure persecution too, and at one time was compelled to flee to the hills and hide himself there for some considerable space of time. It is exceedingly interesting to know that his grandson was ordained to the native ministry in 1866, and was for twenty years "the respected and efficient pastor of the church at Dennispuram."

At Meilady, Ringeltaube built the first L.M.S. chapel in this province. He himself lived in a small native hut, and, we are told, "the sole articles of furniture were a rude table, two stools, and a cot"; yet here he took in and trained two young men "of piety and talent," to be the nucleus of a native ministry. His work was interrupted by a war between the British and the Travancore people in 1808 and 1809; but in 1810 he again resumed work in earnest at Meilady, and soon six stations had been formed in connection with this prosperous mission. In 1810 he baptized more than 200 people, and in 1811 he baptized 400 more, doing his best to select carefully those whose lives bore witness to a change of heart. He tried also to associate with the Christian communities all those who were sufficiently in earnest to break with their distinctively heathen habits, and to put themselves under Christian influence and teaching. Thus

the nominally Christian societies became large, while those who had in life, as well as word, made public confession of Christ, became the vital core of the community, and exercised a strong and healthy Christian influence over the others. By the end of the year 1812, Ringeltaube was able to report 677 communicants. He himself made a point of visiting each congregation twice a month. He also employed several schoolmasters to teach the people to read, so that the Scriptures could be circulated with advantage. He gave away his own quarter's salary as soon as it arrived, we are told, living entirely for the mission and exercising a wonderful influence over the people. Thus he lived and worked for twelve years; and then, at the end of 1815, broken down in health, he suddenly went off to Madras and from thence sailed to the Cape. Some say he landed there, and was lost in the interior of Africa; some say he was drowned at sea: the natives of Travancore, in their love and admiration, declared he was, like Enoch, translated suddenly to heaven. It was a singular end to a singular life. The Rev. J. Hough has left on record that Ringeltaube scarcely ever wore a coat to his back, or an article of dress of European manufacture. When last seen at Madras, he had an extraordinary costume; no coat and a queer straw hat of native make. His conversation, however, was most fascinating. Then he went away, and no man knows the place of his sepulchre unto this day. The character of his work may perhaps be best judged by the fact that although more than two years passed before successors arrived at Meilady, the mission under the native catechists went bravely forward, and was found in 1818 in a vigorous state.

It will be remembered that when Ringeltaube came out to India first he was accompanied by five companions. Two of these, Messrs. Cran and Des Granges, went up the east coast as far as Vizagapatam, and began a mission there, which continues to the present day, but which, numerically, has not proved so far one of our strongest Indian missions. At this time the reports sent home by our English missionaries as to the horrible customs that prevailed in India moved the hearts of English people very powerfully. Among them was a letter of Dr. Buchanan's describ-

ing his visit to the awful festival of Juggernaut. Some of these festivals have been considerably moralized in obedience to Christian sentiment since that time, but it would be hard to exaggerate the ferocities and shamelessness that were manifested then. The people assembled in hundreds of thousands, sometimes as many as a million and a half being present. Scores of helpless women

BRAHMIN REPEATING PRAYERS.

and children perished in the terrible crush to behold the car of Juggernaut pass from his temple to his house. So enormous was the multitude that assembled, that absolutely nothing to eat could be found by the visitors, and the exhaustion and starvation together produced scenes that baffle description. All this was

apart from the horrors that accompanied Juggernaut's state procession, in his mighty car drawn by elephants. The priests, who accompanied the chariot officially, gave utterance to the most lewd and filthy cries, and indulged in all kinds of obscene gestures. Then some wretched man or woman, in a frenzy of devotion, was moved to lie down in front of the car. The great death-dealing wheels rolled on ; the people shrieked and shouted in admiration ; the soul of the victim was supposed to have passed one stage nearer to blessedness. Such were the scenes of blood and obscenity that made popular the festival of Juggernaut. This frightful carnival, however, was but a yearly event. There were scenes of agony to be witnessed almost daily, when widows were burned alive on the pyres of their late husbands. Indian girls were married very early in life; and if their husbands should die, they knew very well that their future life must be one of shame and disgrace, if they did not sacrifice themselves on the funeral pyre. It is quite true that it was pronounced to be a voluntary sacrifice ; but the Brahmins had contrived to make it almost or quite impossible for the poor widows to escape the atrocious fate. There are many instances in which the relatives and friends dragged the woman to the flames, insisting that it was a gross dishonour to her late husband not to die with him. Carey and his companions fought vehemently to induce Government to pass a law forbidding the revolting practice. They collected evidence that no fewer than *three hundred* widows had been burned alive within a period of six months, and within thirty miles of the city of Calcutta. Yet, after such startling statistics, it was twenty-five years before the law was made that stopped this wanton sacrifice of human life ; and in those twenty-five years it has been computed that at least 70,000 widows perished miserably in the flames. The hideous custom was called " suttee."

Some of the beliefs that prevailed were ludicrous, but nevertheless had inconvenient results. Such was the extraordinary reverence that Messrs. Cran and Des Granges found at Vizagapatam for snakes ! The people were constantly killed by them, but they were horrified at the suggestion that the snakes should be extirpated. The missionaries, however, had no such scruples,

and were amazed when the people were heard to exclaim rapturously, on the destruction of a snake, that it had gone to be eternally happy with Vishnu. It needed little encouragement of this kind to lead the missionaries to promote the eternal happiness of a good many snakes.

BRAHMIN READING SACRED LOOKS.

One of the most interesting and important early events of the Vizagapatam mission was the association with the work of a young Brahmin, named Anandarayer, whose conversion was a remarkable instance of the spirit of inquiry which was possessing many Hindus. Anandarayer had been an accountant in an

English regiment. He was a Mahrattan, or Bandida Brahmin, and was thirty years old. The religions of India have no difficulty in satisfying those who have never been conscious of any deep spiritual need. For these they prescribe mechanical rites which they assure the people will avail to save them. An elder Brahmin told Anandarayer, who had come to him in spiritual distress, that if only he would repeat a certain prayer *four hundred thousand times*, he would be sure of eternal happiness. The number was made thus monstrously large under the expectation that the youth would never attempt such a task. But Anandarayer was deeply in earnest, if his instructor was not. To a pagoda he went, and actually slaved away at this meaningless repetition until he had more than completed what was required. The period of time occupied in this performance was over six months. When all was done, and Anandarayer was conscious of no inward peace at all, he had resolved to go home and live as before. A Roman Catholic Christian, however, met him on the way, conversed with him, and gave him books, which he eagerly read. He resolved to make further inquiries, and, with this end in view, sought out a priest, who, not trusting him sufficiently, advised him to go home and return again with his wife. His friends were horrified at his proposal, and used both threats and bribes to induce him to give up the project, but all to no avail. He returned to the priest, his wife at that time not accompanying him. There was one way to show the finality of his resolution. No Brahmin could return to his caste who gave up his sacred thread, and cut off his hair. Anandarayer was eager to do both. He was accepted, instructed, and baptized. Even yet, however, he was not entirely satisfied. He would have arguments with the priests against their use of images. Finally, hearing of the missionaries at Vizagapatam, he came to them, and with them found what he had sought so earnestly—peace and service. He was on more than one occasion violently attacked by the heathen, and bore many an outward scar; but he never complained, nor spoke in bitterness of them. His wife soon joined him in Christian profession, and the L.M.S. Directors authorized his employment as a native catechist and teacher. He became now an

invaluable helper of the missionaries, and their frequent companion in missionary journeyings. Their work consisted in preaching to the English population as well as the natives, translating the Scriptures into Telugu, and establishing schools. In all these branches of work they were most assiduous, and yet we have to chronicle the fact that thirty years passed before one single convert was made. It must be left to others to criticise the methods employed, and to contrast this barrenness with the fertility of Travancore. No one would ever dream of accusing the workers of lack of energy and earnestness. The school work flourished. In 1827 there were over five hundred children under instruction in twelve schools, and yet the positive spiritual result seemed so small. Mr. Cran died in 1809, and Mr. Des Granges in the year following. The scene when the latter lay dying was very affecting. Anandarayer, who was devoted to Mr. Des Granges, was utterly overcome, and entreated the missionary to "pray to Jesus" for His blessing upon all assembled. The dying man did so; after which the Brahmin earnestly assured him that he would not leave Vizagapatam, but would go on translating the Old and New Testaments. "In the place where you die, I will die," he said. He then knelt by the bedside, and Mr. Des Granges passed away, with his hands on the young convert's head.

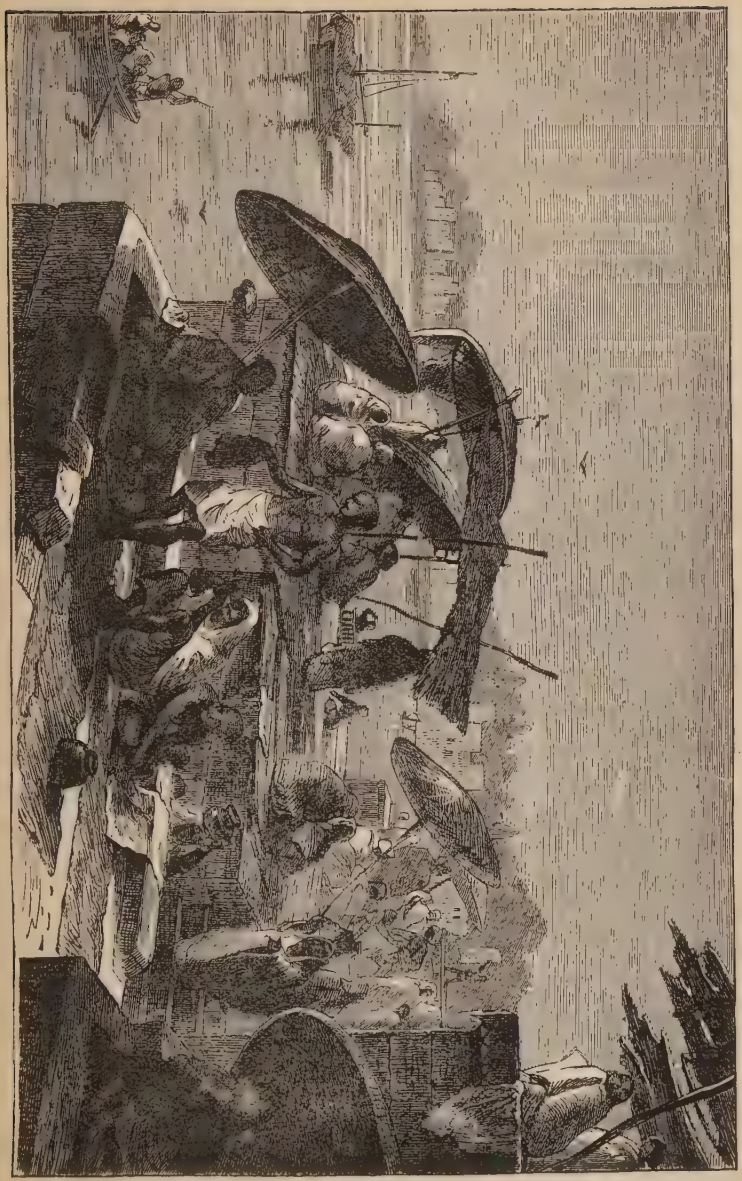
At the very time when this pathetic scene was taking place, the Rev. R. May was passing on his way to succeed Mr. Forsyth, near Calcutta. The latter's steady work had not produced great results, but had doubtless prepared the way. Mr. May was an educational enthusiast. He went straight for the children. He naturally argued that to bring different castes together in the same class-room, and subject them to the same wholesome discipline, would, in itself, tell in the long run for the breaking down of these barriers. Moreover, the child-mind was susceptible of good Christian influences. Mr. May aimed at winning young India for Christ Grants in aid of his schools were obtained from the Government, and in the short period of four years he was able to report that he had organized no fewer than thirty schools, and had two thousand six hundred children under in-

struction. Colleagues had now to be sent to his assistance, for it was manifestly impossible that so vast a work could be adequately superintended by a single man. The missionary who believes in education believes that the kingdom of God cometh not with observation. He trusts to the gradual penetration of the minds of those he teaches with Christian principles and ideas, which some day will cast out the inferior beliefs and superstitions, and issue in Christian convictions. In some respects educational work *appears* to be the most disappointing of all work. The child who has been taught for a few hours a day for a few years is withdrawn from the school into the rigid and powerful conditions of the parental caste. It is impossible to say how much of real Christian knowledge it may have carried away. Most of its time at school has necessarily been spent in learning to read and write, and do arithmetic, and so on. The specific Christian teaching has been small; and outside, the forces at work to keep the child a Hindu are terribly strong. The preacher stands in the street, in the bazaar, or wherever he can get his audience, and devotes his whole power to compelling the hearts and consciences of his hearers to give a verdict in favour of the truth he proclaims. But the teacher at the school has to be content with far fewer opportunities for direct publication of the Gospel. Here it is line on line, precept upon precept, a patient, gradual, unromantic method of drilling the children in principles of Christian faith and conduct. And yet in this way a marvellous work has been done in India by the teacher. The ground has been abundantly prepared. The thought of India has been familiarized with Christian truth. You cannot judge this work by statistics as to conversions. You cannot count the seeds that are beginning to sprout beneath the surface, and struggle upward to the light. You cannot reckon the errors that have been rooted out of the mind, the lies that have been exposed and destroyed. It is impossible to tell of how large a proportion of the people of India who have passed through our mission schools it is true to-day that they are "not far from the kingdom of heaven."

It will not be necessary to follow in detail our Chinsurah work, because, after thirty years from this time, when certain rearrange-

ments of our missions were made, it passed into the hands of the Free Church of Scotland. This was in 1849, and tens of thousands must have received their first impressions of Christianity, and experienced the power of Christian influence, during the years when our missionaries laboured at Chinsurah. We have a larger field of work to occupy now—a field which demands steady concentration of purpose. Chinsurah was merely an outpost, from which it was hoped to attack the capital. To get a strong hold on the metropolis is a powerful assistance to Christian work among any people. Paul was eager to go to Rome. In working for India, the Missionary Society was anxious to get a footing in Calcutta.

In the autumn of 1816, two missionaries landed at Calcutta to undertake a twofold work—the provision of Christian worship and instruction for the English population, and also the establishment of mission stations for the natives. These two were Henry Townley and James Keith. They were both able men, and Mr. Townley had been well known as a popular minister in London. The little Freemasons' Hall, where they began to work, was soon too small for the congregations that assembled. There were by this time, in Calcutta, many educated Hindus who could understand English, and it was no uncommon sight to see a large number of these assembling to listen to what the Christian missionary had to say. The atrocious cruelties, that were of daily perpetration in India at this time, stirred the hearts of these missionaries very deeply. The banks of the river were the scenes of horrible sights. The sick and infirm were often carried there when the tide was low, their mouths and ears filled with mud, and thus left to a lingering death as the tide returned and crept up, inch by inch, around them. Little girl-children also were frequently exposed to death in the same, or equally cruel, ways. Widows were constantly drugged, or intoxicated, and then bound upon their husbands' pyres, and thus destroyed; while human sacrifices to the various gods were by no means infrequent. These were the fruits of Hinduism. Surely it was little wonder that a deep sense of the urgency and responsibility of their work should make itself felt in all their letters home, as well as in their



PILGRIMS ON THE BANKS OF THE GANGES.

utterances in India. Opportunity was soon found for the establishment of native schools, and a printing-press was set up to add to the efficiency of the mission. It became evident that a spacious place of worship was necessary in Calcutta. A central site was secured, and, for some years, the fund for the erection of a building steadily grew, local generosity being largely elicited in support of the movement. No less a sum than four thousand pounds was collected in India, and, with home contributions added, Union Chapel was built, being completed in 1821. It has been a noble centre of Christian work and influence ever since. Men of distinguished position, such as Governor Bentinck and General Havelock, were frequently found as worshippers within its walls. It has never, however, been conceived of as simply a spiritual home for Christian people, but rather as a basis of operations in our aggressive work. Even at the time of its opening, the missionaries were able to report that, in and about the city, no fewer than twenty-one stations were being occupied, in which preaching in the native tongue might be heard every week. Moreover, thirteen schools, five of which were for girls, were being successfully and energetically conducted.

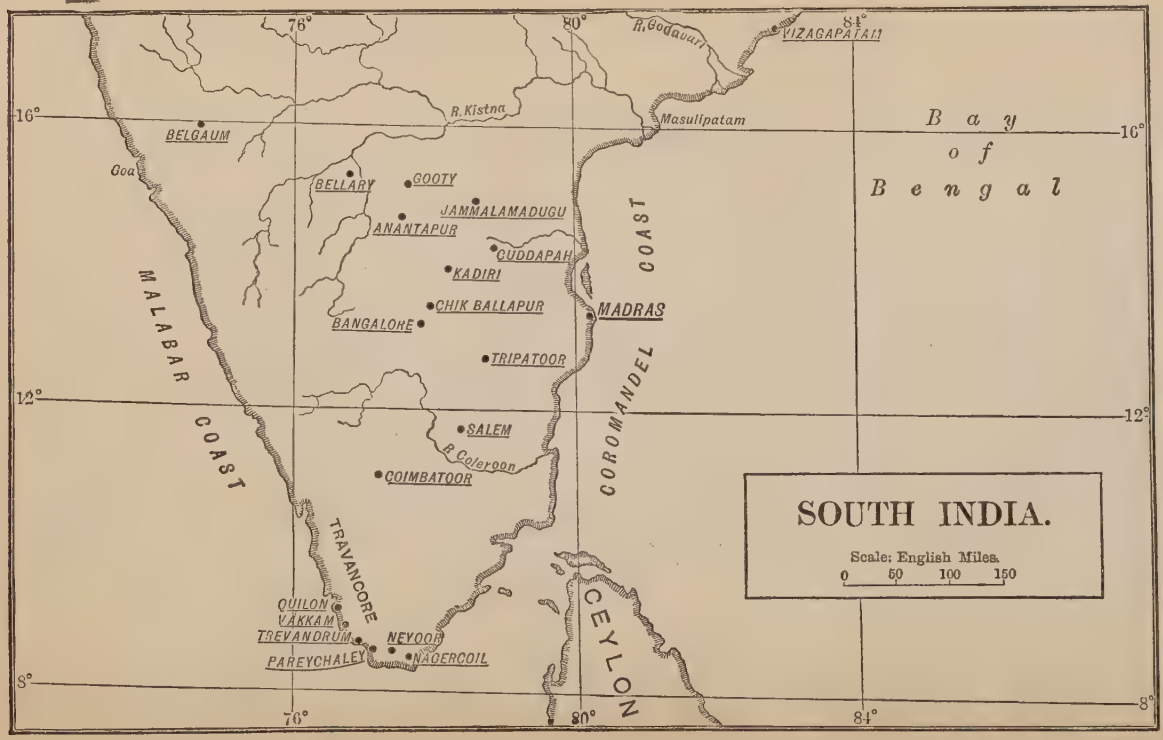
As to the five schools for girls, which were started in this year, 1821, we may say that this marks the beginning of interest in the welfare of the women of India. When Mr. Ward, the Baptist missionary from Serampore, spoke at the annual May meeting of the L.M.S., at Surrey Chapel, this very year, he could say, "India does not contain one *girls' school*, so that there are seventy-five millions of female minds left in a state of brutal ignorance; and when the influence of female manners on the population of a country is considered, the vastness of this loss can scarcely come into our imagination." The effect of this appeal was very great; but already the Directors had determined to send Mr. Townley a hundred and fifty pounds, to be devoted to the work of female education. Many minds were now exercised by the same theme. The Calcutta School Society was interesting itself warmly in the matter. But God had raised up a very noble worker in Calcutta, who freely gave her services to

the L.M.S. for this special work. She not only personally superintended the schools, but defrayed the entire expenses connected with them. Her name was Miss Piffard, and her brother, with similar devotedness and generosity, gave his services to the mission; and for fifteen years, from 1825 to 1840, laboured at his own charges in connection with our Society in Calcutta.

Reference has already been made to the fact that mission stations, to the number of twenty-one, already existed in parts of Calcutta, and in the neighbouring villages. This work among the villagers has grown to be a very important and successful part of our North India work, and it has been most attractively described by the Rev. W. Johnson, B.A., in his interesting book, "City, Rice-Swamp, and Hill." The village consists, as a rule, of a cluster of thatched huts in the midst of watery fields. The chapel is built of bamboos matted together for the sides, the roof being thatched with the same material. Trunks of palm-trees form the pillars. Instrumental music is in vogue, though it is of a somewhat primitive order, consisting of a tom-tom and a pair of cymbals. Despite the obvious deficiencies of this "band," the singing, we are assured, makes up for any lack of accuracy by force of lung. The collection is taken partly on a plate, and partly in a basket. The reason for this latter arrangement is, of course, that where money is scarce, produce is freely given, and eggs, rice, fruit, and so on, are put into the collecting-basket, which one would imagine must be carefully carried, and must sometimes need quite a stalwart deacon for the purpose. The peasant people arrive from the villages scattered about the rice-fields, and the little chapel is crowded with a hearty and reverent congregation. The story of how this work began in one of these villages—Rammakalchoke—is so striking that it must be told here. It belongs to the year 1825. At that time we had an able and good missionary in Calcutta, by name Mr. Trawin, whose wife superintended one of the first girls' schools in the capital. At the market-place of Chitla, where the villagers come in great numbers to dispose of their grain and fish, our missionaries had built a rude shed, and were accustomed to preach

on market days to a miscellaneous assemblage of all sorts and conditions of men. In 1825 Mr. Trawin was delivering an address, when "a sturdy-looking farmer" angrily broke in with protests against these attacks on the native religion. A discussion ensued, courteously maintained on his side by Mr. Trawin, and ending in an invitation, from the missionary to the farmer and his friends, to renew it at Mr. Trawin's house. The latter party came, not once, but again and again. The farmer's name was Ramji Pramanik. He and his friends were men of property and, what was better, of sound common sense and good character. Towards the end of the year, Ramji, with two of his friends, was baptized, and soon after a school was started, and a large chapel built in the village of Rammakalchoke. The building of the chapel was a very striking event. Ramji, the principal landowner in the village, had on his ground a sort of family temple of the god Siva. He determined that the Christian chapel should supplant the heathen temple. In the presence of a large crowd of people, who were naturally greatly excited, he brought out the god, and flung it contemptuously on the ground. The temple was then demolished, and the chapel built, "with a bungalow on the roof for a missionary's residence." Thus the Cross had its conquests on the rice-fields south of Calcutta.

When Mr. Des Granges and Mr. Cran first made their way up to Vizagapatam, they left Mr. Loveless and his wife as the first of our missionaries to Madras. Madras is the head of the South-East Presidency, and at this time Government was irreconcilably hostile to aggressive Christian work among the people. Mr. Loveless soon made himself universally respected; but it was not for some years that he was able to engage with any freedom in work for the natives. He ministered to the English soldiers and merchants, and did what he could in the cause of education. In 1812, seven years after Mr. Loveless arrived at Madras, Mr. Thompson, who had been sent out by the L.M.S. to work in the interior at Bellary, was peremptorily commanded to go back to England, and told that he would not be allowed in the Presidency. On the removal of these restrictions, Mr. Loveless was joined, in 1816, by a very remarkable man, the Rev. Richard Knill. Mr.


76°
80°
84°
R. Godavari
VIZAGAPATAM
16°
R. Kistna
Masulipatam
B a y
o f
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BELLARY
GOOTY
JAMMALAMADUGU
ANANTAPUR
CUDDAPAH
KADIRI
CHIK BALLAPUR
MADRAS
BANGALORE
TRIPATOOR
MALABAR COAST
COROMANDEL COAST
12°
SALEM
R. Coleroon
COIMBATOOR
TRAVANCORE
QUILON
VAKKAM
TREVANDRUM
NEYOOR
PAREYCHALEY
NAGERCOIL
CEYLON
8°
SOUTH INDIA.
Scale: English Miles.
0 50 100 150

Knill, whose service in India was all too short, owing to his health, and who afterwards did distinguished work in St. Petersburg, was a man of very ardent temperament, and, at the same time, of great tact and wit. He was a most intrepid missionary, and the geniality of the man won him warm friends, even among those who had no great sympathy with his work. Carrying with him a letter of introduction to the captain of a regiment stationed at Madras, the latter promised himself much amusement from the society of a missionary, and boasted of his intention to corrupt him by making him drunk. The evening for the feast was arranged, and Knill accepted the invitation. Those who assembled to laugh at the missionary, however, found the tables completely turned against them. Resolutely refusing their wine, he began to entertain them with missionary stories, most interestingly related. Then he rubbed in an application. "Gentlemen," he said, "we are about to build a girls' school in Black Town. I propose that you become the first contributors. Give me something for a foundation stone." His pluck and earnestness won their admiration. Shortly afterwards, he returned to Mr. Loveless's house, in the captain's palanquin, with fifteen pounds in his pocket for the girls' school. The captain, too, and many of the officers came to the chapel from that day.

In any record of these early years of the Madras mission, it should be said that Mr. Loveless, like Mr. Forsyth, Mr. Townley, and Mr. and Miss Piffard, received no salary from the Society, but gave his services to the mission. Mr. and Mrs. Loveless would have Knill to live with them, and charged him so little, that he says simply, "I was enabled, with my salary, to support seven native schools." Such glimpses as these of the great devotion and generosity of the missionaries are frequent all through the history of the L.M.S.

After two years of incessant activity, Mr. Knill broke down hopelessly. The doctors did not think he could live anywhere; but he was resolved to try Travancore, and set out to visit Mr. Mead, who was settled at Nagercoil, and had recently been bereaved of his wife. Mr. Mead had come to South India to take up the work so strikingly begun, and so strangely

left, by Ringeltaube. Nagercoil, where he and Knill now established themselves, was only four miles from Meilady. Colonel Munro, the British Resident, was, fortunately for the mission, a great believer in Christian work, and his influence was invariably given to help it forward. To what extent the people were decided as to their attitude towards Christianity by the hope of winning favour from the political authorities, it is difficult to say. Certainly, however, the flowing tide was with the missionaries. The results were so large as to start inquiry as to their genuineness. In the course of two years from the time of Mead's advent, 3,000 people, mainly of the Shanar caste, placed themselves under Christian instruction, and renounced their old idolatries. The missionaries seem to have acted with great discretion. They did not discourage the movement; but they carefully tested those who were candidates for baptism. The rapid growth of the work demanded accessions to the native ministry. New teachers and catechists were trained. The outstations were earnestly calling for instruction. It was a time of grave anxiety, mingled with holy joy. One plan laid hold of the reason and imagination of the missionaries. The little chapel at Nagercoil must give way to a much larger structure. Then, as the neighbouring villagers flocked in to learn the Word, they could be assembled in larger numbers. But how to erect such a place —that was the crux. The stones necessary were on the mountains, the trees in the forests. They could not be transported to Nagercoil without very great labour. One day, Mr. Knill noticed "a huge elephant feeding, with his keeper, near a temple." The keeper told him that the elephant belonged to the goddess who lived in the temple. "What does the goddess do with the elephant?" "She rides upon him twice a year at the processions." Mr. Knill ventured to think that this elephant had clearly not enough to do. So he applied, through the Resident, to the Queen for permission to use the animal, and was told that if he would feed the elephant and pay the keeper, he might do so. The goddess does not seem to have been consulted. However, the arrangement was excellent, and the elephant made no objection to drawing stones and wood for the Christian temple.

Mr. Knill laid the foundation stone, but left before the building was finished. Indeed, it took some years to complete. It holds 2,000 persons, and is invaluable for large representative assemblies of Christians in South India.

A SOUTH INDIAN PASTOR.

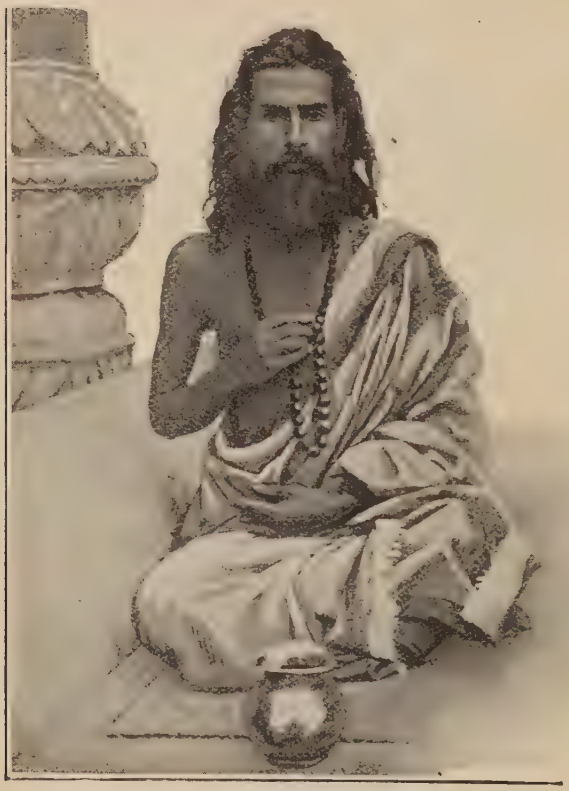
Mr. Knill was succeeded in the work in Travancore by two memorable missionaries, the Rev. Charles Mault and his wife. For no less than thirty-six years they laboured together in South

India, and were privileged to see marvellous results. In the year 1822 it was computed—I quote from Mr. Mateer's invaluable sketch of missionary work in Travancore—that 5,000 persons had embraced Christianity since the beginning of the mission. This alone was a remarkable result; but an even more encouraging feature was the development of a native Church. Under the superintendence of the European missionaries, seventeen native teachers were at work, twenty-two congregations had been established, and twenty village schools. In 1823 seven more congregations were formed, while Mrs. Mault started a boarding-school for girls with twenty-seven boarders. The seminary for the training of a strong native ministry was full, there being thirty-eight pupils. The distribution of literature was being actively carried on, now that so many had learned to read in the schools.

Great as had been the increase in 1823, it was nothing to the development of 1824. The number of congregations nearly doubled, and the missionaries reported no fewer than 48 stations, under the care of 27 native teachers. The 20 schools had become 47, and there was a daily attendance of 1,300 scholars. It now became necessary to re-organize the mission. The work was spreading over a large area—too large an area to be worked from one centre. The village of Neyoor was centrally situated for working the western district, and so Mr. Mead took up his residence there; while Mr. and Mrs. Mault continued at Nagercoil, and devoted their energies to the eastern district. A deputation sent out by the Directors was able to report most favourably of the healthy and vigorous aspect of the mission. There were now some 26 chapels, 33 native teachers or catechists, 95 schoolmasters, and nearly 2,000 children under Christian instruction. "So mightily grew the word of God, and prevailed." The time, however, was at hand such as is appointed for the testing of nearly every successful Christian work—a time of persecution and hardship. In such days of storm, the roots of the tree newly planted strike deeper, and the gain is great.

Leaving, however, this important chapter in our great South Indian mission for the present, we must record that Mr. Hands,

after an ineffectual attempt to gain a footing in Seringapatam, had pushed northward, and in the very centre of Southern India had established himself at Bellary. Mr. Hands was a worthy missionary pioneer, full of patience and earnestness. Devoting himself to master the Canarese language, he succeeded, in two



A HINDU SAINT.

years' time, in translating the first three Gospels into Canarese. This was in 1812. Mr. Hands did great work among the English population of Bellary, and also in the organization of schools; but nine years passed by before he had the gratification of welcoming a native convert. In 1819, Mr. Hands went to

Madras and superintended the printing of the Canarese Scriptures. He had not been able to get permission to set up the press in Bellary, nor was he able to do so for another seven years; but the work of translation had been perseveringly prosecuted, and now at last he was able to offer the complete Scriptures to his beloved Canarese. It is sometimes said that the high-caste Indians are least sensitive to the Gospel. Yet Mr. Hands' first convert was a Brahmin; and he was succeeded by "two Rajpoots who had been in the service of Hyder Ali and Tippoo Sahib." It was in 1820 that Mr. Reeve, associated at this time with Mr. Hands, first heard a wonderful history of the effect of a copy of the Scriptures on a young Hindu. This man was servant to an Englishman who travelled considerably in India. In a village called Matne this Hindu servant found a mutilated Bible under a tree. The book contained the four Gospels, and the reading of them created in the mind of the man an intense desire to know more. At Seringapatam he received from the Catholics a few books and tracts. At Poonah he had so far experienced the truth of Christianity, that he made himself a missionary to the servants of other European gentlemen. The movement spread, and a Catholic priest was approached, who conferred the rite of baptism on seventeen of the company. Before this Christian Hindu left Poonah, thirty-four natives had joined the little band of Christians. His next settlement was at Mysore, and here he continued his missionary work. Now, for the first time, he saw a complete copy of the Scriptures. Three Catholics, one of whom had been a catechist, joined him in forming a Christian society. Then persecution began. The Catholics roughly attacked and ill-treated this handful of worshippers. They were obliged to seek protection from the authorities. Eight of their number remained firm through all troubles, but he writes that twenty-three others would have joined them, but held back in fear. Hearing of the Bellary mission, he made known his whole history to the missionaries, and received instruction and help from them. One very remarkable feature in his work was that he had actually started a charity school, and with his fellows had built a rude house of prayer, where they

might worship the true God. Thus, all unknown to the missionaries, who were labouring on in faith through apparently fruitless days, the Gospel had been spreading in many places, and the Spirit of God had been leading the minds of men into the truth.

Away in the north-west corner of India lies the town of Surat, and here for thirty years, from 1816–1846, a singularly active mission was maintained, mainly by two indefatigable brothers, William and Alexander Fyvie. William Fyvie stood to his post through all the thirty years : his brother died on the field. Perhaps the greatest achievement of the Surat missionaries was the translation of the Bible into the Gujarati language. The translation bore the names of Messrs. Fyvie and Skinner, and was extensively circulated. Mr. Skinner, who died at Surat in 1821, went to Bombay and learned printing, in order that he might superintend the press department of the mission. He did not live long to serve Christ thus, but his work was not lost. For years the accounts of the publications that were issued from the Surat press remind us of the Serampore reports, or, in another field, the industry of Dr. Medhurst and Robert Morrison. In 1847, the Surat mission was transferred to the Irish Presbyterians ; and our workers settled elsewhere.

During the year 1820, two of our missionaries took up their position at Bangalore, south of Bellary. The mission here did not succeed very well at first, the missionaries apparently being bent on establishing a project for which events were not yet ripe —a great English college in Bangalore, with professors in theology, literature, science, and so on. Great rivers usually grow from small sources, and increase in volume and power as they progress. Instead of quietly setting to work at the somewhat prosaic routine duties of missionary life, and seeking gradually to make their way towards the great conception which they had formed, they grew impatient, came home to collect funds, failed to elicit a response, and gave up the work. In 1827 Mr. Reeve, whom we have already met at Bellary, went to Bangalore, and a real start was made. Mr. Reeve is well known for his monumental work, "A Canarese and English Dictionary." The mission,

founded now on sound lines, soon gave evidence of efficiency, and has since become very successful.

North of Vizagapatam, on the East Coast, there lies the city of Ganjam, and here too an effort was made, in early days, to establish Christian work. The Rev. W. Lee and his wife were the first to occupy this field. Mr. Lee was an able and industrious missionary, and he worked hard at translation, and at education, during the short time he was able to stay at Ganjam. Then, in 1817, disaster came. The cholera swept over the city. The people died by thousands. Mr. Lee, his wife, and family suffered greatly, and barely escaped with their lives southward to Vizagapatam. Making no progress in health, they again embarked for Madras; and now their sufferings culminated. Exhausted with fever, they were in no condition to endure a protracted voyage in the hottest season of the year. But the wind dropped dead, and the ship lay motionless. The water gave out; for the space of several days they had no bread to eat; their oil and candles were exhausted, "so that the rind of bacon was used as a substitute." The missionaries were still tortured with fever, and all the company on the little ship were face to face with death. In the midst of all this, Mrs. Lee became a mother. It is altogether a singularly vivid glimpse of one part of the "cost of missions." Missions have to be paid for mainly by life and suffering. The ship and all its passengers survived, though the missionaries suffered long from the terrible effects of their experiences.

The reader will remember how earnestly Mr. Haldane had longed to devote himself and all his substance to a Benares mission, in the early days of the century. That project had to be abandoned by reason of Government opposition. The prestige of Benares, the Sacred City, was however so great that the Serampore missionaries sent a pioneer there in 1816. In 1819 the Rev. M. T. Adam was sent out by the L.M.S. to settle at Benares. During his ten years there, Mr. Adam did some important translation work, and compiled an English and Hindu dictionary. Some account of the early days at Benares, as well as of the later times, will be found in the Rev. James Kennedy's book on "Life and Work in Benares and Kumaon." Mr.

Kennedy took up the work in 1839, and continued it till 1877; we shall have a glimpse of Benares during the days of the Mutiny in a later chapter. The mission has been very quietly conducted; but a great deal of effective service has been rendered, for which many have cause to thank God.

We have thus seen the agents of our Society establishing themselves, not without difficulty and peril, in many parts of India, from Travancore to Calcutta; along the East Coast; and in the interior at Bellary and Bangalore. They have made their way in the face of the opposition of the British Government, sometimes having to take shelter under a foreign flag. They have already translated the Scriptures into several languages and dialects. Thousands of children are under Christian education and influence. In some parts large native Christian communities have already been organized. In a few brief years a native ministry has arisen; seminaries for the training of catechists and preachers have sprung into existence. Tours for evangelistic purposes have been made from mission centres among many of the scattered villages. The press has been at work, and Christian leaflets, as well as the Christian Scriptures, are finding their way into thousands of homes. Now the time has come when the policy of hostility, hitherto pursued by the British Government, will give way to a policy of, at least, "benevolent neutrality," and even of active and practical sympathy. But we are thankful to have learned that Christ's work does not wait on the good-will of human authorities, but depends for blessing on the faith and patience and industry of Christian men and women.

CHAPTER V

CHINA

China and the Chinese—Robert Morrison—Lands in China—Hardships of his Position—Marriage and Commercial Appointment—Works at a Chinese Dictionary—Translation of the Bible—Government Decree against Morrison—Robert Milne's Arrival—Milne's Travels—The First Chinese Convert—The Ultra-Ganges Mission—An Anglo-Chinese College—New Stations—Literary Work—Morrison visits England—The Opium Trade—Morrison's Press suppressed—Morrison's Death—Mission to the Mongols—The Mission stamped out.

WE have already seen that the London Missionary Society's Directors, in sending forth missionaries to the savage inhabitants of the South Seas, and South Africa, had not forgotten the claims of the enormous populations of the East. The very vastness of the undertaking might have discouraged them from attempting to evangelize these almost innumerable peoples. In China alone there were three hundred millions of inhabitants. To add to the difficulty, the Chinese were known to be deeply attached to the teachings of their own great philosopher Confucius, and to be exceedingly conservative of all their ancient customs and traditions. Further, intercourse with the English people, except for purposes of trade, was absolutely forbidden. Thus the door of entrance to the mind and heart of China seemed not only closed, but abundantly barred and bolted. Difficulties, however, in regard to the extension of Christianity exist only to be overcome. There were not wanting, very early in this century, those who were determined that an effort should be made to secure a footing in the "Celestial" empire.

We cannot think of China without remembering how the great missionary Xavier, after his prolonged wanderings through India,

Ceylon, Malacca, Japan, Singapore, was fired with a holy ambition to penetrate China. For this purpose, sailing from Malacca, he reached the island of Shang-Chuan, within sight of the mainland, and not very distant from Canton. There, smitten with fever, he lay dying in a little cabin on the shore, looking out across the sea towards the country of his desire. In December, 1552, Xavier passed away, and was buried on the shore of Shang-Chuan, and his mission to China had to be transmitted to others. It was his successor, Valignani, who is said to have exclaimed, when he first gazed upon Chinese territory, "O mighty fortress! when shall these impenetrable brazen gates of thine be broken through?" Two centuries before Xavier, China had been entered by Dominican and Franciscan missionaries. From their letters it would appear that their missions were at one time very successful. Then comes one of the strange gulfs in Chinese history. The records fail us. For two hundred years nothing is known of this mysterious land. In that time apparently the missions die out; the very traces of them are lost. Communication between East and West practically ceases. Then, as has been said, when the veil is lifted again, all the old nomenclature is changed. Cathay has become China, and the ancient cities have undergone a similar transformation. The existence of missions has been forgotten. Only when, later on, "a wreck or two floated to the surface—a MS. Latin Bible, a piece of Catholic sculpture," —did it become evident that this was the field of the early missions of the Christian friars.

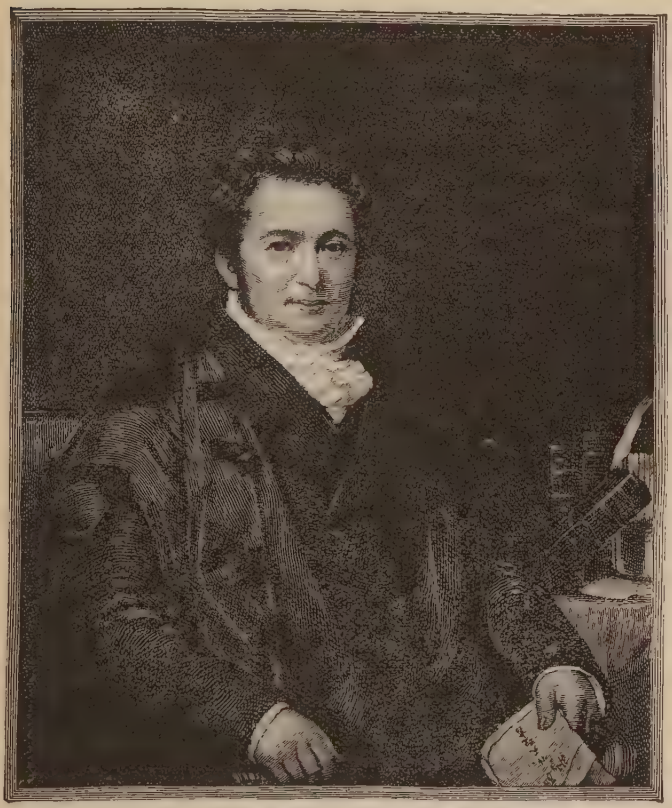
The testimony of the first European travellers and missionaries pays a warm tribute to the degree of civilization existing among the Chinese. In the early part of the thirteenth century, we are told, "their betters as craftsmen in every art practised by man are not to be found in the whole world"; and again, "they are first-rate artists in every kind, and their physicians have a thorough knowledge of the virtues of herbs, and an admirable skill in diagnosis by the pulse." Chinese engineers, Chinese astrologers, Chinese physicians are much sought after in other lands, and by the monarchs of the time. Thus early, they traded largely in manufactured silk goods. As for their literature, it was discovered to

be extensive and ancient. The Chinese claim that writing was invented by them two or three thousand years before Christ. One of their most revered books, "The Book of Changes," is said to have been written in prison in the year 1150 B.C. It seems also to be true that in the sixth century A.D., or 900 years before a similar process was discovered in Europe, printing was invented and practised in China. All this must be remembered, if we are to understand the peculiar difficulties which our modern missionaries have had to meet among this extraordinary people. We have not to deal now with uncultivated savages, like those of the South Seas and South Africa, but with a historic people, among whom has grown up a distinctive civilization, and whose natural pride in its achievements had steadily hardened into idolatry of all existing customs and beliefs.

This was the land, and this was the people, to which Robert Morrison was sent by the London Missionary Society in 1807. Three hundred millions of people awaited him. They were known to be bitterly hostile to the Western religion; to be singularly unapproachable, owing to their complacent satisfaction with the traditions and superstitions of their ancestors; and yet to be living and dying in blank ignorance of the sublime. hopes and consolations, and the sources of present strength and joy, which are the priceless inheritance of the Christian. Never had missions seemed less promising. Seldom has God so wonderfully disappointed the dark forebodings of His children. Robert Morrison was a Northumbrian lad, who was born at Buller's Green, near Morpeth, in 1782, and whose youth was spent at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where his father was an elder of a Scotch church. We read that when he entered his father's business he was employed at manual labour for twelve or fourteen hours a day; yet he seldom omitted to find time for one or two hours of reading and meditation. Even at work, his Bible or some other book was usually open before him. He was not able to obtain many books, but such as he could get hold of he read and re-read with great avidity. The diary, which he began to keep very early in his life, shows that he had the defect of an exaggerated self-introspection; but his earnestness was clearly intense, and his sense of his own

shortcomings continued to the last remarkably vivid. Neither his father nor his relatives could be induced, for some time, to look with favour upon Robert's desire to become a minister, still less his design of entering on missionary work abroad. But in due course the way opened, and at the end of January, 1807, Robert Morrison sailed for America, *en route* for China. It was not until the 20th of April that, after a stormy and perilous voyage, New York was reached. Morrison spent nearly a month in America. He was very anxious to secure the good offices of the American Consul at Canton, as it was well known that he would need the influence of some one in authority, if he was to be permitted to stay in China. The promise of protection was made, and on May 12th the young missionary set sail from New York for Canton. After the decision of the Directors as to his destination, Morrison had most diligently and laboriously pursued the study of Chinese. He had even discovered a young Chinaman in London, and had induced him to share his lodgings; and in this way he had made considerable progress in speaking and writing that most difficult of languages. The hope of the Directors was that, first of all, Morrison would master the ordinary speech of the people, and so be able to compile a dictionary, and perhaps make a translation of the Scriptures for the benefit of all future missionaries. To accomplish this, it was first of all necessary to get a footing on Chinese soil, and not hopelessly offend the jealous susceptibilities of the Chinese authorities. We must remember that at this time intercourse of foreigners with the people, except for purposes of trade, was absolutely forbidden. Every foreigner was strictly interrogated on landing as to what his business might be; and if he had not a reasonable answer to give, he was sent back by the next vessel, and often very unceremoniously treated. We can understand the anxiety, and occasional dejection, that Morrison felt, as his ship approached the country with which his name will be ever associated. Would he, after all these months of stormy tossing on the ocean, be doomed to return at once? Would this missionary enterprise prove a fruitless errand? Would his long and weary wrestlings with the Chinese tongue be all labour lost? We shall

see. On the 7th of September, 1807, the ship anchored in the Macao Roads, and the pioneer of our Protestant missions in China landed solitary in that great and wonderful country.



ROBERT MORRISON.

The first move of the new-comer was to present his letters of introduction to some leading Englishmen and Americans, in Macao and Canton. He was kindly received, but he needed a bold heart to bear up, without discouragement, under their frank announcement of the apparently hopeless obstacles in the way of

the accomplishment of his mission. First of all, Chinamen were forbidden by the Government to teach the language to any one *under penalty of death.* Secondly, no one could remain in China except for purposes of trade. Thirdly, the Roman Catholic missionaries at Macao, who were protected by the Portuguese, would be bitterly hostile, and stir up the people against a Protestant missionary. These were the facts Morrison had to face. The chief of the American factory at Canton, however, offered the missionary for the present a room in his house; and there he was most thankful to establish himself, and think over the situation. Shortly afterwards we find him making an arrangement for three months, with another American gentleman, to live at his factory. He passes as an American. The Chinese, he finds, do not dislike and suspect Americans as much as they do Englishmen. Still Morrison's presence does excite suspicions, and he cannot leave his Chinese books about, lest it should be supposed that his object is to master the language. Certain Roman Catholic Chinamen are found willing to impart to him as much of the Mandarin Chinese as they can; but he soon finds that the knowledge of this does not enable him to understand, or make himself understood by, the common people; and he has not come to China simply to translate the Scriptures into the speech of a comparatively small aristocratic class.

During these early months his trials and discouragements are great. He has to live in almost complete retirement. He is afraid of being seen abroad. His Chinese servants cheat him. The man who undertakes to teach him demands extortionate sums. Another buys him a few Chinese books, and robs him handsomely in the transaction. Morrison is alarmed at his expenditure. He tries living in one room, until he has severe warnings that fever will be the outcome. His utter loneliness oppresses him. The prospect seems cheerless in the extreme. The city is full of idolatries; the people are corrupt and hostile. Every prop on which he leans for support proves but a broken reed; but his letters show us that he often heard in secret the voice which said: "Be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart."

It is worthy of note that at first Morrison conformed as exactly as he could to Chinese manners. He tried to live on Chinese food, and became, we are told, an adept with the chopsticks. He allowed his nails to grow long, and cultivated a pigtail. "He walked about the Hong with a Chinese frock on, and with thick Chinese shoes." In time he came to think this was a mistaken policy. So far as the food was concerned, he could not live on it in health; and as for the dress, it only served to render him the more singular, and to attract attention where he was anxious to avoid publicity. A foreigner dressed up in Chinese clothes excited suspicions, as one who was endeavouring by stealth to insinuate himself into Chinese society, so as to introduce his contraband religion surreptitiously. Under these circumstances Morrison resumed the European manners of the Americans and Englishmen, among whom his lot was so largely cast. The outward form is, after all, a matter of expediency rather than of principle; and at such a time as this, he was probably well advised in acting as he did.

Amid such difficulties, Morrison's first year dragged itself out. Then his position was menaced by political troubles. One move in the interminable war with France, which England was waging at this time, was that an English squadron bore down on Macao, professedly to prevent the French from striking a blow at English trade. This action was resented by the Chinese authorities at Canton, and reprisals were threatened on the English residents there. Panic prevailed. The English families had to take refuge on ships, and make their way to Macao. Among them came Morrison, with his precious luggage of MSS. and books. The political difficulty was soon arranged, and the squadron retired; but the Chinese spirit was even more intensely suspicious of the "foreigner" than before. Morrison was miserably housed at Macao. It was with difficulty he induced any one to take him in. He paid an exorbitant price for a miserable garret, and had not been long in it before the roof fell in with a crash. Even then he would have stayed on, when some sort of covering had been patched up, but his landlord raised his rent by one-third, and he was forced to go out again into the streets. Still he

struggled on, labouring amid untold trials at his Chinese dictionary, and even in his private prayers pouring out his soul to God in broken Chinese, that he might master the native tongue. So much of a recluse had he become, through fear of being ordered away by the authorities, that his health greatly suffered, and he could with difficulty walk across his narrow room. But he toiled on. He has been criticised for timidity. It has been said he had fortitude but not enterprise. But probably we cannot realize, as he did, on how delicate a thread his whole mission was, as it were, dependent. It was jealousy for his great work that made him so guarded in all his movements, and not fear of the consequences to himself.

We get a glimpse of Morrison in one of his miserable habitations, trying to instruct three wild and unruly Chinese lads, whom he had gathered there, partly to teach them, and partly to learn from them. The lads evidently enjoyed the proceedings more than Morrison did. They were absolutely ungovernable, and ended up by slitting his coat, and using him so badly that he was obliged to run out for assistance. This mild, studious, learned English gentleman was evidently no match for a party of Chinese street-lads, who had no sense of the shamefulness of maltreating one who was acting a friendly part towards them. The scene is slight enough; but it shows us how Morrison strove to establish relations between himself and the people, and how his efforts too often resulted. The fact is, he was admirably suited to do the scholarly work of a mission, but he had not the popular gifts that would have made him a successful teacher and preacher.

Relief came to him in 1809 in a twofold way. First of all, he was married to Miss Morton, the daughter of an English resident at Macao; and, secondly, he was engaged by the East India Company as Chinese translator with a salary of £500 a year. This post afforded him, what most he needed, some real security that he would be allowed to continue at his work. He had now a definite commercial appointment, and it was one which in no way hindered the prosecution of the mission, which always stood first in his thoughts. Indeed, it was a great advantage to him. The daily work of translation for the Company assisted him in

gaining familiarity with the language, and increased his opportunities for intercourse with the Chinese. He could now go about more freely and fearlessly. He had a recognised standing in China. The offer was certainly a wonderful tribute to the man. It shows how remarkable must have been his application to the language among unexampled obstacles. Already his mastery of the Chinese tongue was admitted by those shrewd business men, who perceived its value for their own commercial negotiations.

Until the year 1813 the work of this solitary but devoted man proceeded upon the same lines. Those were the days when the Chinese seas swarmed with pirates, and scenes were common which do not bear description. These desperadoes were in the habit of making swift descent upon some part of the coast, and often putting to death and plundering thousands of the Chinese. Whenever any pirates were captured they were subjected to excruciating torments, and their survivors became all the fiercer in their turn. The sea between Macao and Canton was swept by pirate sails, and many were the anxious voyages that the Morrisons had to make. Sometimes the cry of alarm would be raised even in Canton, as the pirate raids came within a few miles of the city; and the authorities were nerveless and incapable. The perils of their position, as well as its solitude, seem to have greatly and painfully affected Mrs. Morrison. She became subject to a terrible nervous disease, which never entirely left her. There was no society at Canton that was congenial to them. The English and American residents were kind, but had little sympathy with their work, or belief in it. Their first child, a boy, died at birth, and the Chinese demurred to its burial. Very sorrowfully Morrison had to superintend the interment of the little one on a mountain side. At that time his wife was dangerously ill. All his comrades at the Company's Office thought him a fool. His so-called Chinese assistants delighted to rob him. Letters from England came but seldom. No wonder his own faith and courage were strained to the breaking-point.

Still on he plodded, grinding away at his grammar and dictionary. "A grammar and dictionary!" one can hear some

A STREET IN CANTON.

enthusiast say with astonishment. Are all these years to produce a grammar and dictionary? Is this missionary work? Where are your converts? How many baptisms have you to report? And, in answer to such queries, Robert Morrison can only stand holding out the precious pages of his grammar and dictionary. It is not everybody who is content to be a drudge for the kingdom of God. The dry-as-dust work of the compiler of a dictionary is not easy of appreciation by popular audiences. Not the most eloquent orator who ever lived could make much of an Exeter Hall peroration out of a dictionary. Yes, it was a prosaic work; but to-day it underlies all the mission work in China. This grammar and dictionary have been of priceless value to subsequent students. Morrison bore the burden that others might be spared its heaviness.

The grammar was verily finished in 1812, and sent to Bengal for printing, and heard no more of for three years—three anxious, weary years for Morrison! But it comes forth at last, highly approved and well printed, and everybody feels that here is a grand piece of work done towards enabling England and America to understand this strange, reserved, but powerful China. Morrison is indefatigable, too, in directions more easy to appreciate. He prints a tract and a catechism. He translates the Acts into Chinese, and is overcharged to the extent of thirty pounds for the printing of a thousand copies. The demon of greed and avarice makes something even out of the printing of the Book which is his deadliest foe. Then Morrison translates the Gospel of Luke, and prints that. We can imagine the delight with which this untiring scholar must have contemplated the story of the life of Christ rendered into the common speech of the Chinese. Here at last is the Gospel if they will but read it; and here are three hundred million people into whose language he had translated it. What possibilities are here! The Romish bishop at Macao, on obtaining a copy of this latter production, ordered it to be burned as a heretical book. So to the common people it must have appeared that one set of Christians existed to destroy what the other set produced. The facts did not look favourable for the prosperity of Christianity.

A determined attack like this one, by means of the engine of literature, on the bulwarks of the national religion of China, could hardly, under any circumstances, have passed without provoking some retaliation. It came. Morrison's works were read, and reported on to headquarters. The somewhat clumsy machinery of the Chinese criminal tribunal was set in motion. Morrison was first made aware of the coming storm by the publication of an edict, directed against him and all Europeans who sought to undermine the Chinese faith. Under this edict, to print and publish Christian books in Chinese was declared a capital crime. The principal in any such work was warned that he would subject himself to the penalty of death. All his assistants would render themselves liable to various severe forms of punishment. The mandarins and all magistrates were enjoined to act with energy in bringing to judgment any who might be guilty of contravening this edict. Morrison forwarded a translation of this famous proclamation to England, at the same time announcing to the Directors that he purposed to go quietly and resolutely forward. For himself, indeed, he does not seem to have been afraid. Undoubtedly his position under the East India Company was a great protection to him; and a grammar and dictionary were not distinctively Christian publications. But the Directors were even then sending out to join him the Rev. Robert Milne and his wife, and Morrison knew that this edict would make any attempt of another missionary to settle at Canton exceedingly hazardous and difficult.

As the months passed, the translation of the New Testament was steadily prosecuted, but the spirit of opposition by no means lessened. The time arrived when Mr. and Mrs. Milne might be expected. Even the circumstances of his own arrival had not been a greater source of anxiety to Morrison than the present ones. Mrs. Morrison was ardently looking forward to the companionship of Mrs. Milne, and her husband knew how deeply she would feel any disappointment. On the 4th of July, 1813, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, it being the first Sunday in the month, Mr. and Mrs. Morrison were sitting down together to the "Lord's Supper" at Macao. Just as they were about to begin

their simple service of faith and love, a note was brought to them to say that Mr. and Mrs. Milne had landed. It was a time of singular agitation. Mr. Morrison used all his influence with those in whose hands the decision lay as to whether Mr. Milne should be allowed to remain. Five days after the new-comers had arrived, a sergeant was sent from the Governor to Mr. Morrison's house, who summoned Morrison before his Excellency. The decision was short and stern: Mr. Milne must leave in eight days. Not only had the Chinese vehemently opposed his settlement, but the Roman Catholics were not one whit behind them in urging that he be sent away. From the English residents at Macao, Morrison received no assistance either; for they feared lest, if any complications arose through Morrison, their commercial interests might be prejudiced. For the present Mr. and Mrs. Milne went on to Canton, where the Morrisons followed them; and soon both families were established in that city, waiting the next move of the authorities.

A word may here be said as to these new missionaries. Robert Milne was, in many ways, admirably adapted to be Morrison's associate. Not only did he thoroughly appreciate the peculiar work that the latter was doing, but there was in his own lively and eager temperament an element of enterprise less apparent in Morrison. After six years of literary labours, the time had come for a new move. The dissemination of the printed message had to be attempted, and the planting of new stations faced. Milne was an invaluable coadjutor from this point of view; and his brave and cultured young wife was prepared to encounter any hardship and isolation, in the interests of the extension of the work. To Milne the intense application to the language for the first few months, the purely sedentary life, the sacrifice of the more active business of preaching and visiting to the mastering of his task like a schoolboy, must have been a trying experience. All Chinese missionaries have sympathised with his amusing description of what he endured. "To acquire the Chinese," he writes, "is a work for men with bodies of brass, lungs of steel, heads of oak, hands of spring-steel, eyes of eagles, hearts of apostles, memories of angels, and lives of Methuselah!"

The end of the year 1813 witnessed one signal achievement. The whole of the New Testament translation was completed by Mr. Morrison and printed. It would not be easy to exaggerate the real greatness of such a work. The translator never claimed that it was perfect. On the contrary, he readily conceded its defects. But he claimed for it that it was a translation of the New Testament into no stilted, scholastic dialect, but into the genuine colloquial speech of the Chinaman. The possession of a large number of printed copies led the two missionaries to devise a scheme for their wide and effective distribution. What this scheme was we must now learn. To the south and south-east of China there is, as we may see from a glance at an atlas, a large number of islands, as well as that singular peninsula called the Malay Peninsula. At this time several parts of this polynesia were under English protection, as was also the southern portion of the peninsula. English Governors were resident, and consequently it seemed a promising field for the establishment of a mission station. The station would be within reach of the Chinese coast, and Chinese missionaries might be trained there whose entrance into China would not excite the same suspicions that attached to the movements of Englishmen. The two places specially thought of were the island of Java, and Malacca on the Malay Peninsula. It was well known that many thousands of Chinese were scattered through these parts, and Milne was to travel round surveying the country, and distributing tracts and Testaments as opportunity offered. For the next seven or eight months, consequently, the younger missionary devoted himself to this itinerating mission. He visited the island of Banca; and from thence passed to Batavia, the principal town in Java. Here the Governor welcomed him, and sent him at the expense of the Government through the interior settlements of Java. From Java Milne made his way to Malacca, where he received equal kindness from the authorities. He would have gone to Penang, but his journey had already occupied as much time as he could spare; and so, in the autumn of 1814, he returned to Canton. It was an interesting and eventful pilgrimage. The object of the two missionaries was now to select some quiet spot where, under protection, the printing

MAP OF CHINA, SHOWING L.M.S. STATIONS.

press might be established, and Chinese missionaries trained. Malacca had this advantage, that it lay between India and China, and commanded means of transport to almost any part of China and the adjoining archipelago. After much deliberation it was determined to advise the directors that Milne should proceed to establish himself at Malacca. The year that issued in this important decision was in other respects a memorable one. In this year Morrison baptised his first convert; and as he is perhaps the first Protestant Chinese Christian, we may give his name—Tsae A-Ko. Mr. Morrison acknowledged the imperfection of this man's knowledge, but he relied on the words, "If thou believest with all thy heart!" and hence he administered the rite. From his diary we may extract the following: "At a spring of water, issuing from the foot of a lofty hill, by the sea-side, away from human observation, I baptised him in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. . . May he be the first fruits of a great harvest." Amid such affecting circumstances the native Chinese Church began. About the same time the East India Company undertook the great cost of printing Mr. Morrison's Chinese Dictionary. They spent ten thousand pounds on the work, bringing out for the purpose their own printer and printing press. The Bible Society voted two grants of £500 each towards the cost of printing the New Testament. One of the Directors of the East India Company also bequeathed to Morrison a thousand dollars for the propagation of the Christian religion. This he devoted to the cost of printing a pocket edition of the New Testament. The former edition had been inconveniently large; and especially in the case of a book that was likely to be seized and destroyed by hostile authorities, this was a serious matter. A pocket Testament could be carried about without difficulty. Indeed, Providence would almost seem to have devised the baggy sleeves of the Chinese dress for the very purpose of safe transportation of this contraband Christian literature! The small edition was printed, and many Chinamen departed from Canton into the interior with one or more copies of this invaluable little book secreted in his dress or among his belongings. Such were the achievements of the year. Yet it ended sorrowfully enough

for Morrison. His wife was ordered to England, whither she sailed with her two children, and for six long years her husband was to toil on in solitude.

These years were signalized by the execution of some very important projects. First of all Mr. Milne returned to Malacca, and there founded a new settlement. He received the very cordial encouragement and support of the English Governor. This was a notable gain. In other respects he had grave difficulties to encounter. The great Xavier had himself said, on visiting Malacca, that "the excess and number of their vices distinguished the Christians from the unbelievers." It is to be feared that the natives had learned to suspect every institution that was called Christian, as being designed to accomplish some sinister political end. The first difficulty which Christian missionaries experienced in many fields was to live down the effect produced by the so-called Christians who had preceded them. Morrison and Milne were very anxious that their two settlements should be regarded as one mission. They represented the extreme eastern outpost of Protestant missions in Asia, and they assumed the name "Ultra-Ganges" mission. The two men were indeed brothers in their work. They translated together the Old Testament; and although Morrison had the advantage of a far more intimate knowledge of the language, and was thus able to revise the work of his coadjutor, Milne also had made remarkable progress in his mastery of Chinese. The press was kept steadily at work. Tracts of various kinds were issued. Morrison wrote a little book called "A Tour round the World," the object of which was to acquaint his Chinese readers with the customs and ideas of European nations, and the benefits that had flowed from Christianity. At this time, too, his own knowledge of China was very considerably enlarged by an important political event. He was sent by the Company on an embassy to the Emperor at Peking in the capacity of interpreter. The journey took him through many cities and country districts, and introduced him to some novel aspects of Chinese life and character. The object of the embassy was not attained, but to Morrison the experience was invaluable; and it served, not only to revive his health, but to stimulate his mission-

ary ardour. Through all that vast tract of country, and among that innumerable population, there was not one solitary Protestant missionary station.

Another accomplishment of Morrison's, in which he proved himself emphatically a pioneer, was his establishment of a dispensary, where native diseases might be treated more humanely and effectively than was customary in China. Indeed, Morrison was profoundly stirred by the misery, the poverty, and the unnecessary suffering of the Chinese poor. These ignorant people were constantly persuaded to expend their all on drugs and herbs that were absolutely useless. The apothecaries of the place thus throve, while the poor wretches who bought their medicines were impoverished and often poisoned. Dr. Morrison sought out an intelligent and skilful Chinese practitioner, and placed him at the head of his dispensary. This man, who had learned the main principles of European treatment, received great help from Dr. Livingstone, a friend of Morrison's, who was much interested in this attempt to alleviate the sufferings of the poorer Chinese.

As if his manifold activities in China were not sufficient to occupy him, Dr. Morrison began to propound and formulate an even more interesting and important scheme. This was, in brief, to build at Malacca what he called an "Anglo-Chinese College." Let us see what his object was in such a proposal. It was to introduce the East to the West, and the West to the East; in other words, to mediate between the two civilizations, and thus to prepare the way for the quiet and peaceful dissemination of Christian thought in China. The idea fired him with enthusiasm. He wrote home, urging the friends of China to take it up. Here, he said in effect, is a language which is the speech of something like one-third of all our species. Tens of thousands of English boys and girls are educated to know dead languages. Surely some may be found to learn this living one, and hence be enabled to make known the Christian faith to the many lands where Chinese is spoken. The college was to be open to all Chinese students of European literature, and European students of Chinese. Our missionaries, as they came out to the field, would learn in the college the language in which they were to preach.

The proposal was warmly taken up. The London Missionary Society gave the ground. The Governor of Malacca and many residents subscribed. Morrison himself gave one thousand pounds out of his small property to establish the college. The building was erected and opened. Printing-presses were set up, and students were enrolled. Dr. Milne was the president; and while no student was compelled to declare himself a Christian, or to attend Christian worship, it was hoped that the strong Christian influence would lead many of the purely literary students to become teachers of Christianity. Such a large and liberal scheme is one of the best possible testimonies to the nobility of Morrison's mind. Intense as were his Christian convictions, he could sanction nothing that would do deliberate violence to the convictions of another; and he had a sublime faith that Christian truth would eventually prevail on its own merits, and need never fear to be set side by side with the truths that other religious systems contain. Eight or nine years after its foundation, Mr. Charles Majoribanks, M.P. for Perth, in a Government report on the condition of Malacca, singled out this institution for very high praise on account of its thoroughly sound, quiet, and efficient work.

A settlement having now been effected, under British protection, and in the midst of those islands which are inhabited by a large Malay and Chinese population, reinforcements were sent out from England. After a period in Malacca they were sent on from thence to various centres—Penang, Java, Singapore, Amboyna, wherever they could find a footing and establish relations with the people. In this way many new stations sprang up in the Ultra-Ganges Mission. A magazine was issued, entitled *The Gleaner*, the object of which was to keep the various stations in touch with one another, and disseminate information as to progress in the different parts. The various printing-presses poured forth pamphlets, tracts, catechisms, translations of Gospels, in Malay or in Chinese. Schools were founded for the teaching of the children: for the great obstacle to the free use of the printing-press was that so few of the people comparatively could read. The missionaries had to be many-sided, now preaching to the

Malays, now to the Chinese, now to the English population; now setting up types, now teaching in the schools; now evangelizing new districts and neighbouring islands, now gathering together their little congregations at their own settlement. The reports do not greatly vary from year to year. The work is hard, and seemingly unproductive. The people listen, but carelessly. The converts are few, and all of them are not satisfactory. There is much to try faith, and much to damp enthusiasm. Then trials come, and heavy trials. Mrs. Morrison returned to China only to die; Mrs. Milne had died already. In 1822 Dr. Milne died, after a brief but valuable missionary life, and Dr. Morrison was left to reflect that he alone of the first four Protestant missionaries to China was now left alive. It was natural that at such a time he should review the history of the mission, and one of his most interesting papers is a retrospect of these fifteen years. China was still as impervious as ever to European and Christian influence; but the amount of solid literary work accomplished was immense. Well may the intrepid and undaunted missionary note with satisfaction the testimony of the learned Dr. Montucci: "I am free to assert that Dr. Morrison, within these ten years, has published volumes by far more useful to the European student than all the printed and MS. works published by the missionaries in the course of the last century." Any ordinary man would have considered the production of the gigantic English-Chinese dictionary, in three divisions, a more than full fifteen years' work. But Morrison had single-handed translated almost the entire Bible into Chinese. He had sent forth tracts, pamphlets, catechisms; he had founded a dispensary; he had established an Anglo-Chinese College; he had superintended the formation of the various branches of the Ultra-Ganges Mission; and he had done all this in addition to discharging the heavy and responsible duties of translator to the East India Company, and preaching and teaching nearly every day of his life. No wonder he had achieved a reputation almost world-wide for his prodigious labours on behalf of the kingdom of God.

The years 1824 and 1825 were spent by Dr. Morrison in England, where he presented his Chinese Bible to King George

IV., and was received by all classes with great demonstrations of respect. He busied himself in teaching Chinese to classes of English gentlemen and English ladies, and in stirring up interest and sympathy on behalf of China. Before returning to his missionary labours he was married again, and Mrs. Morrison and his children returned with him to China in 1826. An incident of the voyage will illustrate the perils of those days, as well as Morrison's fortitude. After a terrible spell of storm, the passengers were alarmed to hear the clanking of sabres and the explosion of firearms. They soon learned that a mutiny had broken out among the seamen, who were wretchedly paid, and who had taken possession of the forepart of the vessel, with the intention of turning the cannon there against the officers of the ship. It was a critical moment. At the height of the alarm, Morrison calmly walked forward among the mutineers, and, after some earnest words of persuasion, induced the majority of them to return to their places; the remainder were easily captured, flogged, and put in irons. Such a state of things, in the middle of those seas which swarmed with pirates, was sufficient to test the courage of the stoutest hearts.

Arrived at Singapore, Morrison was confronted with fresh trials. An institution had been in process of formation there, on his departure for England, similar to the college at Malacca. Little progress had been made with it. A new governor manifested less interest, and Morrison had not been present to see that the work went on. After a stay here for purposes of organization, the missionary and his family went on to Macao, and subsequently Morrison proceeded to Canton, where he found that his property had been also shamefully neglected in his absence. He manifested, however, his invariable patience, equanimity, and quiet resoluteness; and soon matters assumed their customary aspect. The institution, however, at Singapore collapsed, greatly to Dr. Morrison's sorrow. He had personally subscribed very liberally towards it, and he felt its abandonment as a severe personal loss.

Dr. Morrison had indeed returned to China for anxious days. Changes in the East India Company had brought him into re-

lation with new officials, some of whom had the slightest respect for the calling of the missionary, and were inclined to assume a high hand, until Morrison's threat to resign induced a more respectful temper. The relations, too, between the English traders and the Chinese officials were daily becoming more strained. Morrison strongly disapproved of much of the correspondence which it fell to his lot to conduct with the native mandarins. Clouds were gathering, which were to break in a few years' time. There were grave faults on both sides. The officiousness and tyranny of the mandarins were hard to bear, but on the English rested the more grievous responsibility of resolving to force a trade in opium on the Chinese people. War would come later, and might would be on the side of England, and right on the side of China. The whole future of missions would be prejudiced by this awful mistake. The ports would be opened to opium first, to Christianity second. No one can tell how vastly the difficulty of evangelizing China has been increased by this policy.

These, then, were dark days, full of sad apprehensions of trouble to come. But they were not without light. On Morrison's visit to England, he had been able to leave a Chinese native teacher, Leang-Afa, one of Dr. Milne's converts, to carry on what work he could among the people. This man had already endured much for his faith, and he proved entirely consistent and earnest during the long period of Morrison's absence. Other native Christians were baptized; and the little Church grew, while at the same time it was well known that many believed in secret, who did not dare to challenge persecution and ostracism by public confession. American missionaries were sent to help Morrison, and more Christian publications were issued. It is a very touching and beautiful fact that this learned and cultured man welcomed the arrival of the Americans, because they could conduct the service for English residents, and set him free to preach and talk to the poor Chinamen who could be gathered together to listen to the Gospel. In 1832 Morrison could write: "There is now in Canton a state of society, in respect of Chinese, totally different from what I found in 1807. Chinese scholars,

missionary students, English presses and Chinese Scriptures, with public worship of God, have all grown up since that period. I have served my generation, and must—the Lord knows when—fall asleep."

It was not to be long now. In 1833 there was a rising of the Roman Catholics against Morrison, which issued in the suppression of his presses and publications. Thus his favourite method of spreading the knowledge of the love of God was taken away from him. His native agents, however, set themselves industriously to circulate to advantage such publications as were already printed. At this time, also, the monopoly of the East India Company was taken away; and consequently Morrison's post under the Company was abolished, and his means of sustenance ceased. He was subsequently appointed Government translator under Lord Napier, but only held the position a few days. In June, 1834, he prepared his last sermon on the text, "In my Father's house are many mansions." It was to show how much of the joy of the eternal Home would "consist in the *society formed there*; the *family* of God, from all ages and out of all nations." Even now he was entering his last illness, and his solitude was great, for his wife and family had been ordered to England. But he refreshed himself with thoughts of the eternal fellowship which he was so shortly to enjoy. On August 1st the pioneer Protestant missionary to China passed peacefully to his rest. The great and high mourned for him; the leading Europeans followed him to the grave. But possibly no grief could have been more grateful to the dead than the grief of that little Church of native Chinese Christians, to whom he had given all his talent and love so unreservedly, and who represented the first-fruits of the mighty harvest of Christian faith and life that has been reaped, and remains to be reaped, in that vast empire in the East.

Before this chapter closes, a very brief sketch must be given of an attempt of the Missionary Society to penetrate the great and little-known land of Siberia, and plant a mission among a tribe of Mongolians called Buriats. The place selected by the missionaries was Selenginsk. This lies to the south-east

of the great Lake Baikal, and near the boundary that divides Siberia from Mongolia, Russian territory from Chinese. The missionaries were the Rev. E. Stallybrass, the Rev. W. Swan, and

JAMES GILMOUR.

the Rev. R. Yuille. The mission was begun in the years 1817–18. When James Gilmour visited Selenginsk and Onagen Dome in 1871, he found the graves of Mr. Yuille, Mrs. Yuille, and two of their children, and the two wives and one of the children of

Mr. Stallybrass. These graves are almost the only outward memorial to-day of this gallant attempt to evangelize the Buriats.

The mission was founded on Russian territory because of the advantage which was supposed to be derived from the Imperial patronage of the Russian Emperor. Its members had, perhaps, better have thrown themselves on the tender mercies of China. In some obscure part of Mongolia they might possibly have laboured undisturbed. In Selenginsk they owed existence to the favour of the Russian Emperor, and they had to disappear at the motion of his hand. State patronage is always a perilous thing. It was deemed auspicious that the Emperor assigned a grant of land to the mission, and gave 7,000 roubles for the erection of mission buildings; but it placed the station more in his hands than it would have been had it been independent of royal support and patronage.

The isolation of missionaries in the very centre of Northern Asia was absolute. The Siberia of those days was evidently a lonesome and dreary land for English men and women. As Gilmour says: "No telegraphs there, and postal facilities very meagre." To the Russians, too, they were objects of suspicion and contempt. That any men and women should really care to enter into loving and close relations with the despised Buriats was inconceivable to the Russian mind. But the missionaries sought the society of the Buriats, and sought but very little the society of the Russians. It was astounding. The Buriats, who were Buddhists, found it equally difficult to understand this interest of the missionaries in them. Naturally impassive and unemotional, the spectacle of men and women travelling half round the world in order to bury themselves in a remote corner of Siberia, frequent dirty Buriat huts, live among Buriats, and die among Buriats, in order to teach them a new religion, was beyond their comprehension. It is no wonder if with them, as with the Russians, surprise ripened into suspicion, and they began to suggest political motives where religious ones seemed insufficient. An incident mentioned by Gilmour must be transcribed, as it does some little justice to one of the many heroines of the mission field. Here it is. "One of the missionaries, after spending

a term of years in Siberia, revisited his native land. When he returned to his field of labour, he did not go alone, but was accompanied by a youthful bride, who had been reared in the enjoyment of all the elegancies and refinements of one of the most refined of British cities. Turning her back on so many things and friends that were dear to her, she set her face towards Siberia, and arriving there in due course, so mixed with the people, and so applied herself to the acquisition of the language, that not only could she speak it well among the natives, but could read and write it so as to be able to conduct a correspondence in it upwards of a quarter of a century after the missionaries had left the country at the command of the Emperor Nicholas."

From the reports of the Society we gather that the missionaries did a great deal of preaching and teaching, often making long itinerating tours to distribute tracts and Gospels. But their great work was the translation of the Bible into the Buriat tongue. The Old Testament was printed and published in 1840 in Siberia, where Mr. Yuille had charge of the printing-press. An Imperial licence was granted for the purpose. It was the last Imperial favour.

Before the missionaries had made much headway with the translation of the New Testament, they received a summons to attend a meeting at the Local Government Office. An order from St. Petersburg had arrived, and they were unceremoniously commanded to leave the country. Such was the end of more than twenty years' work. The New Testament translation was completed and published in England, and, Gilmour tells us, may often be met with in Mongol tents to this day.

The motive for this sudden change of front on the part of the Imperial Government has been found in the fact that a very powerful, intelligent, and influential Buriat, who had been a distinguished opponent of the missionaries, had just resolved to become a Christian. It was felt that his example would be powerful; and the Greek Church was afraid of the growth of a strong sect. This may or may not be true; but, at any rate, the Society's directors had some little satisfaction when they afterwards learned that the Greek Church had determined to conduct a

mission among the Buriats. So after all, as so often happens, the victims were in reality the victors; and the haughty conquerors stooped to imitate the men they had conquered. But the London Society's Mission to the Mongols was closed in 1841. It was not reopened for nearly thirty years.

CHAPTER VI

BRITISH GUIANA

Date of the Mission—Feeling against it—Action of Mr. Post—John Wray—Services for the Slaves—Bethel Chapel built—Opposition—Mission in Georgetown Death of Mr. Post—Government Decree—Wray comes to England—His Success—Cruelty of the Slave System—Wray moves to Berbice—Hardships of his Position—Hostility of Planters—John Smith arrives in Demerara—Great Success—Smith's Indictment of Slavery—Governor Murray—Insurrection among the Slaves—Smith protects the Manager—Smith's Arrest—Cruel Vengeance on the Slaves—Trial of the Missionary—Sentenced to Death—Dies in Prison—Attempt to stamp out the Mission—Revival and Progress.

THE history of our British Guiana Mission forms one of the most thrilling and eventful chapters in the story of the Society. We are living to-day far enough from the actual controversy that fifty or sixty years ago divided sharply and bitterly even Christian people. We look back with wonder and horror upon the dark days when British influence was exercised to protect the slave-holder. Time has abundantly justified those by whom the cause of the slave was championed; it has cleared from all reproach the reputation of men who were cruelly and vindictively treated by the planters, who had a vested interest in the system of slave-labour. Old verdicts have been reversed; and one at least, who died in a felon's cell, is to-day legitimately honoured as a faithful witness and sufferer in a truly Christian cause.

But let us begin by taking a glance at the time and the place of the London Society's first mission to the slaves. The main events of the mission lie between two landmarks of modern political history—the abolition of the *slave-trade* in 1807 and the abolition of *slavery* in 1833; when twenty millions of money were paid in

compensation to the slave-holders, and it was decreed that after an apprenticeship-period of six years every slave should be free. To avoid confusion, the reader should carefully note the distinction between the abolition of the slave-trade and the abolition of slavery. In 1807, just before our first missionary went to Guiana, an Act was passed making it illegal for any English person to take part in the slave-trade. English cruisers were told off to seize any slave-vessels trading under English colours or with English colonies. But this Act did not affect the large plantations then in existence. It was not illegal to keep the slaves already held, but only to acquire more. The consequence was that many of the planters, not being able to add to their stock of slaves, worked those they had even more harshly and cruelly than before. In addition to this, news came from time to time of the renewed agitation at home for the utter abolition of slavery. Every success of the abolitionists — Wilberforce, Buxton, Macaulay, and others — exasperated the planters; and they not only avenged themselves on the slaves, but treated with great bitterness and injustice any white men who dared to sympathise with the cause of abolition. In this way it happened that, through the death-struggles of slavery, the missionaries to the negroes in many of our colonies were subjected to every indignity and opposition.

Towards the end of the year 1805, a Wesleyan missionary from Dominica had attempted to enter Demerara. As soon as he arrived he had an interview with the governor. Asked his reason for coming, he declared it was to preach Christian principles to the negroes; whereupon he was abruptly told to go back whence he came. In the course of seven or eight days he was obliged to leave the land. To attempt to make the negroes Christians was, in the eyes of the planters of those days, criminal; and yet many of these men themselves professed to worship according to the Christian faith. There is no doubt that their feeling was expressed by the *Royal Gazette* (Demerara) in 1808, soon after Mr. Wray had begun his missionary work. This paper said: "It is dangerous to make slaves Christians without giving them their liberty. He that chooses to make slaves Christians, let him give

them their liberty. What will be the consequence when to that class of men is given the title of *beloved brethren*, as is actually done? Will not the negro conceive that by baptism, being made a Christian, he is as credible as his Christian white brethren?" Clearly the planter saw that he could not consistently teach his slaves the doctrines of Christianity and remain their owner. To introduce Christianity was to introduce the spirit of freedom and to hasten the day of emancipation. British Guiana, lying in the north of South America, is traversed by three main rivers, the Berbice, the Demerara, and the Essequibo. These rivers have given names to the three main divisions of the country. The population in 1808 consisted mainly of negroes and English planters. Further south there were to be found Indian tribes. The principal place in the colony was called Georgetown, and was situated near the mouth of the Demerara River. About eight miles out of Georgetown there was a plantation called Le Resouvenir, the owner of which was a Dutch gentleman, whose full name was Hermanus Hilbertus Post. There have always been some bright chapters in the dark story of slave-holding. There were a few planters who took a serious and humane view of their responsibilities towards their slaves, and who were sincerely anxious to do their duty by them. Among such men was Mr. Post. He was not even content with studying their physical well-being and taking care that they were justly treated. He was much concerned that nothing was being done to meet the deeper needs of these men and women. If report be true, he had made more than one fruitless application for help to bodies of Christians who did not see their way to comply. One or two of his letters to the London Missionary Society appear to have gone astray. But at last a touching and urgent appeal from him found its way into the hands of the secretary of the L.M.S., and "assuredly gathering that the Lord had called them for to preach the gospel" in Demerara, the directors decided to accede to Mr. Post's request, and John Wray, then studying at Gosport, was appointed to go to Guiana.

It may be of encouragement to some beginners in the ministry to know that this well-known pioneer missionary in Demerara

was by no means a striking preacher when a student. One who heard him said he preached "in such a lullaby tone—the language so poetical, and the plan so diffuse—that I was not comfortable under the sermon." Wray's characteristics, however, were personal goodness, and a certain solid determination, which carried him subsequently through great trials, and enabled him to play the man. Just after the Act had been passed making the slave-

REV. JOHN WRAY.

trade illegal, Wray sailed from England, and in February, 1808, arrived in Demerara.

In reading the account of John Wray's first services on the Le Resouvenir plantation, it is impossible not to be reminded of the early Christian communities, of which, as we all know, slaves formed a large portion. Then masters and slaves worshipped side by side, and took the Communion together. They were all

"free men in Christ Jesus," and they were all "bond-slaves of Christ Jesus." It may be that the spirit of equality was not so uncompromisingly expressed in Demerara as in Rome or Ephesus. We smile as we read that seats were prepared for the worshippers "according to their station in life"; and visions of our own "free seats" rise up before us for our warning and humiliation. Still, it was a great step taken when the planter did call together the slaves on his station, as well as the white population, and invite them all to worship in one building, and acknowledge a common Father and Saviour. One of the buildings on the estate was, first of all, converted into a temporary conventicle. Then, when this speedily became too strait for those who desired to be present, the London Missionary Society made a grant of £100 for a chapel, and Mr. Post generously assumed the responsibility for the remainder of the cost. In September, 1808, the celebrated Bethel Chapel was opened. It was built to seat six hundred people, and at the opening services, we are told, it was "crowded with people of various colours." The next step was the erection of a minister's house near the chapel. This was completed in the following year, Mr. Post "expending more than £1,000 on these objects, about £200 being subscribed by other respectable inhabitants of the colony."

It was not to be expected that the authorities, who a year or two before had denied a Methodist missionary a footing in the colony, would look kindly on these proceedings. Neither, we may be sure, did the neighbouring planters view Mr. Post's Christian enthusiasm with cordiality. The slaves on many plantations were absolutely forbidden to attend the service. Other slaves were warned that if they were seen there, they would render themselves liable to harder work and severer punishments. Nevertheless, many of them went, and became objects of the special resentment of the overseers. The feeling of the Georgetown authorities was early manifested. Mr. Post, gratified at the success of the Le Resouvenir movement, proposed to give a site for a chapel in Georgetown. To do so, however, he had to secure the consent of those in power, and they at once curtly prohibited the proposition. Repulsed in this direction, our in-

defatigable planter made another and more successful effort. He devoted one of his own buildings in the town to the purposes of a school. The L.M.S. sent out the Rev. John Davies to take charge of this institution, and soon was able to report that he had not only forty children under his charge, but that he preached in the schoolroom three times a week to upwards of three hundred people.

Meanwhile Mr. Wray had been very actively engaged, instructing and exhorting the people who flocked to Bethel Chapel. Moreover, he had taken the further step of forming twenty-four, of those who seemed to have most earnestly and intelligently embraced the Christian profession, into a Church. The gravity and significance of such a step in such a society, it is not easy for us to grasp. It was conferring the rights of free Christian citizenship, so far as the Church was concerned, on some who had no rights of freedom or citizenship otherwise. In such a Church the Christian slave had an equal voice and vote with his master. The opponents of the movement might well say that the mission was cultivating a spirit that was incompatible with slavery. Mr. Post's testimony as to the moral results of the work, even thus early, is striking. He declares that the change in the conduct of the negroes, both on his own and neighbouring estates, could only be explained on the belief that they had found the presence of the Lord. "Drunkards and fighters are changed into sober and peaceable people," he says, and adds the significant phrase, "and endeavour to please those who are set over them." This was a severe test, surely, when we think of what it implied.

The arrival of Mr. Davies, and his commencement of work in Georgetown, had hardly been reported to the Directors at home when the news followed that Mr. Post was dead. It was a heavy blow to the young mission, and it left the missionaries painfully conscious of the lack of human support. The wide-spread sorrow among the negro and coloured population was the best possible testimony to the just and humane character of the late planter. Under his will, £100 a year was provided for the support of a missionary; and the mission buildings were secured to the Society. Anxious as the time was for those who were in charge of the

work, there was no slackening of effort. The day's labour of the slaves was a long and an exhausting one. Yet in the early morning before sunrise, and in the late evening after sundown, numbers of them might have been seen trooping off to Mr. Wray's catechetical or reading classes. The chapel was crowded, and usually Mr. Wray was found on Sunday at another station, some distance off, preaching to a large slave congregation of some four hundred. In all his work he was most ably and sympathetically seconded by the lady who had come out with Mr. Davies to become Mrs. Wray. A little later on, when Mr. Wray's health broke down, we find his wife reading a sermon on Sundays to the people, in addition to her teaching work. An interesting incident at this period was the appearance at Le Resouvenir of an Indian chief and some of his attendants. They had come from a far inland tribe, and they followed with great interest and devoutness the service, as it was interpreted to them; and earnestly asked that a teacher might be sent among their tribe. The recommendation was forwarded to the Society.

In the midst of many encouragements, and at a time when Mr. Wray was able to report that there was a better feeling towards his work among several of the neighbouring planters, the dreaded blow fell. This was nothing less than a Government proclamation forbidding the slaves to assemble, for any purpose whatsoever, before sunrise or after sunset. Any Englishman taking part in such illegal meeting was liable to a fine of fifty pounds; the slaves were to be subject to very severe punishments. The proclamation was issued in 1811. It was, of course, an absolute barrier to any teaching work during the week-days, as the slaves worked from sunrise to sundown. Mr. Wray was regarded as a very quiet, patient, and peaceable man. Possibly the authorities imagined he would tamely submit; if so, they were mistaken. He first of all demanded an interview with Governor Bentinck, to whom he stated his case. The Governor assured him that if he were caught breaking the law, he should be banished from the colony. Wray's reply to this was that he should not break the law, but should go direct to England and make his appeal at headquarters. With his usual determination, he walked straight

to the docks, and found a ship that was to sail, with a cargo of cotton, for England, in a few days. The captain assured him that all the berths were choked with cotton-bales, and that he could not take passengers. Wray replied that he did not want a berth, but would sleep on the bales. He must go to England *at once*. The terms were arranged. The missionary returned and announced the tidings to his wife. She at once consented to remain with her infant child, and take charge of the mission in her husband's absence. On June 16th, 1811, John Wray sailed for England. If Governor Bentinck imagined that he could intimidate this young missionary, he had evidently reckoned with the wrong man.

Six weeks among the cotton-bales was probably not the most congenial position in the world; but the voyage had to be made somehow, and "the King's business requireth haste." After a brief stay at Liverpool, Wray pushed on to London, and easily enlisted Wilberforce and Stephens on his side. His case was duly presented and enforced; and he soon had the gratification of knowing that missionary work in Demerara, and other colonies where slavery existed, was saved. By Government decree, on all plantations where the planters offered no objection, the slaves might meet at any hour between 5 a.m. and 9 p.m. on Sundays, and between 7 a.m. and 9 p.m. on week-days. In six months from the time of his sailing from Demerara, Wray was back again, having secured his charter. Governor Bentinck naturally was not cordial. He had been clearly beaten, and he did not accept defeat manfully. For some time he made no formal announcement that the former proclamation was withdrawn. But his term of authority was at an end. In April, 1812, he was superseded, and the new Governor was entirely favourable to the missionaries, and signalised his advent to power by issuing the royal proclamation which Wray had so dearly won for Christian missions a year before. Mr. Davies now energetically pushed forward his project for building a chapel in Georgetown. The Governor liberally subscribed, and many planters, who had been at first suspicious of the missionary, but who found, as they acknowledged, that his teaching provided them with better workmen, gave freely towards

the cost of the edifice. A new station was planted in another part of the town. So far from the missionaries being engaged in any agitation to stir up discontent among the slaves, the Governor was frequently glad to avail himself of their known influence with the negroes, to encourage them to be patient and law-abiding. But they would have been less than men if they had remained unmoved at the spectacles of cruelty and injustice they were constantly seeing. On the Le Resouvenir plantation itself there had been a marked increase of such harrowing sights since Mr. Post's death. His widow had married a Mr. Vanderhaas, a man actuated by none of the humane feelings of his predecessor. To warm-hearted, sensitive Christian people like Mr. and Mrs. Wray, the sounds of beating and flogging, which were in the ears from morning till evening, and the cries of the injured slaves, both men and women, were heart-breaking. Some of the punishments were monstrous in their cruelty, and the daily task required of the slaves was being constantly increased. To be frequently appealed to to preach patience and quiet submission under these circumstances placed Mr. Wray in a most difficult position. He made it his business to expostulate earnestly with Mr. Vanderhaas on the treatment to which his slaves were subjected. So far as the latter gentleman was concerned, the time had come for him to render his account at a higher than an earthly tribunal. He died in October, 1812, and his death was followed by a Government investigation into the condition of the slaves at Le Resouvenir. At this inquiry Mr. Wray was compelled to give evidence, and gave it with perfect frankness, and, at the same time, with studied moderation of tone. The slaves were medically inspected. Charges of gross cruelty were abundantly substantiated. Many reforms were ordered in the management of the estate and the treatment of those employed. The effect of the inquiry was to win for Mr. Wray the heartfelt gratitude of the slave population, and in many ways to increase the difficulties of his position with the planters.

Towards the end of 1812 a new door opened unexpectedly before Mr. Wray. Near the mouth of the river Berbice there lay a number of estates belonging to the English Crown, which

had not for many years been productive enough to pay expenses. The condition of the slaves there had been lamentable, many of them having no clothing at all, and only the most miserable huts to dwell in. With the awakening of the public conscience to the condition of the slaves, the Government appointed commissioners to assume the responsibility for these estates. When we mention that Mr. Wilberforce and Mr. Stephens were among those appointed, we shall understand that the outlook was more hopeful. One of the first proofs that the deepest and truest welfare of the slaves was to be studied was afforded by an invitation to Mr. Wray to come to Berbice and start a mission. After laying the new call before the Directors, Mr. Wray travelled to Berbice, about seventy miles, to survey the land. The condition of affairs was very deplorable ; the signs of past neglect were to be seen on every hand. Still there were many earnest men who besought him to come, and the slave population seemed disposed to welcome instruction. Mr. Wray returned to Demerara with the conviction that God had opened up a new field of work, and that if the Directors consented it was his duty to go there. The Directors did consent, and amid great lamentations on the part of the Demerara converts, Mr. and Mrs. Wray took leave of Le Resouvenir, and travelled to their new station of New Amsterdam, Berbice. The little church they were leaving behind now numbered fifty-six members. Mr. Davies was progressing wonderfully in Georgetown, where not only was the chapel crowded, but a new work had been started in another district.

The change of sphere involved considerable sacrifice to Mr. and Mrs. Wray. To begin with, the buildings, even in the towns, showed painful evidence of the poverty of the colony. The house where the missionaries were first located had been a butcher's shop. We are told it was a "hot, leaky, filthy place, infested with noxious vermin, rats, scorpions, and centipedes." Yet for this precious tenement they had to pay £10 a month. Fever was naturally prevalent everywhere ; and as for the mosquitoes, poor Mr. Wray was always their victim. There were some among the planters who at once concluded that he had come to make his fortune if he could, and offered to put him in the way to do so.

As for teaching the slaves, they felt sure he would soon outgrow that nonsense. There was at this time in New Amsterdam an old Dutch clergyman, who was himself a slave-holder, and opposed to the instruction of the slaves. He appears, also, to have objected to John Wray using a bell to call the people together for worship; that being a privilege of which he had the monopoly. After the inspiration of large congregations in Demerara, the work at Berbice was often discouraging; and, to crown all, the whole system of slavery was verily a perpetual nightmare to a human-hearted Christian missionary. If a slave struck a white servant, he was liable to have his hand cut off. The whippings at the cart-tail were so terrible that all sorts of horrible diseases supervened, and the slaves became not unfrequently covered with festering sores. Leprosy was not uncommon, and infectious diseases spread with alarming rapidity. The grossest immorality prevailed; indeed, it was encouraged and practised by the whites. Some of Mr. Wray's exposures of the licentiousness prevalent in Berbice cannot be reproduced. Amid all this we must try to conceive a growing fear among the planters lest the negroes, if instructed, should not long brook the servitude they were subject to. This created a constant bitterness towards any eager and resolute missionary, whose heart was in the work of educating the slaves and giving them spiritual instruction. A new Governor appointed to Berbice, Governor Murray, sided strongly with the planters, and expressed to Wray, in no measured terms, his disapproval of teaching the slaves. Wray declined to desist unless he were forbidden, feeling sure that the commissioners would continue to sanction his work. Governor Murray did not dare to interfere further, but he soon retired from Berbice to Demerara, where his ill-advised action resulted in certain deplorable events, to which we shall come later on in the course of our story.

One difficulty of Wray's new position was that a large number of the slaves did not know English. They spoke Creole, and consequently the missionary set himself to learn Creole, and as soon as he had a good speaking knowledge of it, he began to translate a catechism and other books into the Creole language. His school grew, and the work all round was energetically pur-

WEST INDIES
JAMAICA
Kingston
HAYTI
San Domingo
PORTO RICO
Santa Cruz
CARIBBEAN SEA
Curacoa
Barbadoes
Grenada
Tobago
TRINIDAD
VENEZUELA
COLUMBIA
R. Orinoco
R. Essequibo
Ebenezer
George Town
New Amsterdam
Lonsdale
BRITISH GUIANA
R. Berbice
R. Corentine
DUTCH GUIANA
SOUTH AMERICA
75°
70°
65°
60°
55°
15°
10°
5°

sued. Very gratifying, too, was the news from Georgetown, where more than 5,000 people were now "learning or teaching the catechism." No successor had yet been found for Le Resouvenir, and Mr. Davies had to do all he could in the latter sphere as well. Mr. Wray, too, was not above travelling the seventy miles between his new station and the old one to encourage and strengthen his former flock.

The days were full of incident, and the history of the mission reveals many vicissitudes. Rumours of an insurrection among the slaves in West Berbice revived the hostility of the planters to Christian missions. There was no evidence to show that Mr. Wray's teaching had been attended by any concerned in the plot, if plot there were. But his enemies were not over-scrupulous. Domestic bereavements overtook him, two children being swept away by fever. He himself and his wife were again and again prostrated. These are some of the dark features. The bright ones were the prosperity of the work, despite all obstacles; the determination of the slaves to learn while they could, even though they were told that the colony was about to pass into the hands of the Dutch, and that all slaves who could read would be severely punished. The agents, too, sent out by the commissioners were warm friends to Mr. and Mrs. Wray and their work. Many new districts were explored, and thousands of slaves in other parts had opportunity of hearing the gospel. Neither were the Indians forgotten. Steps were taken to open up communication with them in the hope of starting definite mission-work among them in the near future. In 1817 John Smith and his wife arrived to take charge of the Le Resouvenir station. Mr. Wray was the first to welcome them. He had hardly returned to his own station when another horrible tragedy occurred in connection with slave-punishment, which stirred him so deeply that he made a second journey to England to obtain justice. A poor woman named America, soon to become a mother, was frightfully beaten. She barely recovered, and the child was dead when born. No redress could be got at Berbice. Wray had tried that method before and failed. He was not going to risk another failure. His soul was deeply stirred, and carrying the

tragic tale to England, he secured the punishment of the wrong-doer, by a fine of £25 and three months' imprisonment. The moral effect of such a result was far greater than the actual sentence. It made known that the slaves had a friend, and that he would not carelessly sit by and see them abused.

The arrival of the Rev. John Smith introduces us to a new and notable personality. Born in a little village near Kettering, he passed through an apprenticeship in London; and when his gifts and desires alike seemed to incline him to the mission field, he received a classical and theological education at Witham, Essex, and endeared himself to all by his genial and enthusiastic character, his industry, and his simplicity. The letters he wrote home to the Directors reveal, in addition, great powers of observation, and a statesmanlike grasp of facts. Few more scathing indictments of slavery have been penned than are to be found in some of those communications from Demerara, in which Smith sets down the actual conditions of life in that colony. From the Governor he received precisely the same caution that Wray had received years before: "If ever you teach a negro to read, I will banish you from the colony immediately." This was to limit the missionary's work considerably; but he frankly accepted the situation, and the welcome he received from Wray's old congregation at Le Resouvenir more than compensated him for the frowns of the authorities. The congregation had inevitably suffered from the long absence of any recognised pastor. Soon after Smith's arrival, however, a marked alteration was noticeable. The chapel was once again crowded to its utmost capacity, and the craving of the people for instruction was quite pathetic. The slaves would work with touching perseverance and eagerness, if they might get through their task in time for the prayer-meeting. One of the planters told a slave, that he found the best way to get anything done quickly was to tell the negroes that if they did it they might go to pray afterwards. "Me glad Massa know dat *pray* do all things," was the negro's comment to the missionary. Indeed, the candid judgment of the planter was usually favourable to the mission. The services were marked by great devoutness and heartiness; the negroes

came dressed in white, and prayed and sang with evident enjoyment. After some months in his new sphere, Smith was able to report that he had only heard one single complaint made by any master or manager in consequence of religion. One master said he had a slave who was too religious—"not satisfied with being religious himself, he stays up at night to preach to others." Smith asked him whether he had any other fault to find with him, and the master answered emphatically "No," and declared he would not sell him for £470. The missionary very fairly concluded that religion had not spoiled this negro.

In 1819 the number of Church members stood at 107, an auxiliary Missionary Society was started, the chapel was repaired and altered, and the people raised no less than £230. The question may naturally be asked how a slave-population had any money to contribute. The answer is that most of the slaves were allowed a bit of ground or garden, which they could cultivate in their spare hours, if they were not worn out by a heavy day's work. From the produce of these little allotments, this handsome sum of money was largely derived; and Mr. Smith reports that most of the people were in favour of sending the whole amount to the Missionary Society, saying they had a chapel of some sort, while many people had no chapel at all! In 1820, two influential planters wrote a letter, expressing great satisfaction with the improvement of the negroes on the Le Resouvenir estate, "cordially recommending" the planters in the neighbourhood of Clonbrook to welcome a missionary into that district.

In 1822 Mr. Smith wrote home to England his powerful and exhaustive description of the Demerara slavery system. The main points in that splendid letter were as follows: In the colony there are about 400 slaves to five whites able to bear arms. The slaves live in huts, that only deserve the name of kennels, and are turned out at six in the morning by the drivers cracking their whips as they might at a number of horses or cattle. Work goes on till six in the evening, and often half through the night as well. The Sunday rest is not properly observed, as they are then employed in other ways. The slaves work in gangs under a black "driver." Punishment consists in a man or

woman being stretched out on the ground,—hands and feet tied to stakes,—and then beaten with the whip, sometimes to the extent of a hundred lashes. If the work is not finished, the slave who is behindhand is put into the stocks, in prison, and kept there all night. Cases are frequent in which slaves have been kept many days, and even weeks, in the stocks after cruel beatings, that the marks on their backs might not be seen. The only furniture allowed the slave is one iron pot for the family, and a blanket for each individual. Children from twelve years old upwards must work just the same as grown men and women. The slaves have no time to clean their huts, and they keep their fowls in them, so that the state of filth is inconceivable. Their food consists of vegetables and salt fish. Their moral life is naturally very low and degraded; but even here, Mr. Smith asserts, they compare favourably with the whites, whose licentiousness and profanity are abominable. No wonder he should conclude his letter with the words: "To nurture this system of slavery is a foul blot on the British character, which every lover of his country should dedicate his whole life to efface." The time was soon to come when the writer of these words would be required to dedicate his own life to this cause.

Nothing could very well exceed the hopefulness of Mr. Smith's report to the Directors in February, 1823. The average congregation numbered 800 people. The Church membership had grown to 203. The most deep rooted of the evil practices prevalent among the negroes were yielding to the influence of the gospel. Such results, amid conditions so terribly oppressive, were little short of miraculous. One manager resorted to the plan of putting all his negroes in the stocks on Sundays, and keeping them there all day to prevent their attending Christian worship. Sometimes the refusal of negroes to work on Sundays resulted in their suffering very severe punishments, which were heroically endured. The owner of one boy, on hearing him say "God knows," turned upon him with "Oh, you know God, do you?" and then actually made him eat the soap with which he was washing, while he gave another boy a horse-spur and instructed him to drive it into the naked flesh of the unfortunate victim. And this was the

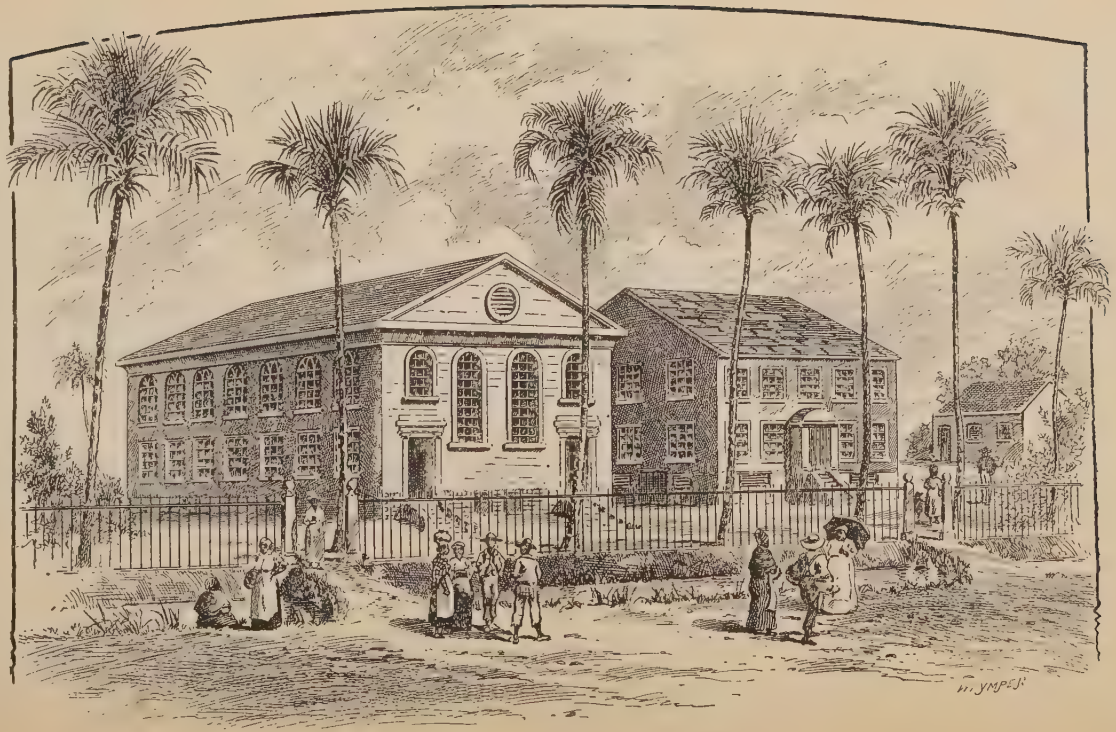
sort of man deemed competent to exercise authority and maintain law and order in Demerara !

It happened that in this year, 1823, the friends of the slave in England won an important victory. A law was enacted that slaves should not be worked more than nine hours a day, and that women should not be flogged. This decree reached Governor Murray, of Demerara, on the 7th of July, and was received with great indignation by the planters. It was the bounden duty of the Governor at once to publish this authoritative order ; but he deliberately withheld it. The consequences of his action were more terrible than he at all anticipated. Rumour spread among the slaves, greatly exaggerating what had been done for them. Their freedom had "come out from England !" the planters were keeping it back ! The wildest excitement began to spread on the plantations. To add to the irritation, the Governor had actually issued an order, two months before, that no slave should be permitted to attend Christian worship without a pass from his or her master. The planters eagerly embraced the opportunity to show their aversion to Christian missions. Under such circumstances it was most difficult for Mr. Smith to persuade his congregation to wait patiently, and the law would be known in time. But on one or two occasions when he heard some of them warmly discussing their wrongs, he earnestly urged them to do nothing rash or foolish, and reminded them of their reputation as Christian men.

On the evening of Monday, August 18th, Mr. Smith received intelligence which convinced him that some plot was on foot among the slaves. One of the deacons of Bethel Chapel, Quamina by name, had a son who was known as Jack Gladstone. Jack was intelligent, but somewhat dissolute, and neither a member nor a regular attendant at Bethel. He had formed a plot, in concert with a man named Paris, to seize and put in the stocks all the white people on the estates, and claim the "freedom" which it was now generally believed the king had "sent out." On Monday evening a slave named Reed sent to Mr. Smith a letter of Jack Gladstone's, in which he begged Reed to be true to his promise, and assured him that all the members of Bethel

Chapel were ready to do their part. Reed said he was in ignorance of what was meant by this letter; but Mr. Smith sent word to him at once that he was grieved to find the people meditating mischief, and besought him to do his utmost to keep the peace. Later on in the evening, while Mr. and Mrs. Smith were out on the estate, sounds of tumult and angry cries were heard near the manager's house. Inquiry showed that the slaves had risen. Armed with cutlasses, they had surrounded Mr. Hamilton, the manager, and were about to put him in the stocks. Mr. Smith succeeded in prevailing upon them not to injure the manager, who thanked him warmly for his interposition. On the other estates similar scenes were being enacted. The military at Georgetown were despatched wherever the revolt raged most fiercely. On the Wednesday Mr. Smith received an evening visit from his deacon Quamina. He expressed the hope that Quamina had had nothing to do with the rising, but the man was silent. He had, however, been largely instrumental in protecting the manager of Success Plantation from hurt. Nevertheless, shortly afterwards he was compelled to fly to the bush, and was shot down as a runaway slave, and his dead body gibbeted as a rebel. On the Thursday, as Mr. Smith was writing full particulars to the L.M.S. Secretary, his house was surrounded by soldiers, and he and his wife were marched off to prison, the reason given being that when asked to take arms and defend the planters he had refused, pleading that as a Christian minister he was exempt from such service.

Leaving the two missionaries in prison, we must just note that the insurrection was put down with great violence. The main conflict with the troops was on a plantation called "Bachelor's Adventure," when 200 negroes were shot. The prisoners were executed in large numbers, or condemned to receive as many as 1,000 lashes and to be worked in chains. So frightful was the vengeance taken that the work of blood had to be stopped by orders from England. And yet it was abundantly proved that, on every plantation, the purpose of the blacks had been simply to confine the white men in the stocks until the new law was known. "We will take no life," exclaimed the negroes on one plantation,



SMITH CHURCH AND MISSION HOUSE IN GEORGETOWN.

"for our pastors have taught us not to take that which we cannot give." This had been the teaching of Smith; and yet, as an English clergyman boldly said, "he shuddered to think that they were now seeking the life of the man whose teaching had saved theirs."

We have no space to record all the details of the trial of Mr. Smith. Fortunately there is no need. He has been amply vindicated by public opinion and the testimony of all who knew him best. Many of the very slaves who were sworn as witnesses against him confessed subsequently that they had lied, in the hope of saving themselves; and Paris, one of the authors of the plot, declared that one of the prosecutors had prevailed upon him to swear to certain false accusations against the missionary. The evidence was abundant that Mr. Smith had earnestly and systematically discouraged all violence, and had counselled patient obedience to their masters. He had even offended many of the more ardent slaves, and had run the risk of being counted an enemy of their freedom. But it was all of no avail. Those who tried him were not over-troubled by scrupulosity. They accused him of wilfully and deliberately instigating insurrection. There was no particle of proof that he had done so. There was an enormous mass of evidence that he had done directly the reverse of this. Yet the court martial found him guilty, and on November 24th he was publicly sentenced to be hanged by the neck until he was dead; this infamous sentence being followed by a recommendation to mercy. Well might Mr. Brougham say, in his noble and impassioned speech on the question in the House of Commons, "If they had perpetrated this last act—if they had dared to take this innocent man's life, one hair of whose head they durst not touch—they must themselves have died the death of murderers." Mr. Smith was now removed to one of the felons' cells in the common jail. The air of the miserable room where he lay was vitiated by the odour of stagnant, putrid water under the boards of the floor. Here he was confined for seven weeks. He had been ill before the trial, and now close and solitary imprisonment in this malarious room, as well as the indescribable mental suffering arising from his recent terrible experience, so aggravated the illness

that it became clear that he was not likely to recover. So strong was feeling becoming in England that the Colonial Secretary directed that Smith should immediately be sent to that country; security being given for his submission to any measures which the Government might feel it necessary to adopt. The well-intentioned interference came too late. On the morning of February 6th, 1824, John Smith breathed his last, in quiet and happy confidence in God.

"It is expedient that one man should die for the people," said Caiaphas. The cause of the slaves of Demerara was, perhaps, better served by the death of this true friend of theirs, than it could have been even by a long life. To the success of the movement for the abolition of slavery, few single events contributed more than the suffering and death of the missionary Smith.

The death of Smith was followed by a most determined effort to rid the colony of missionaries. This, and no less than this, was demanded by a great meeting in Georgetown, over which Governor Murray presided. The London Missionary Society's agents were specially "marked men." The policy to be pursued to this end was an exceedingly clever one. The colony was to pay and appoint certain State clergymen; *safe* men who could be trusted to heartily espouse the cause of their patrons. By way of a start, the Government appropriated Bethel Chapel itself, and installed a clergyman there. Thus, not content with causing the death of an innocent man, they proceeded to possess themselves of property that was not theirs. Mr. Austin, too, the noble English clergyman who had so warmly and honourably defended Mr. Smith, was ejected from his position, and his place supplied by a more obsequious individual. The colony was now mapped out into ecclesiastical districts, and public grants made to the established Churches there. The whole system thus introduced was costing the colony, in twenty years' time, £25,000 a year. The blow to our missions was cruel, and for a time as successful as cruel. Le Resouvenir was lost to us. Mr. Davies in Georgetown, utterly discouraged and broken in hope and spirit, died in 1826. Mr. Elliott had been forced to leave his work. Mr. Wray was away in Berbice. No agent of the L.M.S. was to

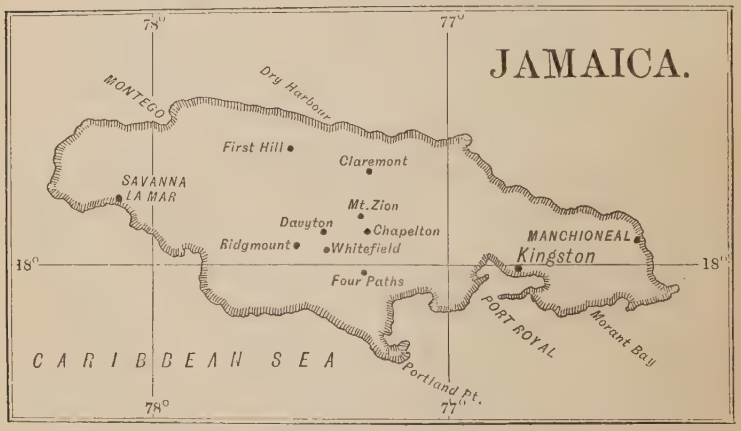
be found in Demerara or Essequibo till 1829. Then the Rev. J. Ketley was sent out, and there was a most happy revival of the work. Observing that openings were to be found on every side, he reported to the Directors, and was soon joined by two or three helpers. At the end of ten years from the attempted annihilation of the mission in 1823, we had five flourishing principal stations, rapidly growing in power and influence. In 1834 Mr. Watt was offered a piece of land for a chapel on the plantation next to Le Resouvenir. At the same time one of the gentlemen, now connected with the latter plantation, offered Mr. Watt the old Bethel Chapel, which after some years' use as a parish church had fallen into decay. Our old friend was consequently removed to the new site, repaired, and soon enlarged; becoming once again, after its many and sad vicissitudes, a centre of Christian influence and teaching under the L.M.S.

Away in Berbice, John Wray had manfully held his ground, amid trials that would have daunted a weaker man. His chapel was burnt down, and there was the strongest suspicion of incendiarism, to say the least. But he turned quietly and resolutely to the task of rebuilding; and when it was seen that he was not to be deterred, opposition became less virulent and aggressive. By patience and fortitude the tide was turned in Berbice also; and when the work of extension became possible, it was energetically undertaken. Chapel followed chapel; and helpers were sent out to co-operate with Mr. Wray; one of whom, Mr. Howe, became Mr. Wray's son-in-law.

The 1st of August, 1834, was the memorable day when the Emancipation Act took effect. All children under six years of age became at once free. For the rest, there were to be six years of so-called apprenticeship. The slaves were bound to work for their masters during certain hours of the day, and in return the masters were bound to provide them with food and clothing. The system worked badly, and the period of time was eventually shortened. But those who witnessed the sights of the 1st of August declared that they could never forget them. It was a day of thanksgiving. In Berbice the chapels were thronged with dense crowds of negroes, whose hearts were almost too full to permit

them to speak what they felt. Women held up their little ones, crying rapturously, "Free! Free!" The masters had in some parts anticipated that the negroes, feeling their new power, would indulge in measures of retaliation against them. Disturbances were feared. The panic was perfectly groundless. Tens of thousands of happy men and women, leading their little children by the hands, and exulting in the strange new sense of liberty—this was the spectacle which British Guiana presented; and no slave-bonds or slave-whips had ever created such a large measure of content and peace as the Act of Emancipation.

The history that remains of our Guiana mission is a history of



hard work, for the most part of a routine character—teaching, preaching, catechising, visiting. One of the most interesting features was the growth of a native ministry. For this John Wray had long laboured and prayed, and before he died he was permitted to see the first-fruits of his desire. Before 1834 closed, two native teachers and catechists were solemnly set apart for their sacred work, and proved exceedingly useful helpers. In 1835 there were six principal stations, and from these mission stations were being steadily founded. The communicants numbered over six hundred, and six thousand people were under regular instruction.

The achievement of freedom directed the eyes of the L.M.S. Directors to the neighbouring field of Jamaica, and here, as elsewhere, the emancipated negroes were urgently and pathetically crying for teachers. In 1835, accordingly, four missionaries were

REV. JAMES HOWE.

sent out to the southern part of the island, and two to the northern. They were immediately able to report a warm welcome, an open door, and a most promising, if exacting, field of labour.

Away in Essequibo the picturesque Indian tribes had not been forgotten. At the obscure station of Caria Caria, among the Indian logies, or log-huts, a work of great interest and prosperity had begun. In 1835 there were about fifty native Indian communicants. Our missionary made frequent journeys among the scattered tribes, and invariably was generously and hospitably received, while his message was listened to with respect, and sometimes with eagerness.

The best proof of the real sterling character of the work in British Guiana and Jamaica was that in 1867 it had become practically self-sustaining, and, in consequence of rearrangement in our whole missionary system, the Churches there were encouraged to prepare for that independent life which they have now pursued for many years. It was greatly to the credit of these native Churches that, weak in funds as they necessarily were, they steadfastly declined to receive the State-grants that were accepted by other denominations. In connection with the Congregational Union of British Guiana there are forty-two chapels and fifteen ordained ministers. The churches in Jamaica stand on a similar footing. Thirty years before this time, however, John Wray, and his son-in-law, Howe, died within a few days of one another. He who had led the people so faithfully, in days of slavery and freedom alike, was buried, with unique demonstrations of grief, in the colony to which he had given his life. The inscription on his tomb happily commemorates his patient and steadfast labours for the native population. But, as one reads it, one cannot help thinking, with even deeper reverence and tenderness, of another and a nameless grave in Demerara, the precise situation of which no man knows, where he sleeps who, for his consistent and chivalrous devotion to "the poor and him that hath no helper," was sentenced to a felon's death, and died in a felon's cell. Doubtless he has his reward, not only in that rest which remaineth for the people of God, but in that day of liberty which he saw not, but which he greeted afar, and in the honour and reverence which all true children of freedom will ever feel for John Smith of Demerara.

CHAPTER VII

MADAGASCAR

Madagascar and its Early History—Morality, Punishments, etc.—Character of Radama—Our Mission begins—A Disastrous Start—Progress of the Mission—The Printing Press—Death of Radama—Struggle for the Throne—The Government forbid Teaching—Work of Translation—Decree against the Church—A Strange Sect and its Fate—Accusations against the Christians—The Great Kabary—The Royal Message—A Testing Time—The Punishments—Departure of Missionaries—Story of Rafaravavy—Her Repeated Perils and Deliverances—A Terrible Sentence—The First Martyr—Death of Rafaralahy—Escape and Wanderings of Fugitive Christians—Persecution of others—Terrible Scenes—Death of Mr. Johns—A Lull in the Storm—The Prince Royal.

SOME of our mission fields have been consecrated by the blood of our English missionaries, who have suffered death by violence while endeavouring to publish the good tidings of Jesus Christ. Not so Madagascar. Few lands have a richer record of Christian heroism and sacrifice. But it is pre-eminently the land whose martyrs have been found in the ranks of its own people. Not one European suffered a violent death for the sake of the faith. The storm broke over the native Church; and perhaps no page of Church history is more inspiring and sublime than that which contains the story of the heroism and fidelity of the Malagasy Christians through the cruel days of their persecution. Not for many years had they enjoyed the light of the Gospel, when they were called upon to abandon and disown it. They were but recent converts, and could hardly have been expected to prove as deeply attached to the new teaching as those are who have long experienced its value, and inherited Christian traditions through many generations. Yet there were found among them those who held the faith with a tenacity and

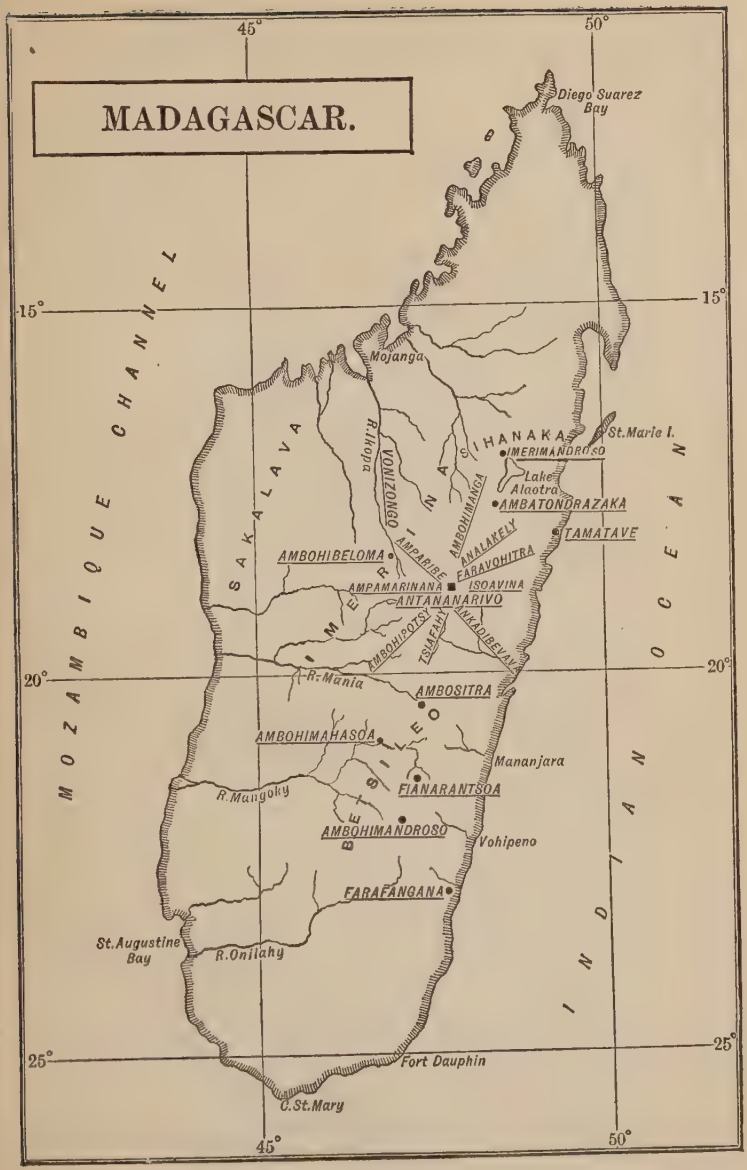
enthusiasm which were the best of all evidences that they had in reality made it their own. If the Churches of England first taught the Malagasy the privileges of Christian discipleship, they were soon to be taught in their turn lessons of faith and courage, patience and fortitude. One of the old hymns used to speak of those who

> "Grow wiser than their teachers are,
> And better know the Lord."

And many who bare the Cross in Madagascar had a deeper entrance into the Love of God, and the Peace of Christ, than the easy-going Christians at home, who contributed money to send out missionaries to teach the Gospel to the Malagasy.

When Dr. Vanderkemp was alive, he more than once thought of crossing from the Cape to Madagascar, with the object of beginning evangelistic work there. But the claims of his own Hottentot mission would not be denied, and he gave up the project. Little was at this time known of Madagascar. It was certainly known to be one of the largest islands in the world, being nearly four times as large as England and Wales. It is 900 miles long, and, in parts, 300 miles broad. The population is to-day estimated at from four to five millions. At the beginning of our century Madagascar had an unenviable notoriety as a great source of supply for the slave-trade. From three to four thousand Malagasy were, it is supposed, seized every year in the interior of the island, their wrists handcuffed, gangs of them roped together, and, in this way, were driven across their native soil to the sea, and shipped to America, or the West Indies, or other slave markets. There is a spot still kept in remembrance where these miserable victims caught a first sight of the sea they were to cross, and took a last view of the mountains where their home had been, and which they were never to see again. The spot is pathetically called "the weeping-place of the Hovas." In the year 1817 the slave-trade was abolished by a formal treaty between England and Madagascar.

It appears that the Malagasy of this period were by no means as low down in the scale of civilization, as the native races


MADAGASCAR.
45°
50°
15°
25°
Diego Suarez Bay
Mojanga
R. Betsiboka
VONIZONGO
SIHANAKA
St. Marie I.
IMERIMANDROSO
Lake Alaotra
AMBATONDRAZAKA
AMBOHIMANGA
ANALAKELY
TAMATAVE
FARAVOHITRA
AMPARIBE
AMBOHIBELOMA
ISOAVINA
AMPAMARINANA
ANTANANARIVO
IMERINA
SAKALAVA
AMBOHIPOTSY
TSIAFAHY
ANKADIBEVAVY
R. Mania
AMBOSITRA
BETSILEO
AMBOHIMAHASOA
Mananjara
FIANARANTSOA
R. Mangoky
AMBOHIMANDROSO
Vohipeno
FARAFANGANA
St. Augustine Bay
R. Onilahy
Fort Dauphin
C. St. Mary
MOZAMBIQUE CHANNEL
INDIAN OCEAN

of South Africa. Among the Hovas, in the central district, many were decently clad, while occasionally the costume was even gorgeous. The art of spinning silk was known to them, and as the silk-worm had its home among them, silk robes "woven not unfrequently with beautiful and curious patterns" were often worn by the richer classes. Cotton was also grown and used for the clothing of the poorer people; also a species of hemp ingeniously spun out of the fibres of the hemp plant. Again, the Malagasy knew how to smelt iron in a rough and simple way. Their weapons were accordingly made of native iron, and they used spades to till the ground with. Besides these arts, the inhabitants lived in better dwellings than the mud huts of the Africans. Wood and stone were commonly used, and their towns and villages were fortified by means of moats and walls, while the entrance to them was frequently a stone-built gateway. The people had thus considerable pretensions to be considered outwardly civilized.

There is good reason to believe that, notwithstanding the advance in outward civilization, the morality of the people had been for many years declining. The manufacture of deadly weapons was rather an encouragement to cruel practices. The slave-trade was prosecuted more relentlessly and savagely. Vanity and avarice had been stimulated, and no motives of personal or national piety had been revealed. The government of the people was a pure despotism. The will of the king was the only law recognised. All those who had learnt skill in arts of any kind were compelled to give their services unrequited to the government. The whole people were thus in a servitude of an abject kind. As soon as our first missionaries, by teaching men and women, made them useful, and of value to the government, they were promptly seized by those in authority, and compelled to work with no prospect of reward. Not unnaturally, the bulk of the inhabitants were unwilling to learn to be useful workmen so long as this fate was in store for them. The punishments in vogue were singularly bloody and arbitrary. We read of a servant of the king breaking a dish by accident. An attendant was significantly ordered to see that he did not do it again. In a few minutes he was dead! A woman spilled a little water on the queen's dress. She looked up and

read her doom in the queen's eyes. She was taken out to die! Starving to death, flogging to death, burning by a slow fire, crucifixion—these are but a few of the horrible methods by which often venial offences were punished. Executions were spectacles to see which adults and children repaired in great numbers. If innocent people were not butchered to make a holiday, the populace certainly took holiday to see their fellow-creatures butchered.

One more Malagasy custom must be mentioned, because it plays a prominent part in our mission history. This is the ordeal by poison. The use of the *tangéna*, as it was called, was so shamefully frequent that it has been computed that one in every ten of the population drank it in the course of their lives, and that one-half of those who drank it died. Thus, Mr. Ellis says, three thousand people perished every year, a sacrifice to this superstition; for the belief, of course, was that while innocent people survived the ordeal, it invariably proved fatal to the guilty.

At the time when the L.M.S. sent its first missionaries to Madagascar, that is to say, in 1818, the country was being ruled by Radama, who is generally conceded to have been one of the most enlightened, and, on the whole, one of the most humane rulers that that land has known. He was a young prince of marked intelligence, with the genius for government. Probably for the first time in the history of the country, he had brought Imerina and other tribes and clans of the Malagasy into nominal subjection to the one central rule. His army was fairly well disciplined and organized; but apart altogether from the authority of arms, Radama's personal character gave him a singular ascendency over the people. His qualities of mind are clearly to be seen in the sagacity with which he realized the importance of friendly relations with England, and the introduction of European knowledge and arts into Madagascar. Unlike many African chieftains, he did not conceive that he had nothing to learn; but was profoundly impressed with the advantages of the civilization of the whites. It is deeply to be deplored that Great Britain in the treaty with Madagascar, by which the latter undertook to give up the profits of the slave-trade, pledged herself to supply the Malagasy with arms

and ammunition. The encouragement of a wild, passionate and half-civilized people in the use of deadly weapons of destruction was truly a strange method of securing the noble end of the extinction of slavery! There are prices we ought never to pay even for so truly Christian a result as this.

Our mission to Madagascar started most disastfously. In the autumn of 1818 a prospective journey had been made; and, in October, 1818, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Bevan, and two children landed at the port of Tamatave, and began residence among the people. The selection of this low situation on the coast was calamitous. In a few weeks the ravages of fever had swept five out of the six away, and Mr. Jones, weakened and emaciated with fever, and heart-broken with sorrow, had barely escaped to Mauritius. On this island of Mauritius Mr. Le Brun, an earnest and able missionary of the L.M.S., had been labouring since 1814 with much encouragement. Mr. Jones associated himself with Mr. Le Brun, but despite all that he had suffered, his thoughts and desires still turned to Madagascar, and in the autumn of 1820 he once again embarked for that island. Arriving there, he proceeded at once to the capital in the interior, where King Radama most heartily welcomed him, and gave him many promises of countenance. In the following year he was cheered by the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths, and the mission fairly began. When two Welshmen are thus associated, there can hardly fail to be some sparks struck out of the hardest material; and it was not long before there was much to report. Two schools were speedily started and filled with pupils. Radama's anxiety for English educational advantages was shown by his sending twenty picked youths, ten to Mauritius and ten to England, that they might be duly instructed, and then return to instruct their fellow-countrymen. Among these was the unfortunate Prince Ratéfy, afterwards a victim to the bloody efforts of Radama's successor to exterminate all possible aspirants to the throne. Some among the people believed that these youths had been in reality allured into slavery, and, we are told, hid their children in rice-pits to prevent their being taken to school, and some of the children, thus hidden away, actually died of suffocation.

As in other foreign mission fields, ignorance of the native language was at first a great obstacle to the work. The Hova dialect had never existed in written form. There was no alphabet, no grammar, no vocabulary. The missionaries had first to learn to speak Malagasy, then write it down and reduce it to parts of speech, so that they could teach the pupils to read and write their own language. But the work did indeed go on. The bright young scholars were soon deputed by the king to open schools in adjacent villages; and so successful was this policy that a special training institution for native workers was founded, under the care of the missionaries. Soon it was reported that two thousand were under instruction, and growing interest was manifested in the public services, which the missionaries were now able to conduct in the native tongue.

In 1826 the printing press was set up in the capital, Antananarivo, amid great rejoicing. New helpers also came to the aid of the pioneer mission band, which had been thinned by death. Two years later at the public examination of the schools, most gratifying progress was observable. There were now thirty-two schools and four thousand scholars. The principles of Christianity were explained as opportunity arose; and the beginning of this year, 1828, was signalised by the printing of the first page of a translation of the Gospel of Luke. The prospect was exceedingly promising, but a heavy blow was in store for the mission. This was the death of Radama in July, 1828, his constitution worn out mainly by excessive indulgence in intemperance and licentiousness. Still, he had consistently appreciated the public benefits to be derived from the exertions of the missionaries, and had afforded them powerful protection and advocacy.

The story of the struggle for the throne strikingly illustrates the cruelty and callousness that characterize a heathen régime. For one or two days the fact of the death was concealed, until measures could be taken to effectually anticipate opposition by the proclamation of Rakotobe, the nephew of Radama and his appointed successor. The delay was itself fatal to its object. The news was conveyed to Ranavalona, an ambitious and unscrupulous woman, one of the twelve wives of the late king.

Radama had left no son, and she was determined to spare no measures to secure the throne for herself. Partly by bribery, and partly by intimidation, she attached to her cause many of the principal soldiers and priests. Then it was announced that the idols had revealed that Ranavalona was to succeed. The royal courtyard was seized, and a muster held of the principal men in authority. On the order being given to them to acknowledge the

RADAMA I., KING OF MADAGASCAR.

queen, four of them were brave enough to insist that Radama himself had nominated his nephew, Rakotobe, as his successor. It was enough. They were instantly speared to death ; and all opposition was seen to be useless. With a savagery that could hardly be surpassed, Ranavalona now determined on the extermination of all possible rivals. Young Rakotobe was the first to perish. He is

believed to have died professing the Christian faith. His father was Prince Ratéfy, whom we remember as having visited England. At this time Prince Ratéfy was away at the coast. But he had scarcely heard of his son's murder, when he himself was arrested, and, after a trial which was no more than a formality, speared to death. Radama's eldest sister and her mother were cruelly destroyed by starvation. The brother and son of the latter met the same horrible fate. The most obvious of Ranavalona's rivals had now been despatched: but still she was not sure of her position. There remained two cousins of Radama's, governors at distant towns. The first one, Ramananolona, was the victim of a very deep-laid scheme. A friend was sought out, and seduced into treachery by ample bribes. He stabbed Ramananolona to death when pretending to hold a private conversation. The other cousin being warned in time, succeeded in effecting his escape.

These fiendish crimes were followed by yet another, in which one of the principal instruments in securing the queen's accession fell a victim to the jealousy of some of his fellow-conspirators. This man was well known as a defender of the missionaries, and seemed to have considerable leanings to the Christian doctrine. Personally, he was a special favourite with the queen, who was only induced to consent to his execution by the falsest representations, and, it is said, was persuaded to sign the order when she was in a state of intoxication. It will easily be seen that the prospects of the missionaries were anything but bright, such shameful deeds having been wrought to seat the new monarch on the throne.

One of the first acts of the new Government was to forbid teaching and learning. This had a twofold effect. It inflicted immediately a most serious injury on the educational work which had hitherto been so successful. But it had another effect, which its authors by no means intended or foresaw. It set the missionaries free for the work of translation. The printing press had already been set up. Nothing was needed more than a period of quiet leisure, which could be devoted to preparing and correcting a translation of the Scriptures. The opposition of the Government to the missionary schools could not have been timed better

to afford the best sort of help to the Christian movement in Madagascar. The work of translation went on favourably ; then, in consequence of a French attack in 1829, fearing to further irritate the Europeans, the order against teaching was withdrawn.

RAFARALAHY, A PROVINCIAL GOVERNOR.

The missionaries had now perfected their machinery. In 1830, 5,000 copies of the complete New Testament were printed, besides a great many other books. With the re-opening of the schools and resumption of the preaching services came speedy evidences

of success. In May, 1831, twenty-eight of the first Malagasy converts were publicly baptized, and the native Church of Madagascar began to be. One of the first communicants was a hero of the subsequent persecution. At his baptism he took the name of Paul, and having practised in his heathen days the arts of divination, he was commonly known as Paul the Diviner. If the Gospel had done nothing more in Madagascar than produce Paul the Diviner, it could not be said to have failed.

The Church grew : and the character of its members was such that it became a missionary Church. It was impossible to enjoy the benefits of Christianity and not desire that others should do the same. This aggressive spirit, however, was highly distasteful to the Government ; and now that the impression of European power, produced by the French hostilities, had passed away, repressive measures were re-commenced against the native Church. Orders were issued that no soldier, and no pupil in the schools, should be baptized or take the Communion. This was the first sign of the coming storm—the cloud no bigger than a man's hand. Soon a second edict followed, to the effect that no native should in future be baptized or receive the Sacrament. A third blow aimed at the spread of Christianity was a proclamation by the masters prohibiting their slaves from learning to read. At the same time, it was easy to trace the bitter feeling of the authorities against the Christian converts in the trifles that were made the ground of serious accusations against them. Christianity, too, was blamed for every misfortune, and the people's minds poisoned by the suggestion that, but for the missionaries and their teaching, most of their troubles would disappear.

Yet the school-teaching, at least, went on vigorously, and side by side with it the distribution of Christian literature. It was computed, about the year 1833, that probably 30,000 Malagasy could read. Large portions of the Bible had been translated, and printed in the native tongue. Tracts, too, of various kinds, were being extensively circulated. The readers in this land, it should be remembered, had no other literature than that supplied by the missionaries : thus the discussion of Christian truths was general ; and wherever one man could gather a few together and

read to them, it was sure to be a passage from the Scriptures that he read, and that the company talked over subsequently. In the year 1834, a somewhat portentous event occurred, which was used against the Christians by the queen and her Government. A Malagasy, of very considerable talents and strong character, after a conversation with Paul the Diviner, was greatly drawn to several prominent Christian doctrines. Possibly with a view of ingratiating himself at Court, and possibly owing to the incompleteness of his Christian knowledge, he united with the new doctrines the worship of one of the national idols of Madagascar. In this way he became the founder of a strange sect. By personal influence he gathered round him some two hundred adherents, and then proceeded to introduce himself to the notice of the queen. He declared that she was destined to become the sovereign of all the world, that the dead would rise, and the living never die; and that universal peace and goodness were at hand. He and his followers staked their lives on the truth of these beliefs. However flattered the queen may have felt by the prophecy of her own greatness, she and the Government were equally mortified, and irritated, by another of the doctrines of the sect, which was that all men were descended from a common stock. The Malagasy entertained supreme contempt for their neighbours of Mozambique, and the doctrine that both races had a common parentage enraged the authorities. Rainitsiandavaka —to give him the benefit of his proper name—and his followers paid the penalty of their temerity, and a terrible penalty it was. He himself, and three of his principal supporters, were placed head downwards in a rice-pit, and then boiling water was poured upon them, and earth thrown in until the pit was filled. Eight others died under the *tangéna*, and the rest were sold into slavery. Thus the sect was extirpated. It was easy to throw the blame for this outbreak of fanaticism, as the Government viewed it, on to the shoulders of the Christians. Moreover, the ease with which the movement had been stamped out encouraged the queen to expect that Christianity itself might be disposed of by similar energetic measures. It must be frankly admitted that many of the new converts had a "zeal not according to know-

ledge." It was not a difficult thing for a suspicious Government to acquaint itself with many crude statements of earnest but immature disciples, which could easily be construed into expressions of disloyalty and revolution. In nearly all lands where despotism prevails, the teaching that there is but one Judge and one King has aroused the fears and the animosities of the earthly monarch, who fancies his or her prerogatives assailed. It was so now. Evidence was secretly accumulated which went to show that the missionaries were disseminators of revolutionary opinions. Proofs were not lacking that the Christians were disobedient to some of the settled customs and laws of the land relating to idolatry. One young man was arrested for not observing an idol festival. Ordered to drink the *tangéna*, he survived, and was proclaimed innocent. Such was the joy in the capital at his deliverance, that large numbers of his fellow-Christians, in white *lambas*, went out to meet him, singing as they went. The queen saw the procession, and demanded the cause of it. She was told: and her informant added, "You would be surprised at the love of those people for one another; when any one of them happens to be in distress, they all feel distress, and when any one is happy, they are all happy; when any are poor and destitute, they form a society to assist them." The queen was indignant. "I am surprised," she said, "to see such things in my country. Was it not I that ordered him to take the ordeal? and why do they now make such an exhibition, as if they had overcome an enemy? All this is intended for *me*, I suppose!" In this way, and other ways, her mind was being prepared for the resolution, which many of her advisers were only too ready to suggest, that by one dread blow Christianity should be rooted out of the land.

The doctrines with which the Christians were credited, in the accusations made to the queen, would be ludicrous, if they were not so calculated to lead to disaster for the men accused of holding them. For instance, one wise counsellor, who had attended a Christian service in the capacity of spy, returned to the queen, and solemnly told her that Jehovah had been the first king of the English, and Jesus Christ, the second; and that the missionaries taught the people to fear Jehovah and obey Christ;

which meant that the English intended to divert the loyalty of the Malagasy from their rightful sovereign to the kings of England! Grotesque as this was, it produced its effect on Ranavalona, and she swore an oath, in the name of her ancestor Andrianimpoina, that she would stop these things by the shedding of blood. The first measure was ominous of what was to follow. The judges were instructed to summon a *kabary*, or great assembly, of all the people, even to a child of a cubit high, at the capital on Sunday, March 1st, 1835.

It may be imagined that such a public order alarmed the Christian population in no slight degree. What the *kabary* might bring forth it was impossible to say, but rumour was strong that violent measures would be announced against the Christians. At the week-night service which preceded the convention there was a crowded congregation of deeply-moved worshippers. It was the last service held in the chapel at Ambatonakanga. Many were present there who, before long, would seal the covenant with their blood. A native Christian preached the sermon. The pathetic text that he had chosen was, "Save, Lord, we perish!" In such spirit of dependence on Divine aid the little Church awaited the future. The Sunday came, the first of March; and soon the multitudes, who had been summoned to the assembly, were to be seen streaming along the roads to the great plain of Imahamasina, where the sovereign's mandate was to be declared. On the plain fifteen thousand troops were drawn up, and artillery boomed at intervals to overawe the imagination of the people. As the time went on, the excitement increased; and it was intensified when the chief judge was seen to be approaching, attended by his fellow judges, and bearing the message of the queen. The public proceedings began with the delivery of a report by some officers, who had been charged to make an expedition into the west of the country to announce the queen's resolve. Then those from other districts who were present were required to declare their loyalty and give tokens of submission. When these formalities were concluded, a rude, semi-barbarous dance was performed by some of the troops, and then came the more important events of the day. In order to impress the populace with the power now

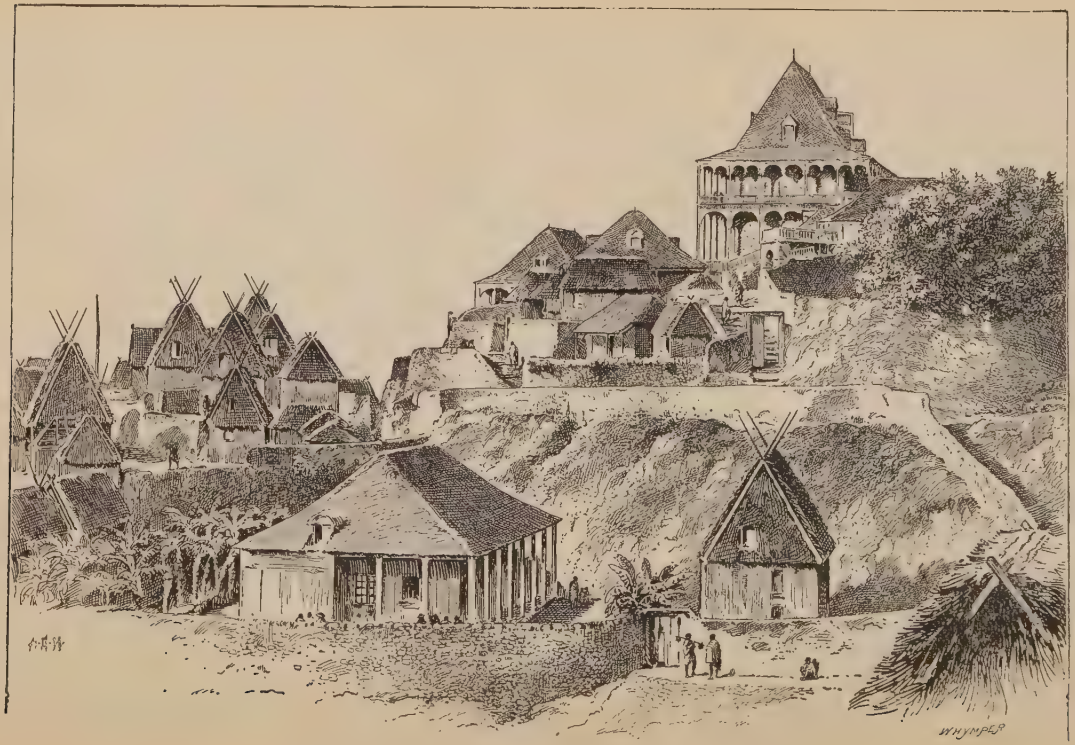
possessed by the Government, the principal judge had prepared a speech to set forth the virtues of gunpowder and musketry. At its conclusion several muskets were fired off, and as they made a prodigious noise and did not burst, there was much gratification. Then followed the royal message. The substance of the message was a fierce protest against changing the ancestral customs and idolatries of the Malagasy people. These were sacred usages, and were by no means to be altered. The sovereign obeyed them, and surely what was good enough for the queen was good enough for her people. Then came the special decree directed against the Christians. All who had received baptism, entered into society, and formed separate houses for prayer or worship, were required to confess it to the public officers in the course of one month ; and if they did not come and confess within that period, but waited to be found out and accused by others, they should surely die. This was the burden of the message. Speeches eulogising it followed, and the principal officer of the army declared, on behalf of the troops, their willingness to execute vengeance on all who should not comply. The vast assembly then dispersed.

The following day the Government took an even more peremptory tone. One week, and not one month, was now to be the period of time allowed for self-accusation. Unless confession were made before the following Sunday, any convicted of having engaged in Christian worship or ordinances would be put to death. The authorities were anxious to strike at once, and even the delay of a month had become intolerable.

Now was the testing-time of faith. The large preponderance of those who had appeared, in time of peace and tranquillity, favourably disposed to Christianity, were willing, nay eager, to disown any strong attachment. In some cases, those of whom the missionaries had cherished high hopes proved no more than broken reeds. Some went, by violent reaction, from the practice of Christian morality to a life of utter licentiousness, as if to demonstrate effectually to the Government that they had neither part nor lot in Christianity. But, on the other hand, the genuine metal began to show itself pure and bright. Every night of this

momentous week, a few brave converts had gathered for prayer in the vestry of the chapel at Ambatonakanga, and experienced that light and peace which those who calmly and frankly assume their cross have ever found. These, with others, accused themselves fearlessly, and with pride rather than shame, of having, for a long time, rejoiced in the blessings of Christianity. One of them, asked how often he had prayed, declared it was impossible to say, because for three or four years he had made it a constant practice. He then, at the command of the judges, gave an example of his own prayers; and so beautiful and comprehensive was it that they were obliged to confess that it was very good. We read, too, of little companies of Christian women, feeling timorous, and shrinking from the prospect of persecution, being strengthened until all fear was cast out by love, through the reading of "Luther's Psalm," the forty-sixth: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."

The week ended, and the accusations had been made. It now remained to see what would be the judgment on those who had confessed. In order to prolong the suspense, the days were allowed to pass by, and still no proclamation was made. The excitement and anxiety, far from subsiding, seemed hourly to increase. After another seven days of postponement, the "day of judgment"—for such it was in the thought of the Malagasy—arrived. The royal message was again read in the hearing of assembled multitudes. The self-accused were not to be punished by death, but were, for the most part, to be humiliated and treated with ignominy. Officers were to be reduced in rank; all Christians of any standing were to be degraded, the rest fined, and for this one time forgiven. Any repetition of the offence was to be relentlessly visited with death. The message concluded by prescribing a prayer to the idols, which all the people were henceforth to use. Such was the judgment; and it was undoubtedly less severe than had been anticipated. The object was to humiliate the Christians, and cause them to be despised by their fellow-countrymen. The next order was against literature. All books, pamphlets, etc., were to be delivered up, and not a single leaf preserved. The work of compelling their surrender was



ANTANANARIVO AS IT WAS (VIEWED FROM THE SOUTH).

energetically pursued. For 300 miles round the capital, we are told, endeavours were made to trace the books, and tracts, which had been so assiduously circulated by the missionaries and native Christians. And yet, despite all these facts, the number of those who confessed themselves as Christians to the missionaries steadily increased. Only now was it seen how deep the work of the past years had gone. Copies of the Scriptures were secretly circulated still. Some walked even 100 miles to get a copy; and, in still recesses of the forest, little companies gathered to read the Word of Life together. The missionaries, too, resumed the work of translation eagerly. The Old Testament was at this time completely rendered into Malagasy, and Mr. Johns translated the *Pilgrim's Progress*. The latter was sent to England, and 1,000 copies printed by the Religious Tract Society. These copies in days to come were a perpetual joy to the Christians, who read this great book—itself a product of persecution times—with infinite satisfaction and profit. With Bunyan they walked down the valleys of Humiliation and the Shadow of Death, and looked forward to the same serene and rapturous close of their earthly pilgrimage.

To the missionaries there seemed to be little object now in remaining in Madagascar. Their presence only made the condition of the native Christians more intolerable. If any one was seen speaking to a missionary, the fact was duly reported, and he was henceforth an object of suspicion and persecution. The Government professed to believe that the missionaries were only staying on for political purposes. They argued that now they were no longer permitted to promote Christianity, it was clear that some other design was in their minds. It was felt by the missionaries that for a short time they had better retire to Mauritius, and wait the development of events. Accordingly, in June, 1835, four out of the six missionaries in Madagascar withdrew from that island. The other two remained for thirteen months longer. It was a year of exceeding sore trial. The Government struck at them through their native servants. They had the pain of feeling that they were bringing loss and even death to those who were loyal to them. Thus, by command of

Government, all their servants were made to drink the tangéna, that it might be known whether or no they were guilty of disaffection. The murderous drug was prepared, and two of those to whom it was administered died of the effects, while others suffered cruelly. Later on, the infant child of one of the survivors was suffocated by the express orders of the queen. These things were harder for the missionaries to bear than if they themselves had been called to suffer loss. The consolation which they had at this time lay in the fidelity of the little native Church, the members of which, though scattered and suspected, found the Gospel doubly and trebly precious in these darkening days. At night, on many a lonely hill, and in many a distant valley, groups of Christians might have been found, who sang and prayed together, sometimes from dusk till dawn. Secret watchwords, too, went from mouth to mouth, that they might not betray themselves unwittingly to their enemies. Jeremiah xxxviii. 15 would be quoted, "If I declare it unto thee, wilt thou not surely put me to death?" to which answer would be made, "So Zedekiah sware secretly unto Jeremiah saying, As the Lord liveth, that made us this soul, I will not put thee to death, neither will I give thee into the hand of these men that seek thy life." In July, 1836, finding that all effort to influence the authorities in their favour was vain, and anxious no longer to be the cause of pain and suffering to others, Messrs. Johns and Baker left the capital for the coast. Before leaving, they gathered together many boxes of Bibles, Testaments, hymn-books, catechisms, tracts, and buried them in the ground; and they might have said that they did so "in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection," for Madagascar would one day be as eager to receive the Bible as now it was to destroy and dishonour it. The missionaries having now departed, the native Christians were left to stand or fall alone.

That the storm which had been hanging over the Christians was about to break was proved by the arrest of Rafaravavy, just before the missionaries took their leave of the capital. This remarkable woman, whose rank and wealth gave her no small influence, had been for a long time a convinced believer in Jesus Christ. Some years before, she had been as zealous a promoter

of idol-worship as she was now of Christianity. The change in her mind was traceable to a curious and interesting circumstance. One morning she went to a well-known idol-maker to buy an idol. He had not one made at the time, and asked her to wait till the evening, which she did. Meantime he went out into the woods, cut down a branch and brought it home, using the stem for the idol, and reserving the branches for fuel. Then at the time of the evening meal he burned the branches to boil the rice. Rafaravavy partook of the food, paid her two dollars for the idol, and went home. But it happened that, a day or two later, a young Christian was reading in her house passages of Scripture, and among others, this one out of the 44th chapter of Isaiah: "With part thereof he roasteth roast, maketh a fire, warmeth himself, and with the residue thereof he maketh a god." This singularly exact recital of what she had so recently witnessed at the house of the idol-maker astonished Rafaravavy greatly. She began to read more, became a disciple, and subsequently a most devout and consistent Christian lady. This was the person against whom an accusation was laid by three of her own slaves, who declared that, with nine companions, she was in the habit of reading the Scriptures, and praying, on the Sabbath Day. The judge, who was well-disposed towards her family, sent her father to remonstrate with her, and bring her to reason. To her father, however, she boldly and fearlessly confessed what she had done, but steadfastly refused to name one of her associates. On the matter being represented to the queen, she was so angry that, at first, she ordered her instant execution. Urgent solicitations of friends, however, availed to save her; and she was heavily fined, and warned that, if the offence were repeated, no further exception would be made. Finding that she was now closely watched on all hands, she sold her house in the capital, and purchased one in a more retired spot at the outskirts of the city, and here the "faithful few" would frequently resort for help, and strength, and comfort. Letters sent from these native Christians, at this time, to their English friends, bear the assurance that, though the missionaries had been compelled to leave them, God had never left nor forsaken them. The few books they had were peculiarly

precious. Some of them had made copies of the *Pilgrim's Progress* with their own hands.

After some months—anxious months of suspense for the missionaries waiting for tidings—the news came that persecution had broken out anew. It was now frequently said that Rafaravavy had been put to death. This, however, was not true. Rafaravavy was not to be the proto-martyr of Madagascar. The rumour of persecution was only too true. This time ten of the native Christians had been accused by a woman who had opportunities of knowing about their secret meetings. Rafaravavy was among them, and was one of the first to be arrested. Among the others was one of the three slaves who had acted so treacherously on a former occasion, but who now was earnestly confessing Christ Great efforts were made to induce the ten to give information against other comrades. When no impression was made, duplicity succeeded where threats had failed. Rasalama, having been assured that the others had agreed to mention seven companions, was induced to do the same. She mentioned among others Paul the Diviner, and another well-known Christian usually named Simeon. When Paul was arrested, he told the officers with such simplicity that he was accustomed to pray that he might be made a good man, and that the queen and the judges, and the officers, and all the people might be blessed and made wise and good, that his language created a deep impression, and the officers were heard to advise caution, lest the queen should be led to shed innocent blood. After a fortnight's delay judgment was pronounced. Rafaravavy's house and property were made a public spoil, and were soon taken away or torn to pieces by the people. She herself was bidden to follow the public executioner along the way to the place of death. At the house of an *aide de camp*, Rainiharo, she was loaded with irons, and told that she was to be executed at cock-crow next morning; and, indeed, the order had been authoritatively issued. For the second time Rafaravavy was under sentence of death.

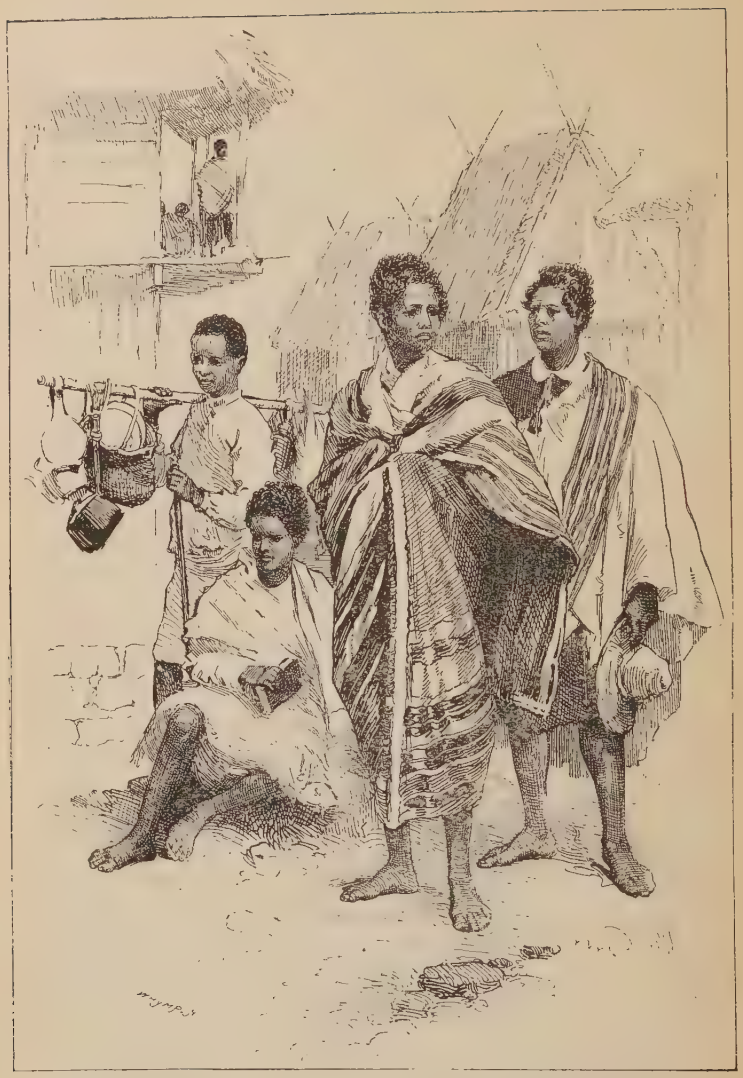
Then followed an event in which the native Christians naturally saw the outstretched hand of Providence. That night the cry of fire was heard in the capital! It was a rough night, and the

flames spread with alarming rapidity. The sparks flew, in the dark, over the courtyard itself; which narrowly escaped the conflagration. It may be that the superstitious mind of the queen was affected by this scene: at any rate, orders were issued that all government service was to be suspended. Rafaravavy, however, was kept under expectation of immediate death. The postponement of sentence created a remarkable effect on the mind of many people, for it was said that no single instance was known, besides this one, where execution had been delayed beyond the appointed time. The other accused were closely guarded, Paul being kept in irons for a whole month. Few of them entertained any expectation of being allowed to live. The final determination of the queen, however, was that they should all be sold into slavery, "and that their friends shall never be allowed to redeem them." One exception alone was made. Rasalama, since it had been discovered to her that she had been made the unwitting instrument of her friends' tribulation, had been most earnest and emphatic in her testimony, and had so repeatedly declared her willingness to die for those she had innocently betrayed, that the authorities were incensed against her. After cruel beatings, and even more cruel tortures from being bound in irons in excruciating positions, she was led out to die. Then all her inward peace and joy found expression. Singing and testifying, she passed on her way to the place of blood, and calmly kneeling, committed her soul to the care of the Eternal. She was speared to death, her body being left to be devoured by the wild dogs. One young Christian was present with her to the end. "If," said he, "I might die so tranquil and happy a death, I would not be unwilling to die for the Saviour, too." His name was Rafaralahy.

Some of those sold into slavery may well have envied the brief agony of Rasalama, except for the fact that, being yet alive, they had further opportunities of spreading the knowledge of Christ. Those who purchased them were for the most part determined to use them mercilessly. The aged Paul was made to work in irons for many weeks, and every opportunity was taken to invent charges against the others that they might be flogged and otherwise ill-treated. They seem to have borne all their afflictions

with exemplary patience and fortitude. Rafaravavy's rank did not save her from being heavily ironed, and detained in expectation of execution for many days. At last she was taken to the public market and sold as a slave, care however being taken that she should be purchased by those who would have some respect to her position. She was allowed considerable liberty, when her daily task was done, and she never faltered for a moment in her mission to promote the interests of the kingdom of heaven. Rafaralahy, the youth who had witnessed the execution of Rasalama, had been brought up amid comfortable surroundings, and was the inheritor of considerable property. He confessed afterwards that while he had some interest in religious matters before the times of the persecution, it was only after the edict for the suppression of Christianity that he really became convinced of the preciousness of the Gospel. His services to his persecuted brethren were very noble. He had divided his rice-grounds, allotting one part for the support of himself and his family, and the rest for the support of the needy. He himself subsisted on the bare necessities of life. One of the notablest things about him was his devotion to three poor outcast *lepers*, who were compelled to live in a little hut outside the capital. In spite of the horror felt by all the Malagasy for leprosy, he visited this hut, praying with the lepers and ministering to them, as St. Francis of Assisi had done before him. It was discovered, through treachery, that a few Christians were in the habit of assembling from time to time at Rafaralahy's house. He was immediately seized and put in irons, and everything was done to extort from him the names of companions. When this failed, he was taken out to die. His perfect calmness and tranquillity created a profound impression. He spoke frequently of his own joy at being about to behold the face of God He himself lay down calmly on the appointed place, and after a brief prayer announced that he was ready. The executioners did their work, and the second Malagasy martyr went home to God.

And now the storm burst. On the very day of Rafaralahy's death, a message was hurriedly delivered to Rafaravavy and two other Christian women, who were living outside the capital. The



A GROUP OF HOVAS AS THEY WERE IN THE FIFTIES.

message warned them that they were to suffer too, and that the search for them had begun. Under cover of evening these women made their way to the capital, and having to pass the place of execution, now so sacred, they prayed together and parted, two of them fleeing into the forest, while Rafaravavy went on to the city. Having secretly sought out four other Christians similarly condemned, they determined to fly together, and at the hour of midnight the five fugitives stole forth from the city, and began a journey westward. Making their way by unfrequented tracks, they arrived in the evening of the following day at Itanimanina, nearly fifty miles from the capital, where Christian friends afforded them for a time protection and hospitality. As illustrating the character of two of these fugitives who had been sold into slavery, their last act before their flight was to gather together all their master's money, and belongings, that they had charge of, and commit them to those who would safely restore everything to the proper owners. The masters were, as may be imagined, not a little surprised at such honesty in runaway slaves.

The search for them had now begun in earnest, and the queen's soldiers were out in all directions. It was clear they must frequently change the place of their concealment. Sometimes they lived in the forest or among the mountains by day, and slept in some native Christian's house at night. Simeon, a devoted Christian teacher, lay for days in a sort of rack for cooking utensils, built over the fireplace, and frequently heard references to himself and his flight, from those who would gladly have delivered him up. The house where Rafaravavy lay was once entered suddenly by a party of soldiers. She had just time to get under a bedstead and cover herself with matting. The soldiers demanded her place of concealment, but not finding her in any room or closet of the house, they finally left disappointed.

The privations and sufferings of these hunted Christians were often extreme. Food was scarce, and they were continually exposed to the storms and winds, the heat or the cold. Now they were caught in one of the bogs of the country, now in peril from the brigands, and now almost fell into the arms of the soldiers. But they were marvellously preserved. The native Christians

risked their own lives, and impoverished themselves freely to help them. Indeed, the discovery of the singular hold Christian truth had taken on the minds of the people in many parts was a sweet and glad surprise to the refugees. One of the Christians hid them in a pit, with thorn bushes strewed over the mouth. Here they remained a night and a day. A whole company of soldiers passed by them, whose conversation could be distinctly heard. Still they were undiscovered. The Government now redoubled their efforts. Hundreds of soldiers were despatched from the capital in all directions. At this time, Mr. Johns, one of the late missionaries in Madagascar, had come to Tamatave on the coast to see if he could render any service to the persecuted Christians. Intelligence of the whereabouts of the fugitives was conveyed to him, and he began to make strenuous efforts to secure their escape. At last he arranged with a ship-captain to wait near a certain spot on the coast, to which the fugitive party were to make. A message was conveyed to Rafaravavy and the rest, who were at the time actually concealed in the capital, taking leave of a few Christian friends before their final departure. This last journey to the coast was even more perilous than the preceding ones. They encouraged one another however by frequent references to the Psalms and the hardships of the early Christians and by the wonderful imagery of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. They had rivers to cross, some of which swarmed with crocodiles, others flowing through deep ravines across which a narrow plank alone stretched. But calmly and in perfect faith in God, they passed through all peril unscathed. At last, footsore and worn-out in body and mind, they reached the port, and were lodged by a local judge who was a Christian at heart. The last stage had come to their eventful pilgrimage. The port was all alive with soldiers, and strict watch was kept lest any boat should put in to shore, and bear away those for whom the Government was searching. The fugitives now cut their hair close, and were provided with sailors' clothes. One of their local friends undertook to go down to the landing place on the appointed night and engage the guard in conversation, and so divert his attention. All went well. The little boat glided noiselessly up to the shore. The company of refugees moved with all

possible stillness across the beach and entered the boat. They pushed out into the bay, and were put on board the ship, which at once stood off from Madagascar and sailed for Mauritius; while, with mingled smiles and tears, the Christians prayed together and sang a hymn of deliverance. In 1839 they were present in England, and some of them spoke at a densely-crowded meeting at Exeter Hall in that year, evoking the utmost sympathy for their persecuted brethren and themselves.

Indeed that sympathy was sorely needed. When the Government discovered that the birds were flown, its fury knew no bounds. A woman, who was wife to one of the refugees, was ordered to be flogged until she betrayed her Christian associates. The punishment was horribly severe, but she made no sign; and was beaten until she swooned through pain and loss of blood. Then she was sold into slavery, and ordered to drink the tangéna; but she escaped and fled to the forest. The queen now issued an order that the soldiers should seize every Christian they could find, and, without trial, bind them hand and foot, dig a pit on the spot, and there pour boiling water upon them and bury them. To such lengths was the ferocity of the Government prepared to go! The Christians fled into the uninhabited waste places, and numbers of them never returned. Some of the letters received from these hunted men and women are exceedingly touching. They asked for the prayers of fellow-Christians in England, and concluded with the words, "and so, farewell, till death."

In May, 1840, sixteen Christian fugitives, who had suffered much while in concealment, were endeavouring to make their way down to Tamatave in the hope of gaining ship and so escaping. Less fortunate than Rafaravavy and her friends, they were captured and marched to the capital One of them escaped on the way, but the rest were kept close prisoners, and, as they steadfastly refused to compromise others, it was clear that their lives would be forfeit. While awaiting the day of execution, a young man succeeded in loosening his bonds with his teeth, and he too escaped and lived to see the dawn of better days. In July of this year another great council was held, and the queen announced to the assembled multitudes that nine of these

prisoners were to be put to death. Among them were the aged Paul the Diviner and an equally devoted native teacher called Joshua. Some of them were too weak to walk to the place of execution, and so were tied on poles and carried on men's shoulders. But their faith was not weak. They were all observed to be engaged in prayer. Some of them seemed full of joy and peace. On the way, they exhorted the soldiers and the executioners to believe in Christ. Thus they bore witness to the end and were faithful unto death. It was noted that the place of execution was named in the Malagasy tongue, "the village of God."

In the Malagasy "book of martyrs," if it is ever compiled, a place will be found for two soldiers who about this time, hearing that some of the people in the Sakalava district to the north-west were desirous of hearing the Gospel, volunteered to go and teach them. These two men went from the district of Vonizongo. They fulfilled their mission and returned home; were reported to the authorities, captured, and sent to the capital for trial. They freely declared the object of their mission to the Sakalava people, and were in consequence sentenced to die, and sent back to their own village to be executed. In the public market-place, on Sunday, June 19th, 1842, they were put to death. "Farewell, beloved friends," they said to those around, "God will cause us this day to meet with Him in Paradise." The fashion of their death deeply affected the onlookers.

As this year, 1842, was passing away, another bloody outburst was reported from the capital. The people of the city discovered, one morning, a great poster affixed to one of the walls, announcing judgment thus—"Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, for ye shut up the Kingdom of Heaven against men, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in." The queen was furious. The author was unknown, but a certain Raharo, and others with him, were arrested. He was ordered to drink the tangéna and died, while two Christians, who tried to save him from the ordeal, were not only executed, but their bodies were cut into little pieces and burned. Such exhibitions of wrath were planned to intimidate the people. They had the contrary effect. Far and wide the Gospel spread. Away on the hills and

in the valleys the believers met. "Persecuted but not forsaken; cast down but not destroyed," was their testimony.

In the year 1843, Mr. Johns, the tried friend of the mission, died. He was at the time engaged in doing all he could for the people he so dearly loved. His translation of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, as well as many of his hymns, secured for him a very warm place in the hearts of the Malagasy Christians.

There was now a lull in the storm. Those who had been sold into slavery still toiled on in servitude; and many meetings were held in obscure and secret places. But the energy of the persecutors had relaxed. Undoubtedly one of the causes at work was that the influence of Christianity was making itself felt in high quarters. The Prince Royal, Queen Ranavalona's only son, named Rakoton-Radama (young Radama), was a very humane and generous-minded prince. He had heard much about the Christians, and was affected by their sufferings and fortitude. At this time of comparative security, one of the boldest young Christians in the capital, Ramaka by name, held some meetings in the capital, and to some of these the prince went. He was deeply interested and soon had opportunity to use his influence in alleviation of the punishment of some of the Christian prisoners. A cousin of the prince, Prince Ramonja, a man of exceedingly noble spirit, was also led to embrace Christianity, while a nephew of the Prime Minister on more than one occasion proved himself an earnest friend to the Christians. In this way God was raising up powerful helpers for His Church. Some of the converts may even have believed that the dawn of liberty and religious life was at hand. If so, they were soon to be undeceived. The storm broke out anew, and with more terrible fury than ever, in 1849. But the remainder of this story, at once so dark and so bright, we must postpone to a later chapter.

CHAPTER VIII

EXPANSION IN POLYNESIA

Priests appear at Tahiti—Complications ensue—A French Frigate—The Queen protests—Samoan Teachers at Tanna—English Missionaries driven out—Further Attempts in Tanna—A Beginning at Aneityum—A Presbyterian Mission—Massacre at Futuna—Further Martyrdoms at Erromanga—Story of the Sandwich Islands—Martyrdom in the Isle of Pines—Evangelising the Loyalty Group—Pao, the Rarotongan—Great Success—Appearance of French Priests—Mr. Macfarlane's Work—Action of the French—Story of Savage Island—The Lagoon Islands—How the *John Williams* was built—The Missionary Ships—The Malua Institution—Review of Mission Stations—Translations and Revisions.

WE left off in our narrative of the progress of Christianity among the islands of the South Seas at the fatal day, November 20th, 1839, when John Williams was murdered by the Erromanga savages. At this time Henry Nott and William Henry, two of the pioneers who had been associated with the work in Tahiti since 1797, were still alive and in active service. Two months before the death of Williams, Henry Nott had arrived back from England with a precious cargo of 3,000 Tahitian Bibles, which had been printed at the expense of the Bible Society. The long-expected volumes were bought up by the natives with characteristic eagerness. In the sharp trial to which they were about to be exposed, these books would be abundantly precious.

The history of Roman Catholic missions affords many instances of heroism and devotion that could not be surpassed. Their missionary zeal, where the object has been to destroy the vicious habits of heathenism, and win men and women to a Christian life, has presented a bright example to Protestant missionaries.

But such action as was taken by the Roman See in the case of Tahiti has deservedly exposed her principles and her policy to the condemnation of the civilized world. Seldom has the contemptible errand of proselytising been pursued by baser methods of intrigue, or involved the unfortunate victim of a perverted enthusiasm in more undeserved misery. Seldom has France lent her authority to a less defensible mission than when she forced the Romish Church on Tahiti by the menace of her ironclads. One would gladly pass over the story altogether, if only to avoid the scandal that must inevitably attach to the fair name of Christianity; but it cannot well be omitted from the chronicles of our South Sea mission work. It appears that in June, 1833, a decree, confirmed by Pope Leo XII., confided the task of reducing the isles of the Pacific to obedience to the Papal See to the Society of Picpus. Three priests of this Society, accompanied by an Irish catechist, by name Colomban Murphy, together with an apostolic prefect, were appointed for this purpose. With the exception of one priest, the missioners landed at Akena in the Gambier's Islands in August, 1834. Meanwhile the remaining priest, Stephen Rouchouse by name, had been consecrated Vicar Apostolic to Eastern Oceania, and, with six other labourers, arrived at Akena in May, 1835. A move forward was now made. Murphy was disguised as a carpenter, and sent in that character to the Sandwich Islands.

Mr. Ellis has reminded us, with admirable force and point, that at this time there were almost countless islands in these seas where the very name of Christ was unknown, and where the inhabitants were altogether debased by vice and superstition. On such fields the victories of the Cross were to be won. The true missionary's work lay there. But to none of these islands did the new-comers direct their course. On the contrary, they devoted their energies to destroying the confidence which the natives, who were just emerging out of barbarism into civilization, felt for those devoted men who had endured for their sakes indescribable suffering and peril for more than a score of years. And such was the cruel urgency with which the Roman Catholic missionaries pursued their purpose, that, not content with spiritual

weapons, they succeeded in overwhelming an innocent but patriotic people by means of the instruments of war.

Nothing but disaster could well be predicted for a mission that began in deliberate violation of the native law. This law was that no foreigner might settle in Tahiti without the sanction of the Queen and chiefs. When Murphy had made his way, *viâ* Tahiti, to the Sandwich Islands, he wrote details of this law to the priests at Gambier's Islands. Yet, despite the warning, two of the priests landed surreptitiously at Taiarabu, on November 20th, 1836, and subsequently overcame the scruples of the local chiefs by representing that they had come on a visit to the Queen. Making their way to Papeete, they requested permission to remain; but after full consultation of Queen and council, this was refused on the reasonable ground that already they had teachers whose instruction had been profitable in the highest degree, and that new ones would but confuse the minds of the people. On receiving the order to depart, the priests barricaded themselves in their house; but the native officers expeditiously removed the thatch; and then, without unnecessary violence, conducted the interlopers to a vessel in the bay. They returned to Gambier's Islands, arriving on the last day of the year 1836.

The policy of the Tahitian Government in this matter is doubtless open to criticism, though there were many good reasons for the step they took. But none can deny that they acted perfectly within their rights, and were as much justified in forbidding their country to Roman Catholic agents, as any European nation is justified in refusing to admit alien immigrants. Certainly the men who, in knowledge of the native law, had yet entered the land by stealth, had no reason to complain of the action of the authorities. The two priests, however, returned to Tahiti, and were again refused admittance. Fortified by this second repulse, one of them, by name M. Caret, journeyed to Paris and thence to Rome, representing their expulsion as an outrage on French citizens. For a detailed account of the events following the reader must necessarily be referred to Mr. Ellis's history. Suffice to say that in August, 1838, an armed frigate of France, the *Venus*, appeared off Papeete; and the captain

executed his mission of demanding a written apology from the Queen to Louis Philippe, and a sum of 2,000 Spanish dollars, to be paid within twenty-four hours. The unfortunate Queen of Tahiti had, of course, no option but to consent to these harsh terms. Proceeding further, the captain required her to sign a convention promising to receive and protect all Frenchmen who desired to live among her people. On the departure of the captain, the Queen wrote a letter, earnestly imploring the protection of England, and at the same time the Tahitian Government passed a law forbidding the inculcation of any religious doctrines or forms of worship other than those already received by the natives. This was undoubtedly a false step, and Mr. Ellis points out that the law was never, in point of fact, enforced. It gave France however the opening she wished; and in 1839 another French frigate was sent to Tahiti. This time it was demanded that Roman Catholic worship should be unrestricted throughout the island, and that the government should give ground for the erection of a Catholic church. The latter demand was gratuitously offensive, but the little tribe of Tahitians was hopelessly defenceless against a great European power, and compliance was inevitable. No further move took place until 1841, when four native chiefs were induced by the French consul to append their signatures to a letter asking for further French protection—an act which they publicly repudiated when they subsequently learned the true nature of what they had done. The Queen wrote pathetic protests against the proposal to the other great powers. In spite of this, however, the captain who had formerly commanded the *Venus* was again sent to Tahiti. Vague complaints of the ill-treatment of the French were made to the Government; ten thousand Spanish dollars were demanded as a guarantee for future good conduct; and, almost immediately afterwards, a provisional government, consisting of three Frenchmen, was appointed for Tahiti, and the independent sovereignty of the Queen, and authority of her Government, were at an end.

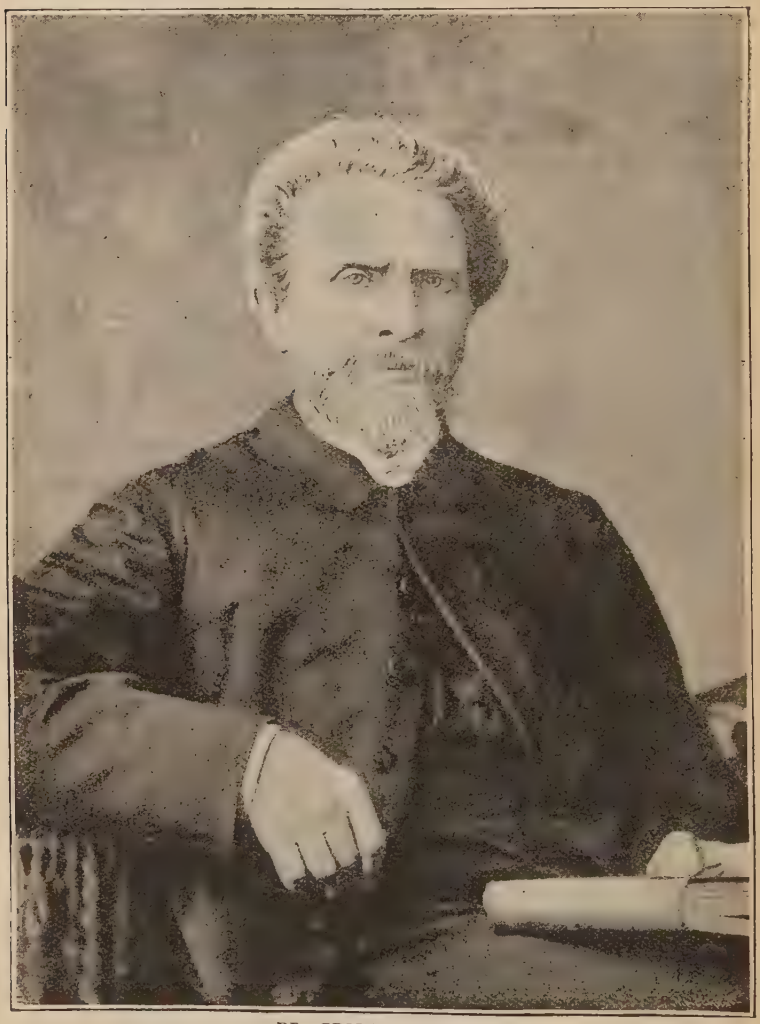
It will be a relief to turn away for awhile from these unhappy proceedings, and note the progress of our missions in Polynesia during the years that immediately followed the death of John

Williams. John Williams was murdered while engaged in the attempt to introduce Christianity to the inhabitants of the New Hebrides—islands that are notable throughout the world, not only on account of Williams' martyrdom, but of the heroic labours of John Geddie at Aneityum and John G. Paton at Tanna, as well as of the martyrdoms of the Gordons at Erromanga. These islands are now the adopted mission field of the Presbyterians in the South Seas; and our only concern with them is to make mention of the Christian fortitude and enthusiasm of the native teachers who were the first to occupy and endeavour to evangelize them. The last act of John Williams was to plant teachers on the island of Tanna. The inhabitants engaged to protect them, and seemed favourably disposed to listen to the message. They were, however, inveterate cannibals, and, by common consent, among the most crafty and unreliable of any of the island peoples. Physically a fine race, they delighted in fighting, and the island was the theatre of almost perpetual wars. Among these savage and desperate people, three Samoans—Lalolangi, Salamea and Mose—consented to live and work. They were subsequently reinforced by two others, also from Samoa—Pomare and Vaiofanga. The mission prospects seemed, for some time, hopeful; then a very common trial came upon the gallant workers. Illness seized them. Pomare and Salamea died, far from their beloved Samoa; and at once their heathen neighbours drew conclusions adverse to the power of their Deity from this apparent failure. Those who had been almost persuaded forsook the teachers, and the latter found themselves without means of support, and in a land of those who, if they were not open foes, were at least no longer friends. They struggled on, however, attempting, not altogether unsuccessfully, to regain the lost ground; and in 1842, two L.M.S. missionaries, Messrs. Turner and Nisbet, both of whom were destined to honourable and distinguished service in the Society, were sent to settle at Tanna, in the hope of reaping the results of the labours of these faithful Samoans. The experience of the two Englishmen was exceptionally painful. The priests rose up against them, and with all the bitterness and cunning which seem inseparable from priestcraft in all lands and at all times, they set themselves to

stamp out the intruders. The missionaries soon found themselves in the perilous position of being the practical leaders of a small party of natives against whom most of the island tribes were leaguing themselves. The crisis now soon came. War was formally declared against them, and they were helpless. There was no way of escape open. All their proposals of peace were rudely rejected; and their handful of supporters began to desert. At last came the eve of the unequal conflict. Forsaken by their former friends, they had no alternative but to face the perils of the treacherous and stormy seas in an open boat and with no provisions. In the dead of night they went down to the shore, only to find that a strong wind had set into the bay, and the turbulent head-sea had made escape impossible. There was nothing for it now but to await with calmness their apparently inevitable doom. But when the morning broke, after a night of prayer, they beheld, to their inexpressible relief, a ship! It was the *Highlander*, on its way to Samoa, where they were landed in February, 1843, after no more than six months of labours at Tanna, into which, however, was crowded more of suffering and suspense than is given to some men in a lifetime.

Two years elapsed before a fresh attempt was made. The work had not all fallen to the ground. A Christian party continued to exist on the island. Not only so, but they made a point of meeting on the Sunday for prayer and religious conversation. Losses among their opponents tended to create among the superstitious people a reaction in their favour. Calamities were attributed to the expulsion of the missionaries, as formerly they had been attributed to their presence. In 1845, Mr. Turner again visited the island, news having reached him of the progress of Christianity. He was cordially welcomed by many, and, at their urgent request, left with them three Rarotongan and four Samoan teachers. He wrote home to England, indulging in very bright anticipations of the new mission. But, alas for our best-founded hopes in dealing with a fickle and superstitious people such as this! In less than a year, one of the teachers, Vasa, had been waylaid and brutally murdered while returning from the bush, to which he had retired for

prayer; and, but for the fact that a vessel arrived the next day



DR. GEORGE TURNER.

and removed the teachers and their families to Aneityum, it is more than probable that the whole party, without exception,

would have shared his fate. "Cast down, but not discouraged," this was the feeling of these simple-hearted teachers who had been rescued from almost certain death. So far from abandoning hope of reaching the hearts of the cannibals of Tanna, two of them remained at the neighbouring island of Aneityum, awaiting an opportunity to return to the scene of their labour and peril. In March, 1847, an opening presented itself, and they at once obeyed the call, and re-entered the island. Then for four or five years they manfully stood their ground, in spite of countless discouragements and open and secret opposition. Others were sent to join them and strengthen their hands; and it seemed as if a real impression were being made at last, when the old enemy attacked them—disease. This time it was small-pox, and three teachers succumbed in quick succession. Only one of the teachers survived, and he was one who had gone back from Aneityum to Tanna in March, 1847, Pita by name. Alone, or almost alone, in strong Christian convictions, he had now to bear the scorn of his heathen opponents. They demanded his expulsion. A few friends rallied round him; but the fury of his savage enemies was growing. Four women of the native Christian party were barbarously murdered. He would not thus expose others to such a fate. So once again he said farewell to Tanna, and withdrew.

Still the Christians on other islands did not despair of Tanna. It happened that, in 1854, some of the Tannese visited Aneityum, and saw the marvellous changes consequent on the triumph of Christianity: especially this one, that the inhabitants now walked freely and fearlessly about without arms. The visitors determined to embrace this miracle-working religion, and begged that teachers might accompany them to their district of Tanna,—Juakaraka, on the south-east side. Two Aneityum teachers volunteered to go, and thus this stronghold of cannibalism was occupied again by Christian evangelists. It would not be easy to exaggerate the pertinacity and intrepidity of men and women like these. Three other Aneityum teachers followed, and took up their station twelve miles off, at Port Resolution Bay. "It should be added," wrote the Deputation who reported the settle-

ment to the Directors, "that these teachers are all chiefs of some importance at Aneityum"; so that they left well-to-do positions to maintain a forlorn hope at Tanna. They had much to contend against: their property, and even their lives, were frequently threatened. But they held the fort at Tanna, and conducted a Christian campaign with resolution, and not a little success, until Mr. John G. Paton, and Mr. Copeland, from Scotland, came to their help towards the end of 1858. The story that followed has been so thrillingly told by Mr. Paton, that Englishmen everywhere are familiar with it. But he would be the first to admit the debt that the cause of Christ owes in Tanna to the gallant and devoted efforts of the teachers from Aneityum and Samoa.

The mention of Aneityum reminds us that on this island also pioneer work was done by Samoan teachers. Mr. Murray, of the L.M.S, who has himself told the story in his *Missions in Western Polynesia*, had been appointed by the Society to seek favourable openings for teachers among these islands, and thus continue the work of John Williams. At the end of March, 1841, the first teachers settled at Aneityum. Mr. Murray describes the customs current on the island thus: "War, murder, cannibalism, strangling of widows, murder of orphan children, polygamy, and the consequent degradation and oppression of the female sex"—a sufficiently appalling list. The superstitions of the people appear to have been peculiarly vicious, and to have been held with signal tenacity. After four years had passed away little result could be seen. One teacher had died at his post; another had returned to Samoa. Their places were promptly filled. When the teachers at Tanna had to fly from that island to Aneityum, the little company of Christians at the latter place had hard work to hold their own. Bands of men had been specially armed for their massacre; but the courage of the assassins failed, and the teachers were preserved unscathed. The sufferings of the latter, however, were so severe and prolonged, that in 1846 they asked to be removed. The island would now have been abandoned; but just as the ship was sailing, two teachers, Pika and Simeona, offered to stay and keep the door open for others

to enter in. It was indeed providential. In October, 1847, John Geddie arrived from Nova Scotia, authorised by the Presbyterians to consult with the L.M.S. as to the most suitable sphere of labour. He was advised to settle at Aneityum, and his splendid service there has become historical. We have already seen how Christian evangelists, the fruit of his labours, undertook to evangelize Tanna.

One of the group of islands called the New Hebrides is Futuna. The people of Futuna partook of all the evil characteristics that marked their neighbours of Tanna and Aneityum. In March, 1841, Mr. Murray touched at Futuna in the *Camden*, and, in consequence of the favourable assurances of the inhabitants, left there two teachers, Apolo and Samuela. The two men were alone there until the following year, when Samuela's wife and daughter joined him. All went well for twelve months or so. Then a tragedy befell, which was never known until 1845, as no opportunity of revisiting the island occurred until that year. This fact alone is a striking evidence of the peril which awaited the pioneers of Christianity in islands like Futuna. The cause of the tragedy was the same here as elsewhere—an epidemic was attributed to the new religion, and the murder of all the Christians was planned. Apolo and Samuela's daughter were caught in the bush and put to death. Samuela was found at work, and suffered a similar fate. His wife alone remained. She was in entire ignorance of the terrible doom that had overtaken the others. The house where she was having been surrounded, one savage entered it and offered her marriage. She repudiated the proposal, and instantly the signal was given. The other butchers rushed in, and the massacre was complete. Thus perished the little company of Christian workers who strove to win Futuna to Christ. For ten years the island was unoccupied by missionaries. It was then evangelized from Aneityum.

When the news reached Samoa that John Williams had fallen at Erromanga, the first feeling was one of overwhelming grief; the second of pity for the miserable murderers who knew not what they did. The Rev. T. Heath undertook to return in the *Camden*, and seek to induce the Erromangans to receive Christian teachers.

It was felt this would be a method of revenge after Williams' own heart. Thus, only a few months after the tragedy of November, 1839, Christian evangelists from Samoa were actually settled among the savages of Erromanga. Eleven months later, Mr. Murray went to visit them. As soon as his ship hove in sight, one of the teachers came out to meet him in a canoe, pleading earnestly to be removed. It was a matter of difficulty to release the other teacher from the custody of the natives, who seemed resolved not to surrender him. At length, however, he too was safe on the ship. Their story was a thrilling one. For months they had practically had no food but that which was lowered to them through the thatch of their hut by a devoted Erromangan named Vorevore, their only friend in that savage island. They had never expected to survive so long, and were utterly prostrate from exhaustion when rescued by Mr. Murray. Many efforts were made to re-open the mission, but they were unsuccessful until 1849. In that year four Erromangans were induced to go to Samoa, to see for themselves the outward results of Christianity, and to receive instruction in the institution at Malua. In 1852 three of them returned, one having died at sea. The island was in a state of war; but assurances of protection were given, and they landed. One of them, Mana by name, proved a consistent and faithful Christian, and, mainly by his influence, Samoan teachers were again admitted, who worked there until the arrival of the Rev. G. N. Gordon and Mrs. Gordon from Nova Scotia in 1857. Since that period the mission at Erromanga has belonged to a Presbyterian society, although the cruel murder of the Gordons evoked sympathy from all denominations, joined with sincere admiration for their steadfastness and courage in that dark sphere.

Vate, or Sandwich Island, is another which has a striking history in connection with native agency. Four Samoans were introduced to this island in 1845. The chief who promised them protection was himself, curiously enough, a Samoan, who had been carried out of his course at sea and landed on this distant shore. Here, as in so many other places, the early encouragements proved no index to the destiny of the mission. The mortality among the teachers was very great. But this was not the worst calamity.

All the latent savagery of the natives was called forth in April, 1847, when a boat, with two white men, drifted on to the island. One of the whites was at once killed and eaten. The other was only saved by the gallant protection of a Samoan teacher, named Mose. Shortly after, the captain and the rest of the crew made their way to the shore. They were all murdered. Amid such revolting scenes the teachers had to live and work, thankful for any slight influence they might exert in restraining the passions of those among whom they dwelt. Disease further thinned their ranks, and their lives were repeatedly in peril. The years 1851 and 1853 were marked by some progress; and at the end of the latter year, things looked far more promising than they had done before; the Christian station at Erakor seemed a veritable centre of light in a land of gross darkness. In November, 1853, teachers were left at Lolopa, and were received with enthusiasm. The Deputation wrote hopefully, even confidently, to the Directors, of the prospects of the work at Vate. Nineteen days later, the little company was massacred, and their bodies devoured by the cannibals of Lolopa. Disease had swept away several teachers at Erakor; and the island of which such glowing hopes had so recently been entertained was abandoned. Yet work had been done that survived the abandonment. In 1858, when the mission was recommenced, a considerable number was found confessing Christianity. They had kept up the forms of worship for four years. New teachers were now introduced, and since then steady progress has been made in the knowledge of Christian truth, and the practice of Christian morality, at Vate. Thus on foundations of sacrifice and consecration is the Church of Christ being builded in the South Seas, as it has been builded everywhere.

Following the line of extension, we must now carry our readers to the Loyalty Islands and their neighbours, New Caledonia and the Isle of Pines, which have been, as it were, the gateway to New Guinea. The good ship *Camden*, which, in her four or five years' service in the South Seas, did such memorable pioneer work, carried Samoan evangelists to the Isle of Pines in 1840, and to New Caledonia, the large adjoining island, in 1841. During the latter voyage, two teachers were left on the island of

Maré, and twelve months later Lifu was also occupied. We shall not be able to trace in detail the history of these various missions, all of which have been marked by many interesting incidents. Mr. Murray has told their story in his volume, to which reference has already been made. We cannot omit, however, some memorial of those brave teachers who are to-day part of the noble army of martyrs. One of the unfortunate men who had previously suffered so terribly at Erromanga, Legnolo, had been designated to the Isle of Pines, where, with two others, he had worked with considerable success for some four years. At one time the chief and most of the inhabitants professed to have received Christianity. But the chief himself, Matuku, was a cruel and treacherous monarch, and his feelings were embittered by a large incursion of foreigners upon his island, in consequence of the discovery of sandal-wood. Mr. Murray relates that gradually his mind was alienated from the teachers, and he commissioned certain of his minions to destroy them. The consequence was that the three teachers were murdered, in the year 1844. Not satisfied with this deed of blood, Matuku determined to compass the deaths of the missionaries on the neighbouring islands. He was a powerful despot, whose influence was much dreaded on New Caledonia. One of the teachers on the latter island had died, and the two remaining men were now subject to continual attacks. The chief of New Caledonia refused to carry out Matuku's exhortations: but the latter did not surrender his purpose. Again and again he despatched bands of men to kill the teachers; he even crossed over to New Caledonia himself in order to intimidate the people there into consent to the shameful act. But all his endeavours failed. The calm self-possession and unflinching courage of the teachers acted like a spell upon the savages who plotted their destruction, and they were preserved unharmed in the fiery furnace where their lot was cast. In 1845 they were removed from the island, and many years passed before it was reoccupied.

The two important islands of the Loyalty Group, Maré and Lifu, have been the scenes of wonderful triumphs of Christian faith and devotion, and have yielded, as fruits, converts in whom

the evangelistic fire has burned, and who have carried on the gospel to their neighbours on the great island of New Guinea. Maré was not one of the numerous islands where the blood of Samoan evangelists was shed. The chief, to whose care the teachers were first committed, lived and died a heathen; but there was a certain rude honour in the man, and he never betrayed his trust. He defended the Christian pastors through a season of much unsettlement and frequent fierce conflicts. The cold-blooded murder of three natives by a party of Europeans provoked savage retaliation; and when, later on, parties of explorers in search of sandal-wood invaded Maré, the island was the scene of many a horrible deed of butchery. At such a time there were those who would have gladly struck down the Samoan teachers at no more than a signal from the chief; but the old man kept faith, and the missionaries worked on in safety. When the chief died, his sons turned eagerly towards the teachers, and the regeneration of Maré began. The work prospered wonderfully, Christianity laying a strong hold upon the inhabitants of one side of the island, while the heathen party clung tenaciously to their ancient customs and practices on the other side. It must be recorded that Maré has had its martyrs. In the attempt of the Christians to convert their heathen brethren, two Maré converts were butchered and devoured by the cannibals among whom they courageously ventured. At the end of the year 1854 two L.M.S. missionaries, Messrs. Creagh and Jones, settled at Maré, and were enabled to carry steadily forward, and consolidate, the admirable work done by the Samoan teachers up to this time.

When we turn to the story of the Lifu mission, which has been very fully and graphically written by the Rev. S. Macfarlane, we are introduced at the outset to one of the most remarkable native missionaries, Pao the Rarotongan, the "apostle of Lifu," as Mr. Macfarlane calls him. Pao had made some voyages in whaling vessels, was naturally of a bold and ardent spirit, to which considerable native shrewdness and sagacity were added; and, after a few months at our Rarotongan training institution, he was left at Maré to become acquainted with the work of

THE L.M.S. SCHOONER "OLIVE BRANCH" IN NEW GUINEA.

the teachers there before going on to Lifu. This was in 1842. He should naturally have remained there until the missionary vessel returned, and he could be formally and influentially introduced by the European missionary to his new home and his heathen host. But Pao could not wait. Persuading some of the teachers from Maré to accompany him, he entered a canoe, and "with his Rarotongan Bible, and a few clothes tied in a bundle and stowed away in the end of his small craft, spread his mat sail to a gentle breeze one fine morning, and made for Lifu." Arrived there, he was fortunate enough to gain the favour of the old king, and under his protection he began "to open his commission," and preach the gospel. Pao remained at Lifu until the death of the king, and during that time he was the means of the conversion of some who proved splendidly steadfast during the storms that followed. When the king died there was a fierce war for the succession, and as an epidemic devastated the people at the same time, the teachers were blamed, and had to escape to Maré. It was not long before Pao determined to visit Lifu again, but the war was still in progress, and he was compelled to return to Maré. The band of Christians which he had left behind, however, stood firm through all vicissitudes, and soon they were able to send the glad news to Pao that there was a reaction in his favour, and his return would be welcomed. In a few hours he was on his way. Great success now attended his labours: schools were instituted, and chapels built. Pao became an itinerant evangelist, traversing the island, visiting even the most fanatical parts, and gathering adherents in all the villages. In 1852 the Deputation, visiting the island, was able to speak most warmly of the progress made. A large chapel had been built. War and cannibalism had been stamped out, and, in many instances, polygamy had been abandoned. Clearly now the Lifu mission was ripe for European missionary superintendence, Pao being essentially an evangelist rather than a settled pastor, or capable overseer and organizer. Difficulties, however, presented themselves, and the numerous delays occasioned great disappointment and discouragement. Then came the saddest complication—the arrival of Jesuit priests, and the certainty

that they would be backed up here, as in Tahiti, by French authority.

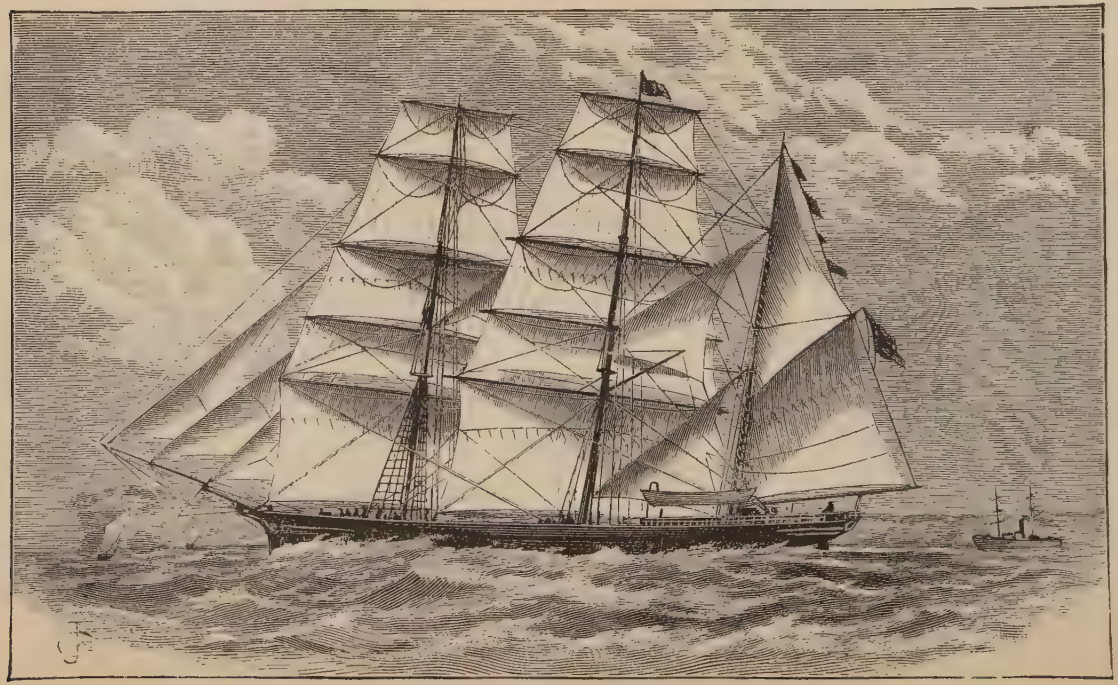
The priests succeeded in establishing themselves in the Wet and Gaica districts, where they gathered a few proselytes from those who had been converts to Christianity under the ardent ministry of Pao. It was evident that if much of Pao's work was not to be undone, European help must be rendered. Thus, towards the close of 1859, Messrs. Baker and Macfarlane, with some new Samoan teachers, were landed on Lifu, amid great demonstrations of welcome on the part of the people. Although the latter had nominally renounced heathenism, they retained at this time many of its vices. They had taken but the first step towards the higher life. The disposition to receive the truth and obey it was a great advance; but the missionaries were not long in discovering how very much remained to be done before these natives could in any sense be said to worthily bear the name of Christian. One of the earliest and most difficult duties of the new missionaries was to form the best converts into Christian Churches. This task was indeed a delicate one. Many hundreds of the natives were eager to be admitted, and did not see that their inconsistent lives presented an insuperable obstacle to Church-membership. At last, however, the work was accomplished, and eight Churches were formed in different parts of the island, with a membership of some thirty to each Church. In 1873, these Churches, despite all they had been called to pass through, contained in the aggregate about two thousand five hundred members. When the Churches had been formed, the next step taken was the establishment of a seminary at Chepenehe, where some of the most earnest and intelligent of the native Christians might be trained as teachers and evangelists.

Busy months followed—months occupied in the important duty of assisting the chiefs in the framing of a simple code of laws, after the fashion of the one that had been so generally adopted among the Christian islands. The better organization of the mission, moreover, required that the missionaries should be ubiquitous, and called them frequently to the various localities. The good work, however, was soon interrupted. A French man-

of-war entered the harbour of Chepenehe, and shortly afterwards Mr. Macfarlane received a stern order to discontinue public instruction and the distribution of books in the native tongue, as he and his associates had not received permission from the French Government. When the Governor visited Lifu a little later, Mr. Macfarlane made formal appeal to be allowed to continue his missionary work, and reopen the schools. These privileges were refused, the latter being only permitted if teaching were given in the French language. Worse proceedings followed. Soldiers were landed at Chepenehe, who pillaged the village, although no act of insubordination could be alleged against a single native. The unfortunate islanders had fallen upon evil days. It was the custom to hold service on the Friday morning at sunrise; and Mr. Macfarlane determined to go steadily on with his work until prevented. Some fifty natives assembled. During the service, the chapel was broken into by the soldiers, who, however, speedily retired. The sound of musketry was next heard; and on Mr. Macfarlane's leaving the chapel, the natives were locked in, and subsequently placed in irons on one of the steamers in the bay. Meanwhile, much desultory fighting went on in the village; several of the people were shot down. The tragedy ended in the conflagration of the native houses. Chepenehe was utterly destroyed. The students of the institution dispersed for safety to their homes among the various villages. There they became teachers of little communities; others did effective, if secret work, during this time of trial. Mr. Macfarlane was prohibited from performing any public duties; but he went about visiting the people in their homes and encouraging them. Such, however, was the indignation roused at home when these high-handed proceedings in Lifu became known, that the French Government modified their extreme policy; and, under numerous irritating restrictions, work was resumed. It was a year or more, however, before a committee of investigation into the complaints made by our missionaries in Lifu, Maré, and Uvea, delivered such report to headquarters as resulted in the restoration of something like real liberty to our workers in the Loyalty Islands. Then followed a period of great activity: chapels were rebuilt, schools re-opened.

It was found that here, as elsewhere, the tribulations had served a Divine end. The converts had learned much in the sharp discipline of opposition and persecution. The seminary was once more full of eager disciples anxious to be entrusted with the sacred commission to other heathen lands. The day to evangelize the great sister island of Papua had come.

Standing apart from the various groups we have described, south of the Samoan and eastward of the Tongan Islands, lies the solitary island which Captain Cook called "Savage" from the fierce and ungovernable character of its inhabitants. To-day it is more frequently known as Niué, for its inhabitants no longer deserve the title which their English discoverer not unreasonably bestowed upon them. Savage Island was among the latest in Polynesia to receive Christian teachers. Not that attempts were not made to conciliate them and introduce the knowledge of the Gospel. Mr. Williams in 1830 made a gallant effort to establish Christian evangelists on this lonely shore and among these ferocious people. The teachers barely escaped with their lives. Not to be utterly discomfited, the intrepid pioneer induced two of the natives to go with him to Raiatea, in the hope that what they saw there of the benefits of Christianity would so influence them that they would be able to persuade their fellow countrymen to give the new faith a trial. The experiment promised well; the two Savage islanders were greatly impressed, and after a while returned full of enthusiasm to Niué. Their fate was very different from what they had expected—one was murdered, and the other fled from the island in a trading vessel. Another attempt to plant teachers in 1840 ended in failure; and then, in 1846, Mr. Wm. Gill, of Rarotonga, and Mr. Nisbet, of Samoa, touched at Savage Island, and succeeded in inducing the natives to promise protection to Peniamina, who was himself a Niuéan though he had been trained at Samoa. The new-comer was in great peril from the first, but he lived and worked after a fashion until in 1849 Mr. Murray visited Niué and left there another and better teacher, Paulo. From Paulo's advent progress was steady, and, considering the intractable nature of the people, swift. Three years later a chapel had



THE BARQUE *JOHN WILLIAMS*.

been built, notwithstanding the fierce opposition of the heathen people, who insisted that their gods would avenge the insult; a strong, and constantly increasing, Christian party had grown up; and, as none of the evil effects prophesied by the heathen followed the practice of Christianity, old fears and prejudices were rapidly vanishing. New teachers were now left at Niué, one of whom, Samuela, proved to be a truly noble Christian evangelist destined to do great things for Christ in the island. Step by step heathenism was driven back by the gallant little band of teachers, supported by the native church. When Dr. Turner visited Niué in 1859, he was amazed at the progress that had been made at Samuela's station. The chapel, built to accommodate 500 people, was of superior workmanship, and Samuela's house "quite a palace of a place!" School-houses had been erected in several centres, and the work had been prosecuted with diligence and success. Moreover, Paulo handed to Dr. Turner a copy of a translation which he had made of the Gospel of Mark into the Niuéan tongue. This translation was duly printed, after revision, and, in 1861, three thousand copies were taken to Niué; and better still, the Rev. W. G. Lawes and his wife, who had been appointed to superintend the work and help with translation, sailed in the same vessel. Seldom has any tribute to the work of Samoan teachers been more remarkable than that contained in Mr. Lawes' first report to the Directors after careful survey of the island: "So far as I have been able to ascertain," he writes, "there is not a vestige (outwardly) of heathenism remaining. There are five good chapels on the island," he goes on; "one of them will hold 1,100 people, *but it is too small!*" Such was the introduction of Christianity into Niué; and such the transformation of the habits and character of the people. Under the care of such a wise overseer as Mr. Lawes the mission prospered greatly; and the work has gone steadily forward under the superintendence of his brother, Mr. F. E. Lawes, now that the larger sphere of New Guinea has claimed the services of its first English missionary.

Yet another successful evangelisation of important groups of islands remains to be recorded. The reader who turns to the

Society's report for 1890 will find that in the Tokelau, Ellice, and Gilbert groups we have some two thousand Church members and eleven thousand native adherents. As early as 1858, the Revs. G. Stallworthy and G. Gill had visited the Tokelau islands and left teachers there. Many years passed before they could be revisited; and in the meanwhile the Peruvian slavers bore down upon them and carried off large numbers to be sold into slavery. Disease also had been busy, and the population had thus greatly diminished. Yet the work of the teachers had endured through all these afflictions, and a considerable number of the people had professed Christianity. Meanwhile a most remarkable event had led to the evangelisation of the Ellice group, lying to the north-west of the Tokelau Islands. We have seen how, on previous occasions, winds and waves have conspired to spread the Gospel among the islands of the sea. But there is no more wonderful instance of this than the one we must now relate. In 1861, nine people from the island of Manihiki, of the Penrhyn group, set out to sail some thirty miles, in a curious boat made of two canoes lashed together and covered with a rude awning made of cocoa-nut leaves. They were not provisioned for a lengthy voyage, and it remains a marvel how they survived for eight weeks, and travelled 1500 miles! They caught two sharks and a sea-bird, or they must have perished of hunger; rain, too, relieved them of thirst. Four of the party were members of the Church; one of them, Elekana by name, was a deacon. Driven at length on to an island called Nukulaelae, which lies about sixty miles from the main group of the Ellice islands, they were wrecked on a reef, and three of them were drowned. The other six escaped, were kindly received, and sought to repay their hosts by telling them of Christ. After some stay, Elekana went on to Samoa; and in 1865, Mr. Murray sailed for the Ellice group, taking with him several teachers, of whom Elekana was one. They found, on landing, that the Peruvian slavers had been here, too, on their diabolical errand. With characteristic cunning, and a villainy that was simply fiendish, they had promised the islanders to take them where they might hear about God and Christ. Trusting in these promises, the

wretched natives went on board the slave-ship, and were immediately clapped under hatches, and carried away across the sea. Some islands had been almost depopulated. Such raids, however, only presented a new motive for entering on these fields of labour, and affording the natives the counsel and protection of white missionaries. It must be said that to a few of the islands news of the Gospel had come, and some knowledge of the changes that had taken place elsewhere in Polynesia. In one the singular discovery was made of a little chapel within which an English Bible was suspended in a cotton handkerchief. Here service was regularly held. The Bible was brought out and opened before the person appointed to conduct the service. He could not read it, of course; but in the best way known to him, he sought to lead the thoughts of the people to the true God. We cannot wonder that such simple and pathetic efforts to find God had been rewarded. The history of the mission thus begun has been singularly interesting and encouraging. In 1870, Mr. Whitmee, with the aid of Christian interpreters from the Ellice group, planted Samoan teachers upon the Gilbert group, lying still further north. Here again, the Gospel laid swift and firm hold upon the people. From the earliest times the voluntary offerings nearly sufficed for the sustenance of teachers; and with real devotion the natives built substantial chapels on the various islands. For some time the custom has been to visit the stations annually from Samoa; but it seems probable that an English missionary will be stationed permanently among these scattered mission stations.

It will not be inappropriate, at this stage of our history, to chronicle some of the changes that have taken place in regard to the vessel which plies between the scattered islands of the South Seas. We all remember how John Williams built with his own hands the *Messenger of Peace*, and also how he returned from England, after his last visit, in the *Camden*. The latter ship it was that planted teachers at the New Hebrides and Loyalty Islands, as well as in other groups. She was by no means a new vessel when bought, and she served the Society well for four or

five years, at the termination of which period she returned to England, and was sold. The question now arose, What next? Whose was the happy inspiration that the Directors should appeal to the children to get the money for a new ship, we do not know. But the idea, once started, was perceived to be a really good one. The children should buy the vessel, and year by year collect the money to keep her going. But would they? It was all very well for the Directors to vote a resolution that they should! The children were after all the main parties to the bargain. So the appeal was issued; they were asked to raise four thousand pounds! Through all the Sunday Schools of our churches the message travelled. In hundreds of homes the challenge was thrown down, and accepted. The result was contributions to the extent of £6,237, with which magnificent sum the first *John Williams* was built and equipped—a barque of 296 tons, three-masted, and bearing for figure-head a bust of John Williams, with an open Bible in his hand. For twenty years the *John Williams* sailed the stormy South Seas on her errand of mercy and peace. Moreover, when the children of Samoa heard what the children of Britain had done, they determined to provide canoes for the native teachers who were going forth in the *John Williams* to evangelise other islands. And they did it. Nearly four hundred pounds was raised by these young Christians of Samoa, and twenty-nine canoes were purchased, and stacked on the missionary ship for service by-and-by.

At the end of three years, after sailing 100,000 miles, the *John Williams* returned to London, and brought a cargo worth £2,000, the contribution of the native churches to the funds of the London Missionary Society. She returned to Polynesia with 5,000 Tahitian Bibles, and 4,000 copies of the *Pilgrim's Progress* in the same language. In 1850 she returned again to London, after another 100,000 miles of ocean sailing. In 1856 her good and faithful old commander, Captain Morgan, retired, and was succeeded by Captain Williams. It was on this voyage that Mr. Turpie, now so well known, and so greatly beloved, as Captain Turpie, sailed for the first time in the *John Williams*. The gallant barque lasted till May, 1864, and then she was

THE STEAMSHIP *JOHN WILLIAMS.*

wrecked off Danger Island. All on board were saved, but the good ship went down into the deep waters, and lies there still. Captain Turpie sailed 400 miles, in an open boat, to Samoa, to seek help from thence for the shipwrecked mariners on Danger Island. Meanwhile, the children had kept faith; year by year as the money was needed for general expenses, repairs, and so on, it was collected. But now, for a new vessel, there was a greater demand than ever before. Eleven thousand pounds is not easily raised in pence and small silver, but it was all found somewhere: and, by the end of 1865, the second *John Williams*, clipper-rigged and with racing spars, was ready to sail forth on her short and ill-fated career. A year later, and she was lying a hopeless wreck on the reefs of Niué. Once more, however, all on board were brought off alive. The delay caused by this disaster was necessarily very serious to many of our stations that needed constant supervision; but the best arrangements possible were made until the third *John Williams* could be built. In October, 1868, she was launched, and for a quarter of a century has proved nobly equal to the great task she was built to do. To-day, however, our work has spread itself over a vaster area; stations are multiplied, and require to be frequently visited; currents and winds are fickle things out there; and hence it has been wisely decided to rely on steam instead of sail. The raising of funds for the new steamship, the fourth *John Williams*, and her launching and trial trip are of such recent date that they are remembered by all. Captain Turpie has taken charge of the new ship for her first voyage;[1] after which he proposes to retire and to deliver the command to Captain Hore, whose work in Central Africa we have yet to chronicle. Great will be the sorrow among the South Sea Islanders when Captain Turpie says good-bye to them; for he has been in and out among them, through cloud and sunshine, for nearly forty years, honoured and loved by all. The seventeen thousand pounds necessary to pay for the steamship has not been all raised as yet by the children, but so much has already been found as to leave no doubt that the total sum will soon be in hand, the result of the indefatigable efforts of our great army of juvenile collectors.

[1] After safely taking her to Sydney, Captain Turpie was invalided, and Captain Hore succeeded him.

Reserving for a further chapter our account of the New Guinea Mission, let us note one or two memorable facts in the history of the field we have, all too rapidly, surveyed. The reader, who has met so frequently with native evangelists from Samoa and Rarotonga, will naturally wonder how these men are trained for their arduous ministry. To answer this question we must ask him to recall one of the darkest chapters in our South Sea story, when Messrs. Turner and Nisbet so narrowly escaped assassination at Tanna, and after untold sufferings were landed at Samoa. To this field they were now designated by the Directors; and it soon appeared that Mr. Turner had been brought here, by a strange providence, for a great purpose. He proved to be just the man needed for the building up of an institution that should be the very centre of our Polynesian work, and from which evangelists should go forth to every part of the South Seas. In March, 1844, at a general meeting of the members of the mission, this important step was taken. Mr. Turner and Mr. Hardie were requested to undertake the formation of such a seminary. Twenty-five acres of land were purchased at once on the island of Upolu, and the celebrated Malua Institution was begun. Of course the growth of the institution was gradual. Many problems had to be faced. For instance, it was desirable to send out not only teachers, but their wives, to the unevangelised islands. It was equally necessary, therefore, that the wives should be educated with their husbands, and so fitted for work among the women. Thus round the central building a small village sprang up, where the students and their wives lived. Then, of course, the children had to be considered. Schools were started for them also; and in this way the Malua Institution soon began to assume a very comprehensive and interesting character. Such a work as this, involving the support of men, women, and children, would have been a severe burden on the home Churches had not the founders of it been men of sound common sense, as well as Christian zeal. Mr. Turner and his coadjutors saw that the students might very profitably be employed in agriculture, as well as taught the elements of mathematics and the doctrines of theology. So it came to pass, that after the first year all the food required for

consumption at the Institution was raised by the work of the students themselves. In 1861, Dr. Turner could write that the Malua Institution consisted of "twenty houses, together with fifty acres of land, stocked, as the result of the students' industry, with 1,021 bread-fruit trees, and 678 cocoa-nut trees, all bearing, and a third more coming on."

The work of the Institution has been tested on a score of fields; and while the quality of the native teachers has sometimes been poor and unsatisfactory, it has often been proved that there

MATEFELE CHURCH, APIA, SAMOA.

could be sterling worth under a very rough exterior. The students were sent up to Dr. Turner from the various Churches in the Samoan group; and at the end of fifteen years, out of 273 who had passed through the Institution, only five were known to have turned out absolutely badly; twenty-five had died, and no fewer than 131 were labouring in various parts of the field. The figures, of course, have increased enormously since 1860; but the proportion of trained teachers who have turned out to be

thoroughly bad has always been very small; while the heroic constancy and earnestness of the great majority has been abundantly demonstrated.

The Institution at Rarotonga, founded for the same important purpose of training a native ministry, is even older than that at Malua, having been started as far back as the year 1839. The Rev. Aaron Buzacott, who was at that time one of our mis-

THE MISSION HOUSE, RAROTONGA.

sionaries to the Rarotongans, perceived, what experience has notably confirmed, that the Rarotongans would make splendid missionaries. The Institution has been vigorously maintained ever since its earliest days. There has been a kind of sacred emulation between the Samoans and Rarotongans, as to who should be designated to the most trying and perilous outposts. This noble spirit has been shared also by the teachers trained on

Savage Island, and at Raiatea in similar seminaries. Year by year these various training schools send forth their educated evangelists into the Polynesian mission fields; and their history is one of which we may well be proud, and for which we should feel humbly grateful.

The story of our Samoan Churches needs a volume by itself, if it is to be adequately told. The political vicissitudes of the last few years have frequently greatly disturbed our work there. We hope, however, that more settled days are in store for Samoa, and that the old spirit, which has won for these islands so distinguished a place in the history of missions, will continue to appear in the succeeding generations.

After eighty-nine years of work on Tahiti and the neighbouring islands of the Georgian group, the care of our Churches there was made over to the Paris Missionary Society. This step became necessary in consequence of the protectorate established by France, and especially by the decree that all teaching in the schools should be conducted in the French language. The people manifested the greatest reluctance to be taught by Frenchmen, even by French Protestants. For a while the prospect looked very dark, but we trust time is softening animosities, and that the work so nobly begun, and so well sustained, by our pioneer missionaries, will still flourish, although the charge of it is to-day in other hands.

In the Hervey Islands the work has not suffered as in the Georgian group by French interference, but modern developments have had their influence on the islanders. The fight against intemperance has been resolutely waged by our missionaries, and on the whole with encouraging success; but the effects of strong drink on the native races are everywhere very debasing, and our foreign work suffered, as our home work has suffered, incalculably from this evil. Religious propagandists have been sent to win the new converts to various creeds. Faith and character have thus been severely tested, but while some have fallen, most have stood firm and witnessed a good confession.

In the Loyalty Islands the French Government continued to act with a high hand. The Rev. S. Macfarlane was required to leave Lifu, but as he was already contemplating a missionary

expedition to New Guinea, the harm done was not great. The Rev. S. Creagh, of Maré, took his place. At the latter island the Rev. John Jones worked with praiseworthy devotion for no fewer than thirty-nine years, and was then, at a few hours' notice, compelled by the French authorities to leave the island. It is some little consolation to be assured that they cannot as easily undo the work of those thirty-nine years; and that the memory of this greatly beloved minister will long be held in affectionate remembrance by the people from whom he was so wantonly separated. The French Protestant Missionary Society has done its best, here as elsewhere, to repair the damage done by its Government, by sending a representative to take up the work which Mr. Jones is no longer allowed to do.

At Lifu, despite all hindrances, the good work goes on, and the last report announces that, with the exception of one year, the contributions to the L.M.S. are higher than ever before. In concluding our account of the Christianisation of these islands, let it be said that much of the most stable and necessary work does not lend itself to description. We cannot chronicle here the plodding, patient, persevering labours, year in and year out, of many of our most valuable and valued workers. When a Church is once founded, it follows much the same course, as a rule, as a Church in England or elsewhere. It has its seasons of revival and of apathy, of ingathering and of winnowing. But it remains through all a centre of light, and faith, and service in the particular district where its members dwell. In some of the groups the number of English missionaries was appreciably diminished, this being regarded as the first step towards the true goal—throwing the whole burden and responsibility of the work upon the people themselves. For this the South Sea Islands are not yet ripe.

The translations and revisions of the Scriptures have been many. The Samoan Bible has been revised by competent committees not once, nor twice. The Rev. Aaron Buzacott, a missionary of distinguished character and attainments, revised the whole Rarotongan Bible. The Rev. W. G. Lawes continued the work, so memorably begun by the Samoan teacher Paulo, of

translating the Scriptures into the Mohe language for the inhabitants of Niué. The Rev. S. Macfarlane translated and revised the New Testament for his people at Lifu. Mr. Creagh and Mr. Jones did the same for the natives of Maré. This does not exhaust by any means the list of similar labours; but the reader will see that it represents an immense amount of work and careful study. The languages into which these translations were made had never been reduced to writing before. For many of the words in the Bible the native tongue contained no accurate equivalent. The task was, in every case, a prodigious one. The gain to the work, for all years to come, cannot possibly be exaggerated. We may rest assured that a faith and life built up on the careful interpretation, and especially on the consistent practice, of the truths of the Scriptures, will resist the power of all alien influences to disintegrate and to destroy it.

CHAPTER IX.

SOUTHERN AND CENTRAL AFRICA.

David Livingstone—Among the Bakwena—A Lion Story—Sechele—Lake Ngami and Sebituane—The Slave-trade—Journey to Loanda—To the Mouth of the Zambesi—Later Travels and Death—New Missions and Old Ones—Tragedy among the Makololo—Mission to the Matabele—Adventures at Shoshong—Sekhome and Khama—Khama's Chieftainship—Robert Moffat Retires—The Kuruman Institution—Missions Independent—The Tanganyika Mission—Difficulties on the Way—Deaths of Mr. Thomson and Dr. Mullens—More Losses—The *Good News* and the *Morning Star*—Further Deaths—Murder of Mr. Brooks—Prospects of Mission.

WHILE Robert Moffat was in England in 1840, awakening an interest in the Dark Continent that has never waned, a young medical man, in training for missionary work, came to him to ask whether he thought Africa was a possible sphere for a medical missionary. Moffat's answer was, "Yes, if you won't go to an old station, but push on to the vast unoccupied district to the north, where, on a clear morning, I have seen the smoke of a thousand villages, and no missionary has ever been." Moffat never spoke words that found readier soil than these, or struck deeper root. The young man was David Livingstone, and the key-note of his life-work lay in those words "the vast unoccupied district, where no missionary has ever been." David's father was Neil Livingstone, of Blantyre, deacon of the little Independent Chapel there; a good, honest man, who worked hard to bring up his children in decency and uprightness. David, the second son, was in very early life an eager reader, with a keen love of nature, and boyish relish for adventure. It was he who climbed the ruins of Bothwell Castle to cut his name higher than any one else's. It

was a pardonable ambition, and it went with him to the end. He confessed, when nearly at the close of his travels, an anxiety to do such work as would prevent any one else cutting him out. He

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

need have had no fears. In the splendid history of African exploration there is one name *facile princeps*—David Livingstone.

He was attracted to the L.M.S., as so many others have been, by the catholicity of its basis; it existed "to send neither Epis-

copacy, nor Presbyterianism, nor Independency to the heathen, but simply the Gospel of Christ." During his early college course, he was very near being rejected altogether because of his difficulty in expressing himself. He utterly broke down when trying to preach his first sermon, and fled from the chapel. Objection was taken to his lack of facility in prayer. Little did they who thus criticised think that this man would die upon his knees in the centre of Africa, and that Livingstone's prayers would fill even the insensitive blacks who accompanied him with reverence and sympathy.

Livingstone's first journey up country did two things for him. It filled him with enthusiasm for African travel, and it impressed him profoundly with the benefit of missions. He had opportunities of seeing more than one mission station, and he declared emphatically, "The statements of the missionaries as to their success are far within the mark." The Christian Hottentots he admired for the simplicity and earnestness of their piety, and no less for the manner of their life. Finding, on reaching the Kuruman, that the directors had left him a free hand, he struck northward and made a circuit among the Bakwena and other tribes. His medical skill soon won for him a great reputation. With characteristic thoroughness he determined to master the Bakwain language, and to acquaint himself with their customs; so he adopted Moffat's plan of going to live with the natives for six months, and seeing no English society. The result was so successful that he was able to make several translations of hymns into "Sechuana rhyme"—hymns which were printed by the French missionaries, and sung by the people. In his letters to England he enjoys a quiet laugh at himself for turning poet. Finding it was part of a doctor's business, in the opinion of the natives, to "make rain," he cheerfully undertook to do it. Even the chief laughed when Livingstone explained that his method was to "lead out the river for irrigation." But the idea "caught on," and really useful work was the result. In this way, by strong common sense, combined with great geniality and kindness, he soon acquired a unique hold upon the natives. These days were memorable ones in the history of our South African missions. At

home the directors were earnestly considering the question of sanctioning a move northward. The responsibilities that must necessarily arise from such a move were clearly apprehended. On the other hand, a large number of missionaries was now at work in Southern Africa, while north of the Kuruman there was practically no station. Dr. Philip had been requested by the Directors to report on the whole question, after a circuit to all the missions. This he did. He was able to write that great progress was being made among existing missions in the direction of self-support. This was in itself an encouragement to proposals for expansion. It was clear, however, that he thought the young Scotchman, who was so eager to move northward, somewhat unduly ambitious. Moreover, the venerable Doctor reminded him and the directors of the perils arising from proximity to the cruel despot, Mosilikatse. The answer to this was, to Livingstone's mind, obvious and decisive—"If we wait till we run no risk, the Gospel will never be introduced into the interior." The young man had his way. The directors sanctioned a forward movement; and in the year 1843, when Moffat returned to the Kuruman, David Livingstone wrote that he hailed with "a feeling of inexpressible delight the decision of the directors that we go forward into the dark interior. May the Lord enable me to consecrate my whole being to the glorious work." Nothing could more strikingly illustrate the spirit in which he proposed to undertake this new mission than his resolution to confine his medical work to "severe cases." He is afraid of becoming "a very good doctor, but a useless drone of a missionary. The spiritual amelioration of the people is the object for which I came, but I cannot expect God to advance this by my instrumentality if much of my time is spent in mere temporal amelioration." Gilmour might have read that when he laid aside his medicine chest in Mongolia, and went on foot to visit the Mongols "in a spiritual capacity."

In 1843, Livingstone took up his position among the Bakatlas, at Mabotsa. He built his house with his own hands, and then settled down for three years' work. This year, indeed, his work was very nearly ended. The story is well known. Going with the Bakatlas, to break up a troop of lions that had been com-

mitting serious depredation, one of the beasts which had been wounded sprang at Livingstone, seized him by the shoulder, and shook him "as a terrier dog does a rat." Besides crunching the bone into splinters, eleven of the brute's teeth penetrated the upper part of the arm. Fortunately, the lion then turned and attacked another man, or Livingstone's days would probably have been ended. As it was, he had henceforth an arm with a double joint, and, as Sir Bartle Frere says, "for thirty years afterwards all his labours and adventures, entailing such exertion and fatigue, were undertaken with a limb so maimed that it was painful for him to raise a fowling-piece, or, in fact, to place the left arm in any position above the level of the shoulder." It was by this mutilated arm that the remains, so reverently borne on dark shoulders to Zanzibar, and shipped to England, were identified at Plymouth as those of David Livingstone, just thirty years later.

In 1844, Livingstone was married to Mary Moffat, the eldest daughter of Dr. Moffat. She was a truly noble wife, bearing his long absences with cheerful fortitude. His own testimony was, "She was always the best spoke in the wheel at home; and when I took her on two occasions to Lake Ngami and far beyond, she endured more than some who have written large books of travels." He said at another time that the indispensable accomplishments of a missionary family in Central Africa were "the husband a jack-of-all-trades without doors, and the wife a maid-of-all-work within." In 1846, Livingstone and his wife moved northward to Chonuana. Here the celebrated chief Sechele lived, one of Livingstone's best friends and most remarkable converts. At first Sechele proposed to convert all his people at once by thrashing them into the faith. He offered to call his head man, "and with whips of rhinoceros hide we will soon make them all believe together." But Livingstone taught him the more excellent way, and Sechele was an apt scholar. The chief put away all his wives but one, and endeavoured in many ways to conform his conduct to the Christian standard. At this time, a terrible season of drought brought the people to the very verge of starvation. The whole tribe, at Livingstone's instigation, moved northward to the Kolobeng River; but the drought continued, and great was the

suffering. It was downright hard work, in such circumstances, to keep up heart enough for missioning. But Livingstone was bent on training native agents, and planting them in the surrounding districts, and no material tribulations were allowed to defeat his purpose. Still he was oppressed by his situation. The river was dried up. There seemed no chance of permanent sustenance in this district. Then he bethought him of what he had heard of a great chief to the north—ever to the north !—Sebituane, King of the Makololo. Sechele reported favourably of Sebituane's friendliness to strangers. Moreover, the famous hunter, Oswell, turned up, "one of Arnold's Rugby boys," and he was willing to make the adventure. It meant crossing the Kalahari desert; but why not? Sebituane himself must have gone that way. So on June 1st, 1849, they started. This first great exploration journey ended in their striking the Zouga River, and discovering Lake Ngami. Then they returned, and finding things worse than ever at Kolobeng, Livingstone took his wife and three children, and, with Sechele himself as companion, started north again. They reached the Zouga in safety, but fever troubled them, and they had to return, subsequently going south to Kuruman to recover health. News reached him there that the Royal Geographical Society had voted him twenty-five guineas for the discovery of Lake Ngami.

Meanwhile Sebituane himself had heard of Livingstone's attempt to reach his country, and he sent messengers to entreat the white man to come. This decided the missionary to attempt the journey once more; and in 1851, with wife and children, a start was made, Oswell being one of the company. The details of that hard and painful journey we must not stay to relate: the rigour of the drought, the suffering of the children, the desertion of the caravan by the native guide. Suffice it to say that, despite all obstacles, the goal of the enterprise was attained. Sebituane was effusive in his welcome, and Livingstone and his party were equally delighted with the chief. The missionary always spoke of him as one of the very finest Africans he ever met. "He has a heart; he is wise," were the terms used of him by the people. But just as it seemed probable that Livingstone had found his life-work, and a permanent settlement, Sebituane sickened, and in a

IN THE DESERT.

few days died. The missionary stayed on only to make some further explorations. He discovered the Zambesi, one hundred and thirty miles to the north-east. Then he determined to take his wife and children to Cape Town, and send them to England, while he himself would return alone, and force his way into the interior, and from the interior to either the east or west coast. Thus it came to pass that in 1852 he arrived at Cape Town.

Much has been made in some quarters of the suspicions with which certain of his own comrades in the mission field viewed these pioneering expeditions of Livingstone's. It was after all not unnatural that some should say exploring was not a missionary's work; and, with Moffat's experience as a standard, should expect that our workers in Africa would settle down among the people of some one tribe, and labour until the fruits of the Gospel appeared among them. But in the missionary sphere there is room for many orders of workers. Livingstone wrote to the Directors, earnestly reminding them of the "multitudes that have been brought to light by the providence of God in the country of Sebituane," and the Directors at once reported to their constituency at home that they had "felt constrained to sanction this projected enterprise of their self-denying and dauntless friend, commending him to the care and protection of that gracious Saviour whom he aims so zealously to serve."

After some stay at Cape Town, during which he perfected himself in taking astronomical observations, Livingstone turned north again on June 8th, 1852. It must be remembered that, for the tremendous undertaking he now proposed to himself, none of the elaborate preparations had been made which are customary in modern tours of exploration. He had little money to provide himself with travelling wagons and stores. His journey to the Kuruman was a prolonged one, owing to difficulties of transport. There he learned the depressing intelligence that the Boers had attacked Sechele and the mission station. This should be noted, for the intolerable aggressions of the Boers on peaceful tribes like the Bakwains have formed a grave element of difficulty in South African work. Sechele went to the Cape to seek redress, but returned to gather his people together and become more powerful

than ever. For some time he diligently taught his subjects Christianity, and was himself a missionary among them. Some people have said that Livingstone was a great explorer but a poor missionary. If it is, as has been said, the main aim of ministers and missionaries "to teach their people to do without them," then Livingstone was a truly great missionary. The mission did not collapse when he passed on to occupy other fields. He had done his work too well for that. Forward now, till he reached again the country where Sebituane had reigned, and where his son Sekeletu was chief—a staunch friend of Livingstone, as the father had been. His people, the Makololo, proved themselves a faithful race to those whom they knew and loved. Their devotion to Livingstone and his wife, whom they called Ma-Robert (Mother of Robert—her eldest boy), was shown through many a long day to come. Till the end of 1853 Livingstone worked hard in his missionary capacity among these people; preaching to large congregations; working, as he said, in faith, convinced that he was doing pioneer work here as well as in exploration, and that on the foundations he was laying future missionaries would be able to build; and indeed what better preparation of the way could there be than to win the hearts of the people to the "white stranger"? It was during this period that he was repeatedly saddened by the raids of the slave-hunters. In a neighbouring tribe they had obtained a footing, and were marching to the coast with gangs of shackled slaves, not one in ten of whom would ever pass alive through the awful ordeal of those forced marches under that tropical sun. The bodily fatigue alone would not account for the horrible waste of human life along those slave routes to the coast. Livingstone wrote later, "It seems to be really broken-heartedness of which the captured slaves die. Even children, who showed wonderful endurance in keeping up with the chained gangs, would sometimes hear 'the sound of dancing and the merry tinkle of drums in passing near a village;' then the memory of home and happy days proved too much for them. They cried and sobbed, the broken heart came on, and they rapidly sank." The conviction forced itself upon him that the only way to stop this nefarious and inhuman trade was to open up

the interior to Christian and civilized influences. He would often speak of the authority which the words in the Proverbs had over his mind, "If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn to death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; doth not He that pondereth the heart consider, and He that keepeth thy soul, doth He not know, and shall He not render to every man according to his works?" He had found no permanent, healthy settlement as yet. He was consequently determined to try to find a route to the West Coast. So he calmly made a final disposition of all his earthly effects thus:—"May Christ accept my children for His service, and sanctify them for it. My blessing on my wife! May God comfort her. If my watch comes back after I am cut off, it belongs to Agnes; if my sextant, it is Robert's. The Paris medal to Thomas. Double-barrelled gun to Zouga!" Then he disappeared from Linyanti, and when next heard of, six months and a half later, had forced his way to the West Coast, and arrived at Loanda.

This wonderful and, at that time, unparalleled journey was provided for with characteristic simplicity. For food, they were to rely on their guns—and the natives apparently killed game more by accident than design. "Twenty pounds of beads worth forty shillings," and "one small tin canister, about fifteen inches square, filled with spare shirts, trousers, and shoes, to be used when we reached civilized life," "another of the same size stored with medicines, a third with books, and a fourth with a magic lantern"—these, with a few biscuits and some tea and coffee, constituted the *impedimenta* of the party; for travelling purposes one small tent, "a sheep-skin mantle as a blanket, and a horse-rug as a bed." Thus equipped, the expedition started. Very early in the march Livingstone was struck down with fever, which returned again and again; but he had "burned the boats" behind him, and he never thought of retreat. The line of march followed was up the Chobe River to the Zambesi, and then westward ho! along the Zambesi and the Leeba, and thence to the coast. In time they reached the "court" of Shinte, the chief of the Balonda, and held a great "palaver" with him. He was a mighty chief, and very gracious to the travellers, though Livingstone found at his

village two half-caste Portuguese who were raiding in the neighbourhood for slave purposes. Shinte was astonished at and delighted with the magic lantern, and Livingstone had to show his Scripture slides to hundreds of natives, and repeat, again and again, the story connected with them. Pushing on now—Livingstone very feeble from fever—they entered the country of another great chief, Katema, after which food became scarce, and the difficulties of travel very great. The Chiboques threatened war with the invaders, but were induced to barter instead, and given the advantage in the bargain. Then "dense forest and wet," Livingstone's fever becoming very violent. To add to his bodily ills, his riding ox threw him, and he fell on the back of his head, being also badly kicked on the thigh. He was now "almost reduced to a skeleton." The men too—or some of them—began to fear failure, and a mutinous spirit showed itself among the Batoka. A show of force, however, quelled them: and, on Livingstone entering his tent, and "lifting up his heart to Him who hears the sighing of the soul," the head-man came to say, "Do not be disheartened: we will never leave you." Then the others followed. They were all his children, and would die for him, they said; so they journeyed on in peace. There were other perils and discomforts, but at last they made Loanda, Livingstone afflicted now with chronic dysentery, and terribly depressed. The Makololo were utterly overcome by the sight of the sea. "All at once the world said to us, 'I am finished; there is no more of me,'" was their exclamation. At Loanda, too, they went to see the Roman Catholic worship, and were surprised at the ritual. "We saw the white men charming their demons," was their comment as they came away.

Many friends now pressed upon the great missionary the duty of recruiting his health by a voyage to England. The *Forerunner* was just going with mails, but Livingstone declined all overtures to leave his faithful Makololo body-guard so far from their home. The reward of honourable men does not often come as it came in this instance to the explorer. The *Forerunner* was lost with all hands, save one, off Madeira. Livingstone's precious diaries, maps, letters, all went down with her. It took him six weeks of seden-

tary labour to repair the loss; but he just sat down and did it. It was his way. The march back to Linyanti occupied well-nigh a year. Livingstone had now more opportunity to note the bearing of the geographical and other facts he had observed. He practically solved the problem as to the great river systems that had their rise in Central Africa. At last, amid extraordinary demonstrations of welcome from his greatly loved Makololo, and not least from Sekeletu, the missionary and his "braves," as they called themselves, marched back into Linyanti; and the way to the interior, which he had set out to make, was an accomplished fact.

Eight weeks of rest from travel, no more—rest found in doctoring, preaching, and writing letters and despatches; then the indefatigable pioneer set out again to follow the great Zambesi to its mouth. On November 3rd, 1855, he resumed his travels; after ten days the Zambesi was reached, and new country entered upon. The famous Zambesi falls were often spoken of among the people, and Livingstone pronounced them to be probably the most marvellous in the world. The great river pours itself into a narrow fissure, from which five columns of smoke arise—"smoke that sounds," the natives call it. The river is a mile broad, and leaping down 320 feet, it is contracted into a space of fifteen or twenty yards of hard basaltic rock. Livingstone called the place the "Victoria Falls." At the junction of the Loangwa and Zambesi rivers, the exploring party was seriously threatened by the savage tribes on the banks. It seemed as if the travellers must inevitably be destroyed. "It seems a pity," writes Livingstone calmly in his diary, "that the facts about the two healthy longitudinal regions should not be known in Christendom. Thy will be done." Then the same evening follows a passage which is indeed in its simplicity sublime. The necessity of retreat had forced itself upon him; the discomfiture of all his plans—and they were anything but selfish plans. "But Jesus came and said, All power is given unto Me in Heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations . . . and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.' It is the word of a gentleman of the most sacred and strictest honour, and there is

an end on't. I will *not* cross furtively by night, as I intended. It would appear as flight, and should such a man as I flee? Nay, verily, I shall take observations for longitude and latitude to-night, though they may be the last. I feel quite calm now, thank God." On this principle he acted, and "passing through the midst of them, went his way." From this point the journey was comparatively uneventful, and Quilimane was reached on the 20th of May. His devoted Makololo now promised to wait for him near the coast till he returned for them: and he promised that nothing but

MARKET-PLACE, UJIJI.

death should prevent his returning. One of them, Sekwebu, set out with him by steamer for Mauritius, but the experience was too much for him. He lost his reason, and sprang overboard; a fatality that Livingstone poignantly felt. On December 12th, 1856, the explorer rejoined his wife, "Ma-Robert," at Southampton, while the enthusiastic acclamations of the whole nation, and especially of all the friends of religion and science, greeted his return from those journeys in which he had belted Africa from west to east.

At this point, David Livingstone's formal connection with the L.M.S. ceases, in consequence of his appointment by Lord Palmerston to be Consul for the East Coast of Africa. The Society parted from its illustrious servant with deep regret, and he from the Society with a sincere regard, which he was never backward in confessing. Indeed, he confessed it in the most practical way by supporting a missionary out of his private purse, paying one-fourth of his Government salary for the purpose. Dr. Moffat's younger son was the missionary selected. Livingstone was now bent on returning to his waiting friends, the Makololo: and, after the publication of his book, he prepared to set out. His memorable words to the Society's directors, repeated to the University of Cambridge, were, "I go to open the door to Central Africa. It is probable I may die there; but, brethren, I pray you, see to it that the door is never closed again." We have yet to see how and at what cost the L.M.S. has endeavoured to obey that charge. Livingstone's later travels; his explorations of the Zambesi and its tributaries; his circuits among the great lakes which are the sources of the Nile; his discovery by Stanley at Ujiji; his final march, worn by fever and dysentery, to the south of Lake Bangweolo; and his death at Ilala—these belong to the volume of universal history. Nor are there many finer stories in the recorded deeds of any race, than how Livingstone's black body-guard, after earnest deliberation on their duty, embalmed his remains and bore them shoulder-high, with all his journals and belongings, a thousand miles to the coast, through hostile tribes, and desolate, difficult country. That they did it was sufficient proof, if proof were needed, of the singular influence of Livingstone over all with whom he had to do; and it is the reason why to-day the most illustrious of all the world's explorers sleeps in Westminster Abbey, and on the granite slab above him are the words, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold," and "All I can add in my solitude is, May Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one, American, English, or Turk, who will help to heal this open sore of the world." It is surely fitting that these simple and touching words—which were among the latest he ever wrote—on the great enormity of the slave-trade, should utter their

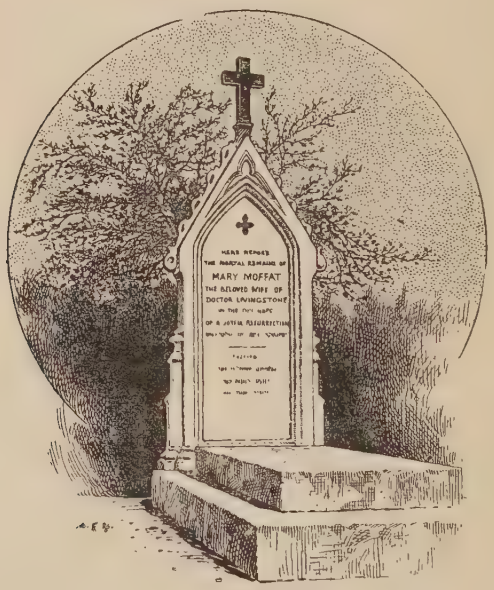
appeal, year after year, in the heart of London, from the grave of David Livingstone.

On his return to England at the end of 1856, Livingstone had an important interview with the Directors, the object of which was to consider plans for new missions to the interior. "The end of the geographical feat is but the beginning of the missionary enterprise," the explorer had said, and the words were well weighed. The outcome of the conference in question was a "double-barrelled" resolution, pledging the Society to start one mission among the Makololo, and one among the Matabele. Livingstone undertook to introduce the new missionaries to Sekeletu and the Makololo. Had he been able to do so, one of the greatest disasters in the Society's history might have been averted. As Robert Moffat was a *persona grata* with Mosilikatse, the Matabele king, it was decided to ask him to introduce the new missionaries to that capricious despot, and spend a year in establishing a Matabele mission. The Directors were fully aware of the severe demand thus made upon the veteran missionary. In the fourteen years that had passed since his return from England, Moffat's labours had been truly herculean. He had given to the Bechuanas the Bible in their own tongue. In this colossal work he had received invaluable assistance from the Rev. Wm. Ashton, who, after fifty-three years of noble work, is still labouring in Bechuanaland. The Bible so translated was printed at the Kuruman press. A Sechuana hymn-book was also prepared and printed. The importance of this great work of translation will be understood when we remember that Livingstone said that, in the Sechuana tongue, he made himself understood among all the tribes he passed through. It is thus, with various dialect modifications, the language of the interior. The inevitable cares and anxieties of the pastorate of his people, and the supervision of the training of native evangelists, Moffat had fully assumed. For forty-one long years of arduous, though well-beloved labour, he had served Christ and humanity in South Africa. Only a year or two before, he had paid another visit to Mosilikatse, and had pleaded with the hard, and now decrepit, old chief to accept

Christianity. The journey amounted to fourteen hundred miles, and he had extended it to gain news of Livingstone, and to take him some letters and papers. He was now sixty-two years old, and the new responsibilities were not light ones. Mary Moffat could not possibly accompany him at her age. It must mean a year of separation—perhaps more. But the love of the work was with him supreme, and he accepted the duties. He journeyed to the Cape to meet the new missionaries, as well as to exchange greetings with the Livingstones, who were to be there at the time.

Before accompanying the pioneers of these new missions to their destinations, we may briefly remind ourselves that the old stations in the colony were being well manned, and that the intervening years had seen expansion in many directions. Our old friend, James Read, one of the Society's first African missionaries, had succeeded, after one or two ineffectual attempts, in getting into Kaffraria, and establishing a station on the Kat River. There he did noble work until the melancholy Kaffir War of 1850–51. These two years were sore ones for our missions within the colony; for not only did a certain percentage of the Kat River converts take up arms against the Government, but there were desertions from our Hottentot churches to swell the ranks of the rebels. This fact brought our missions into great obloquy. The outcry against them in the colony was most bitter. It was nothing that James Read, and others like him, had most earnestly striven to prevent the rising; the colonists were in no humour to do justice to any. Subsequent impartial investigation brought to light serious grievances under which the Kaffirs had laboured for many years, and which went far, not to justify, perhaps, but certainly to explain, the outbreak. But the Kat River settlement was broken up and abandoned, and James Read died in the following year. In 1851, too, Dr. John Philip passed away, a tried and true friend of Africa. The error in his celebrated book on South African Researches, for which he was somewhat vindictively prosecuted, and heavily fined, had been forgiven and forgotten before his death: and his splendid services to civilization and humanity were remembered. The pioneers were passing. The southern churches were steadily

moving towards self-maintenance and independence. South Africa itself was passing rapidly through prodigious constitutional changes. Missionary enterprise had brought it prominently before the world. Then came discoveries of gold and diamonds; and it was seen to be a country worth having. The Boers had steadily sought to widen the area of their dominion, and were



MRS. LIVINGSTONE'S GRAVE AT SHUPANGA.

proving a thorn in the side of many of the native tribes. Boundaries were imperfectly marked out, and still more imperfectly observed. That mysterious word, too, "protectorate," the precise content of which has never been defined, came to be used as signifying the relation of England to certain native races. In 1856, and the years following, the action of the Boers in many directions caused much anxiety to Moffat and his fellow-workers. These most uncomfortable neighbours were known to cherish

designs upon Kuruman, as well as upon other of our more northern stations. The new missions had much to fear from Boer aggression. Only the strong line taken by Sir George Grey at this time saved these districts, in all probability, from disturbance and bloodshed.

On July 7th, 1859, the party destined for the Makololo country set out from Cape Town. They were the Rev. Holloway Helmore, with his wife and four children, and Mr. and Mrs. Price. Although the Helmores had come out with the Prices from England, Mr. Helmore had had sixteen years of South African experience at Lekatlong, and was hence supposed to be well seasoned; while his experience would, it was felt, be of great advantage to his comrade. Mr. John Mackenzie, who was also destined to the Makololo mission, proposed to proceed there a year later. We need not recount the many hardships of the long journey to Linyanti, which, it should be remembered, is nearly 1,000 miles beyond Kuruman. The weary pilgrimage was at length accomplished. Livingstone was not there to introduce them to Sekeletu, and it seems probable that the latter's suspicions were aroused by the proposal of the missionaries to occupy the healthier table-land to the north-east as a station. This was to move nearer Mosilikatse, who was the terror of the Makololo. Sekeletu accordingly insisted on the mission party living with him, and there was nothing for it but to build their houses there. The story now becomes very, very dark. In a week all were laid low by fever, or, as is feared, by poison. On March 7th the youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. Helmore died; on the 9th Mr. and Mrs. Price's little baby; on the 11th the daughter of the Helmores passed away; and on the same day a native teacher, who had come with Mr. Helmore from Lekatlong, fell a victim also. The next day Mrs. Helmore died. This was a fatal blow to her husband, who seemed to be recovering slightly. He lingered till April 20th, and then he followed his wife. "All these," wrote Mr. Price, "I wrapped up and consigned coffinless to the silent tomb with my own hands, with the exception of my own child, which died in the arms of its mother whilst she sat by my bedside as I lay helpless

from fever." The survivors now prepared to fly from this place of pestilence. Then followed "the unkindest cut of all"—the Makololo took advantage of the weakness of the afflicted missionaries to plunder their goods, and Sekeletu was foremost in this abominable work. At length, robbed of nearly all their possessions, and racked with fever, they began the toilsome journey back to Kuruman on June 19th. Mrs. Price could not use her feet. Slowly the little company made its way, day by day, until the plain of Mabahe was reached; and there, on July 4th, Mrs. Price breathed her last, and was buried by her broken-hearted husband under "the only tree on the whole of the immense plain of the Mabahe." Many missions have been opened by the sacrifice of human life, but perhaps none with such a holocaust as this. Near the Zouga River, Mr. Price, with the two orphan children, was met by Mr. Mackenzie, who was on his way to join the Makololo mission which had thus untimely ended. Mr. Price was spared to be one of the most valuable servants of the Society on a variety of African fields.

The Matabele party consisted of Revs. Wm. Sykes, T. M. Thomas, and John Moffat, together with Dr. Robert Moffat. They made their way to Mosilikatse's camp, and he received them cordially enough; but it was soon evident that he was suspicious. Numberless vexatious delays arose as to the settlement of the missionaries. At last, however, the king gave way, and the necessary houses were erected, Moffat working with characteristic skill and vigour, with the saw and the anvil, in all the preliminary work. Six months of steady labour followed, and then Robert Moffat preached for the last time to Mosilikatse and his men, adjured him with affecting earnestness to stand by the missionaries, and, with deep feeling, turned his back on Matabeleland and returned to his beloved Kuruman. There is not much to be told of the Matabele mission. The main features have been the stolidity of the people, and the fortitude and devotion of the workers. Mr Sykes continued to work there, year in and year out, for twenty-seven years. In all that time he could scarcely count one convert. At first there was only one station—that at Inyati, which Moffat founded. Now there is a second at

Hope Fountain, and here Mr. Carnegie, who married Mr. Sykes' daughter, has laboured for twelve years. The Rev. W. A. Elliott saw seventeen years of service at Inyati, and the Rev. C. D. Helm has already been nineteen years at Hope Fountain. Lastly the Rev. Bowen Rees, after some service in Central Africa, has been at work for the last eight years at Inyati. These things deserve statement. The men who can work on year after year, in an apparently barren spot, in faith that the hour of awakening will come, are not few. Matabeleland has had many such : and this fact is in itself the assurance that some day there will be a great upheaval there of ancient superstitions and usages, and a time of reaping for the faithful husbandmen. Even now, when the power of Mosilikatse's son, Lobengula, is broken, and the cruel and arbitrary autocracy at an end, it seems probable that a better day is dawning for the Matabele, and that truth and freedom will go hand in hand. For even in this hard field of labour there have been martyrs. The blood of confessors has been poured out to fertilize the soil where the good seed has been planted. Mr. Carnegie tells of two who were faithful unto death. One was condemned by a "witch-doctor," bound, and thrown to the wolves. To the last he was undaunted, looking beyond those who could kill the body to One who could save the soul. Another—a young man—was clubbed to death in the missionary's presence, because he refused to go back and live as a heathen in his native town. Such lives and deaths as these are surely, as Mr. Carnegie says, "the true foundation on which the future church of the country is to be built."

The two parties of missionaries destined for the Makololo and Matabele countries found that their routes diverged at a place called Shoshong. After the tragic close of the former mission, the Rev. John Mackenzie was requested to begin work at Shoshong, which he did in 1862. Livingstone had preached here to the Bamangwato, and a native teacher from Kuruman had, for a time, been employed here ; but these efforts had not been sustained, and a Hermannsburg Lutheran missionary devoted part of his time to the station. Mr. Price, who afterwards married Miss Elizabeth Moffat, had been destined at the same time to

reinforce the Matabele mission; but Mosilikatse objected to any more white men; and so Mr. Price joined Mackenzie at Shoshong, and they both intended to seek a new opening northward. The chief of the Bamangwato was Sekhome; and the terror of the tribe, as of so many other tribes, was their too-near neighbour, Mosilikatse. Moffat had done his best to cultivate friendly relations between the two peoples; but Mackenzie had not been long at Shoshong before rumours were rife that the Matabele were about to descend upon the Bamangwato. The rumours proved to be true, and the Mackenzies were obliged to retire with their little ones to the mountains—the home of hyænas and leopards—until the conflict was over. Both sides lost many men, and the Matabele eventually retired. The main interest of this tribal war lay in the noble bearing and humane conduct of Khama, the eldest son of Sekhome, who very early eagerly embraced Christian teaching; and who, on this occasion, openly remonstrated with his superstitious old father for his useless practice of magic and incantations previous to the battle. With the life and influence of this young man we have much to do.

Shoshong was not abandoned; but, by amicable arrangement with the German missionaries, was adopted by us as a station of the L.M.S. As for the Makololo mission, it ceased to be possible by the extermination of that once powerful race. On the death of Sekeletu, the people followed many pretenders to the chieftainship, and, after violent civil struggles, the enfeebled tribe became an easy prey to its deadly enemies, and was literally annihilated. Mr. Mackenzie tells us that even the heathen people drew a clear moral from this tragedy: "Let the missionary alone; the Makololo injured the missionaries, and where are the Makololo?" The reference was, of course, to Sekeletu's treatment of Mr. Price, after the sad deaths of his comrades. Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Price had much encouragement in their work. Even Sekhome, with all his superstition, was not unmoved by the Gospel. He pleaded, however, natural incompetence to believe it, or experience its benefit. "God made you with straight hearts," he would say to Mackenzie; "but it is a very different thing with us black people. God made us with crooked hearts."

CAMPING OUT IN BECHUANALAND.

He admitted, however, that Khama was an exception. "Khama's heart is right," he said. But as soon as Christianity had prevailed with Khama and his four brothers, so that they would no longer consent to heathen practices, nor go with their father Sekhome to the ceremony of "boguera," or circumcision, Sekhome was mortally offended; for it was a father's pride among the Bamangwato to produce a large family of sons on this national occasion. Subsequently Sekhome's solicitations prevailed with two sons; and then it was evident that troubles were in store for the people and the mission. Sekhome had entered on the downward course of the persecutor. His anger was increased, when he sought some ground of quarrel with the Christians, by the fact that he could "find no occasion" against them save as concerned "the law of their God." He endeavoured to stir up strife with Khama, by insisting on his marriage with a second wife. Khama refused, and in 1866 Sekhome ordered his armed men to fire on the huts of his two eldest sons. The ascendency, however, of these young Christians was so great, even over the heathen soldiers, that for the first time Sekhome's orders were flatly disobeyed; and he, in terror, fled to hide himself. His sons sent to tell him he had nothing to fear from them, which he was with difficulty persuaded to believe. In 1866, Mr. and Mrs. Price removed to Sechele's town, and began mission work there, at the request of the old chief, who was still in theory a Christian, but who had been dragged back by his people into conformity to heathen customs, and whose life was by no means worthy of his profession. Mr. Price reorganized the Church that Livingstone had founded, and had the firmness to exclude Sechele, who was much astonished, and not a little chagrined, by such a procedure. Nevertheless, or more probably on this very account, the Church made encouraging progress among the Bakwena.

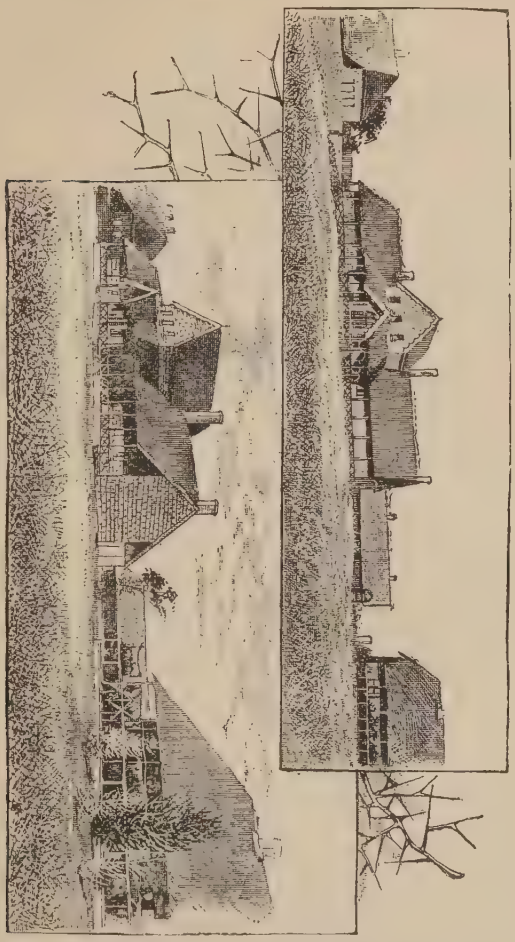
It was clear that Sekhome was still determined, notwithstanding the clemency of his Christian sons, to take vengeance upon them. The year 1866 witnessed the end of the struggle. At first Khama and his brother were forced to fly to the fastnesses in the mountains, where Sekhome's aggressions resulted in some desultory fighting. Then the chief assigned to Khama a separate portion

of the town; while at the same time he negotiated with Macheng, an old rival of his own, to come and help him against his sons, promising Macheng the succession. Macheng came, but Khama's nobility of character prevailed over him, and he refused to carry out Sekhome's designs. The latter, finding himself absolutely deserted, fled from Shoshong. Mr. Mackenzie had many dangers and difficulties to encounter during this critical period; but he had the inexpressible joy of seeing a manifestation of Christian feeling and conduct on the part of those who were followers of Christ, which might well gladden the heart of any true missionary. Macheng was now chief, and his title was not challenged by either Khama or Khamana. A large church was built in Shoshong, and Christian work among the people was carried on vigorously. In the beginning of 1869 Mr. Mackenzie visited England, returning in 1871. He was needed. Macheng had ruled indifferently well for some time; but he had now begun to develop the worst vices of heathenism, and the growth of Christianity offended him. He plotted against Khama and his brother until the two were obliged to assert themselves. The people were heartily with them, and Macheng fled into exile. In September, 1872, Khama was elected chief. He began his official career by emphatically, and publicly, discrediting heathen usages and superstitions, and proclaiming his belief in the Word of God. Actuated by motives that were perhaps rather filial than politic, he brought his old father, Sekhome, back to Shoshong in 1872. The ruling passion was still strong in Sekhome, nor had his evil mind lost its cunning. He set himself to estrange Khama and Khamana by cultivating the ambition of the latter. In this he unfortunately succeeded, with the result that, in 1875, there was a sorrowful engagement between the two brothers: Khamana was driven out, and Khama's rule firmly established. The reign of this Christian chief has resulted in notable advantage to the Bamangwato. They have a unique position in Southern Africa—a position that must be strengthened by the break-up of the Matabele power. One of Khama's greatest achievements was in 1890, when, as water was scarce in Shoshong, he removed his capital to Phalapye, and there built a town of very remarkable

character. Outside, near the Mission House, is a church that cost £3,000. But an even greater achievement than this has been the consolidation of the Masarwa, a wandering tribe, who throve miserably on the scant sustenance of the Kalahari desert. These wretched savages Khama looked upon with Christian compassion, drew them from their vagrant life, and settled them on adequate land; and, as Mr. Selous says, "commenced the work of converting a tribe of miserable nomadic savages into a happy pastoral people." He has, moreover, resolutely protected his people from strong drink. He himself sought British protection for his subjects; and he unhesitatingly ascribes his position to-day "to the influence of Christ's Gospel, brought to him by the agents of the L.M.S."

Two years before Khama was elected chief, Africa lost, by removal, one of her oldest and best friends. On the 20th of March, 1870, Robert Moffat preached at Kuruman for the last time. The grand old hero had finished his work in South Africa; though more than once, in after-years, he volunteered to go back again. The whole country was moved to say "Good-bye" to him. In a sense, as his son has said, it was not a case of going home, but of leaving it; for Kuruman was indeed home to him, and to his loving and honoured wife. We can well believe that no one who witnessed the scene when the wagon, bearing these two well-beloved and venerable figures, rolled away from Kuruman, will ever forget it. Fifty-three years before, Moffat had landed at the Cape; and it is given to very few to crowd so many years with so much of incident and achievement. During the latter years, too, he had known many bereavements. His eldest son, Robert, had died; and "Ma-Robert," Livingstone's wife, had found a grave at "Shupanga brae," on the bank of the Zambesi. William Ross, who came out with Livingstone, and had done noble and lasting work at Taung and Lekatlong, had died at his post. John Brownlee celebrated his jubilee at the same time as Moffat, in 1867; he had endured hardship as a good soldier in Kaffirland, through dark days and bright, for fifty years. The South African world was changing, for better and for worse, as the veteran missionaries passed through it to the Cape in 1870.

The gold fever was many degrees worse than the African fever. The scramble for "claims" had begun. Events were in motion in many districts which led to bloodshed and war afterwards



MOFFAT INSTITUTION, KURUMAN.

On the other hand, Moffat had seen native tribes saved from destruction, and, under the influences of education and Christianity, give promise of real capacity and character. The work of

himself and his brethren had by no means been done in vain. We must not stay to speak of his welcome to England, and the many happy and honoured years of his retirement before his death in 1883. Mary Moffat passed away early in the year 1871.

A movement in England for commemorating Moffat's historic labours in South Africa resulted in £10,000 being subscribed, for the purpose of building an Institution at Kuruman, on the lines of the Bhowanipore Institution at Calcutta, for training a native ministry and providing higher education for the natives generally. The building, which is an admirable one, was duly erected, and Mr. Mackenzie came from Shosong to preside over it. Shortly afterwards Kuruman passed through troublous times, in consequence of disturbances in Bechuanaland and Griqua Land West. Mr. Mackenzie was at the station—which indeed became a city of refuge for large numbers of settlers—all through the period of the "British occupation and settlement" of Bechuanaland, under Sir Charles Warren. The reader may be excused any lengthy discussion of South African politics. Periods of transition have, of necessity, peculiar attendant trials. That Mr. Mackenzie acted throughout with a manly and sincere desire to serve the best interests of the native races, nobody can well doubt. In 1884 he was appointed Resident Commissioner in Bechuanaland, under government, and consequently ceased to be a missionary of the L.M.S.; but he renewed his connection with the Society in 1891, when, at their request, he undertook the charge of the station at Hankey. Events had occurred there which rendered it desirable that the Society should again assume the responsibility for it.

And here we may fitly conclude our review of the South African work by a brief reference to the policy which resulted in the formation of a Congregational Union of South Africa. In 1867 and 1868 searching inquiries into the whole system of working missions were made by a specially appointed Committee of the L.M.S. The South African churches were urged to prepare for an independent life. Many of them were already self-supporting. Some of them were even contributing toward the expenses of other stations. The change came slowly; and it was not until

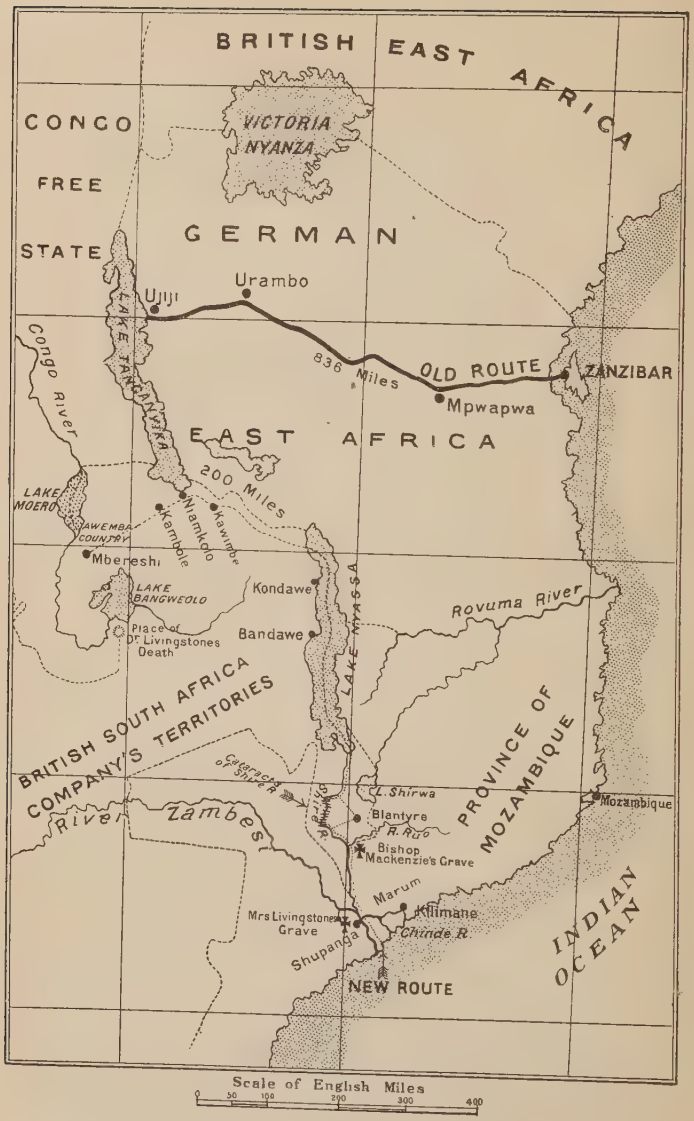
1883 that the accounts of the various churches ceased to appear in the Missionary Report. The stations in Kaffirland were retained for a time, though they too had almost accomplished their own sustenance. There have been, and still are, some who regretted this step: or, at least, thought the missions not ripe for it. The precise time when a mission may more healthily face the dangers that arise from independence, than the dangers that are inseparable from a state of dependence, is undoubtedly difficult to determine. It would be impossible for the present writer, and by no means easy even for those who know the missions intimately, to estimate satisfactorily the loss and the gain, and strike the balance. Moreover, in any such inquiry, it must be remembered to what peculiar temptations and trials the people of South Africa have been exposed during the last generation. In 1891, however, when the census was taken, nearly seventy thousand of the native population of the Colony were registered as Congregationalists, the great bulk of whom are the result of our missions to the South Africans. In the stations north of the Colony, for which we are directly responsible, a great work is going on, and developments will be awaited with singular interest during the next decade.

We have now to follow rapidly one of the Society's latest and most eventful missions—the one to Central Africa and Lake Tanganyika. Livingstone died in 1873, and his body was laid in the Abbey in 1874. There was a holy emulation among the various Missionary Societies which could best represent his spirit, and perpetuate his work, among the natives for whom his life was spent. Many plans were discussed by the L.M.S.; but, early in 1876, a proposal was made owing to which immediate action became possible. This was an offer by Mr. Robert Arthington, of Leeds, of £5,000 "towards the purchase of a suitable steamer and the establishment of a mission station at some eligible place on the shores of Lake Tanganyika." Mr. Arthington wrote: "It is much in my heart to take with you a courageous and faithful step in the moral conquest of Africa." Such a letter was a definite challenge to the courage and faith of the Society's supporters. The challenge was heartily taken up, and the L.M.S. determined to do its part toward this "moral conquest of Africa." This very year, 1876,

"Mackay of Uganda," as all the world has learned to call him since, had arrived at Zanzibar; but his instructions were not to start for the interior till July, 1877, and he did not reach Uganda until November, 1878. He did admirable work on the way, as all readers of his life will remember, clearing a track, and building rude bridges over rivers, by which labour our own missionary expedition was to profit. The Rev. Roger Price, whom we all remember from his association with the ill-fated Makololo expedition, and who since then had done valuable work at Shosong and Logageng, and is to-day superintendent of the Kuruman Institution, undertook, at the request of the Directors, to make preliminary inquiries as to the best route to the Lake. This he did by journeying himself to Mpwapwa, a third of the distance, and ascertaining details as to the character of the remainder of the route. On his return to England, the expedition was formed. The Rev. J. B. Thomson, founder of the Hope Fountain Mission in Matabeleland, as one seasoned to African climate and travel, was appointed to accompany Mr. Price. The Rev. E. S. Clarke had laboured in Natal under another Society, and was transferred with their goodwill and approval to this new enterprise. The Rev. A. W. Dodgshun was a student fresh from Cheshunt; Captain Hore was a master mariner, and his name is now notably associated with African exploration; Mr. W. Hutley was a joiner and builder. This completed the expedition. On the 5th of June, 1877, the whole party—except Mr. Clarke, who joined later—was assembled on the African mainland, eager to begin the journey into the interior. Very complete preparations had been made; yet in spite of these it soon became evident that the effort to reach Tanganyika would be a prodigious one. The loss in oxen alone was enormous. When the expedition had made its way 130 miles, of thirty oxen only nine remained alive; and the party had to separate, three of them to return to the coast for fresh stores and means of transport. The three others went on towards Mpwapwa. The former party decided to engage porters to carry the stores inland, rather than trust to the very precarious method of bullocks and bullock-wagons. Over 100 porters had to be engaged for the work. It was evident already that reaching

the interior was going to be an expensive work. Its cost in human life was to be paid later. Four months had passed, and the rainy season was coming on, when a conference was held by both parties near the Rukigura River. The result was that Mr. Dodgshun and Captain Hore were to return to the coast, and get porters to transport the remaining goods; while Mr. Price was to go back to England, and confer with the Directors as to the state of things generally. Soon after this Mr. Clarke left the expedition and returned to his South African work, apparently discouraged by the slow progress that was being made. After his departure, Captain Hore and Mr. Dodgshun, with 150 porters, started to rejoin their comrades, and bring on the requisite stores. A march of thirty-four days followed, and they reached the spot where Mr. Thomson and Mr. Hutley were. A halt was made here for rest and consultation. Mr. Price did not return, and Mr. Clarke had gone. Four out of six remained, waiting until the end of the rainy season permitted further advance. On May 29th, 1878, the Zanzibar porters, 200 in number, were loaded with their 60lb. packages, and the Tanganyika expedition made another start. Almost a year had passed, and only one-third of the whole distance had been completed. To add to the difficulty of the situation, Mr. Thomson was ill; and only quick transport and the skilful offices of Dr. Baxter, of the C.M.S., saved his life. From this point Mr. Dodgshun returned to Zanzibar to bring up the rest of the stores, which desertion of many porters had made it impossible to transport further. Between Mpwapwa and the Lake lay the country of the chief Mirambo, who had a very ambiguous reputation, some men praising him, while others credited him with nearly every vice. He proved, however, very gracious to the expedition, kept the members a week in his country, and expressed a warm desire that a missionary should settle with him. The caravan now moved on over the last stages of this eventful journey, and, at the end of August, entered Ujiji, and Lake Tanganyika was before them.

One of the evils the missionaries had come to grapple with was in striking evidence at Ujiji — the slave-trade. Captain Hore relates that, on the day of their arrival, the Ujiji slave-



MAP SHOWING OLD AND NEW ROUTES TO CENTRAL AFRICA.

market was closed, so strong was the influence of the mere presence of Christian missionaries. They were not unaware, however, of the suspicions and animosities which the Arabs entertained towards them. But they were determined to provoke no outbreak—rather to seek to gain their end by amicable and moral methods. Not quite a month after the arrival at the Lake, Mr. Thomson died—the first to give his life to the Central Africa work. There were now but two left at Ujiji, Mr. Dodgshun being still upon the road ; and disquieting rumours as to his fate reached his comrades from time to time. Captain Hore and Mr. Hutley, however, were not discouraged. They finished the building of the "English Mission House," and hired an Arab canoe, the *Calabash*, for investigating the coast of the Lake. At the same time they were making all possible progress with the language. In England the news of Mr. Thomson's death, coupled with intelligence as to the seizure of certain L.M.S. stores by Mirambo—an act that turned out to have been done under a false impression—created considerable sensation. Dr. Southon and Mr. Griffith were bound for the Lake to strengthen the hands of the workers; and Dr. Mullens, the Foreign Secretary of the Society, with characteristic enterprise and fortitude, proposed to go in person to negotiate with Mirambo, and report on the whole prospects of the mission. His offer was accepted, and the three went out together.

It was the end of March, 1879, before Mr. Dodgshun, who had pluckily made his way through exceptional difficulties, succeeded in rejoining his brother-workers at the Lake. He was much worn, and although the joy of reunion seemed to revive him, it was only temporarily ; on April 3rd he passed away,—the second life given to consecrate the new field of labour. This sad news was speedily followed by even heavier tidings. The honoured secretary of the Society, Dr. Mullens, who, with such ready consecration, had offered his services for the perilous and difficult work of investigating the causes of these calamities, as well as arranging peaceful measures with Mirambo and other chiefs, died at Chakombe, on the way to Mpwapwa, and was buried in the C.M.S. cemetery in the latter place. Thus passed away one

who, by the nobility of his character, as well as by the able and devoted services he rendered to Christianity in many parts of the world, has left behind him a memory revered and loved. The mission to Central Africa was indeed consecrated by such a life laid down in its behalf.

Dr. Southon and Mr. Griffith reached their destinations in September. This led to a reorganization of the mission. It was decided to accede to Mirambo's request for a missionary, and Dr. Southon started for Urambo. Messrs. Griffith and Hutley were to occupy Uguha, and Captain Hore to remain at Ujiji and continue the exploration of the Lake. These plans were all carried out; the work went on, and when, in October, 1880, the four pioneers met to discuss their first year's work, and the prospects of the mission, a further band of helpers arrived from England. These were, Mr. Williams, who went back with Dr. Southon to Urambo; Mr. Palmer, who was allocated to Uguha; and Mr. Wookey, who, with Mr. Hutley, was to settle at Ujiji, while Captain Hore returned to England to report on the Lake, and the vessel most suitable to be built to sail the waters of Tanganyika. The missionaries could thank God at this time that He had preserved them in their difficult outpost, and had enabled them so to live as to commend Christianity to those among whom they worked.

Lake Tanganyika is "400 miles long, and from 15 to 50 miles broad, having a coast-line of 1,000 miles, and a surface of 13,000 square miles." So much for the Lake itself. Along its banks are numerous tribes—a rich and varied field for Christian missionary enterprise. The first great necessity was a suitable boat, by which communication with the different parts of the coast could be swiftly and reliably maintained. Captain Hore had gone to England to consult the Directors. He had left three stations fairly well manned. The earliest tidings, however, were disastrous. Brought to death's door by repeated fevers, Mr. Wookey had to leave Ujiji for England; for similar reasons Dr. Palmer retired soon after from Uguha. Just before the latter sailed from Zanzibar, the Rev. D. Williams died of sunstroke at Urambo. His was the fourth grave of our missionaries in Central Africa.

He was buried in September, 1881. Mr. Griffith and Dr. Southon were now the two survivors in the mission, and the former was so worn by fever that it was doubtful whether he could remain. He was not, however, to be the first to go. In July, 1882, Dr. Southon died from the effects of a gun accident. His life might have been saved could he have been attended to earlier; but he had to suffer for three days before European aid arrived. His arm was then amputated; but ten days later he succumbed—the fifth. Mr. Griffith, weak and weary with fever, was now

CENTRAL AFRICAN DRUMMERS.

alone in the mission. Yet there had been many bright evidences of good that was being done. The sympathy of the people during this sad succession of losses was very genuine and cheering. At Ujiji, our stores at the Mission House were loyally and honourably guarded, until new workers arrived in February, 1883.

Meanwhile, in England, the construction of two vessels for Lake Tanganyika was going on. The *Good News* was a two-masted screw steam-yacht, 54 feet long. Mr. Goodwin, of Liverpool, a marine architect, gave his services as designer of the vessel. She was made in such sections as could most readily be transported

to the Lake; and the African Lakes Company agreed to deliver the whole at the south end of Tanganyika. Captain Hore was to take back with him to Ujiji an eight-oared lifeboat, "built of mild steel, and galvanised, 32 feet long." The boat was designed by the captain, and called the *Morning Star.* In the new expedition there were nine men, besides Mrs. Hore, and little Jack Hore. The names were the Revs. J. H. Dineen, D. P. Jones, J. Penry, J. F. Shaw, W. C. Willoughby, and Messrs. A. J. Swann, A. Brooks, J. Dunn, and Captain Hore. So great was the amount of material to be transported to the Lake, that nearly 1,000 porters had to be engaged for the purpose—perhaps the largest inland expedition ever organized in Africa. Just about the time of Dr. Southon's lamentable accident, this great caravan was setting out to reinforce the mission in men and supplies. There was much delay, in consequence of the *Morning Star's* not arriving by the steamer as promised; and, before the next steamer arrived, the news of Dr. Southon's death cast a sad gloom over the party. The delay, too, brought the rainy season near; and it became evident that for healthy travelling there must be a prolonged halt at some favourable place on the way. Still, advantage was taken of every opportunity for pressing forward: the weather proved favourable beyond expectations, and on January 16th, 1883, Urambo was reached. Mirambo was still most gracious—"All Unyamwezi is yours!" he said. A month later, and the Lake was in sight, the great expedition entering Ujiji to the inexpressible astonishment of the natives. Mr. Penry, who was ill at Urambo, was the only sufferer so far. The party now proceeded to various destinations, and the building of the *Morning Star* was watched by nearly all Ujiji with keen interest. On May 21st, the little vessel was launched, and proved more than equal to all the expectations of her friends. Before this achievement was completed, however, Mr. Penry, the sixth to lay down his life for Christ in connection with the mission, had died on his way back to the coast. Mr. Willoughby, too, was stricken down, and compelled to return home. There were now at Uguha Mr. Griffith—who greatly needed a rest, and was waiting an opportunity to go to England—Mr. Jones, Mr. Dunn, and Mr. Dineen, the last two

being seriously ill. Captain Hore sailed with the others to the south end of the Lake, where the building of the *Good News* began. Communication with the Ujiji and Uguha workers was kept up, and in this way the sad news soon came to Captain

IN THE AWEMBA COUNTRY, CENTRAL AFRICA.

Hore of the death of Mr. Dineen on July 25th. Verily, the keeping open of the door to the interior was only to be accomplished at a heavy cost. Mr. Dineen's was the seventh grave.

Mr. Griffith now returned to England; but his loss was balanced

by the arrival of Mr. Roxburgh, a capable young engineer, whose help was specially needed for the building of the *Good News*. The sections of the new vessel arrived at intervals only, and the work of shipbuilding occupied sixteen months. Captain Hore was able to pay occasional visits to his comrades at the mission stations. On one such visit he found Mr. Dunn very ill at Batonga, and he rapidly sank, dying on March 6th, 1884. Death had claimed its eighth victim. Mrs. Hore and her little boy had been compelled to return to England before the expedition got far on its way to the Lake; but they were now on their way back again to the interior, and three new missionaries with them. Great as the mortality had been, there was no lack of volunteers to fill the gaps. The Revs. J. Harris and B. Rees, with Dr. Laird, were the reinforcements, and they were bound for Tanganyika by the Zambesi-Nyassa route, Mr. Griffith having gone home that way, and reported favourably on it. However, tribal warfares and other difficulties prevented, and the old route had to be adopted after all. Dr. Laird's health soon gave way, and he was reluctantly obliged to return. Mrs. Hore and little Jack, though much worn by the journey, arrived at Ujiji with the rest of the party; and once again the ranks of the mission workers were replenished. The *Good News* was almost ready for launching, and progress was reported at all the stations. A new settlement at the south end of the Lake among the Walungu was determined on, Messrs. Harris and Brooks undertaking the duty. Not only was the vessel completed, but large new premises were erected at all the stations. A feeling of confidence and hope was growing up among the missionaries. The *Good News* was launched on March 3rd, although neither her deck nor her engines had yet arrived. The arduous work of building her had told fatally on one of the members engaged in that task—Mr. Roxburgh; and though he lived to rejoice with his brethren over the launch, and the first trip, he died soon after, on the 18th of May—number nine. His death was soon followed by another. This time it was Mr. Harris, who passed away at Niamkolo on May 29th, the tenth to give this last evidence of faithfulness to the work he had undertaken to do. Two others, worn with grief, and toil,

and illness, decided to return. Once again the mission-workers were reduced to a tiny handful of men. Captain Hore, his wife and boy, had made their headquarters at Kavala ; and there Mrs. Hore had already gathered round her a school of rough girls. Her influence, and that of little Jack, was winning its way among the people ; so that at this time the station at Batonga was abandoned, and a building to serve as church and school erected at Kavala. A boys' school was begun at the same time, and sensible progress was made in all departments. Mr. Swann and Captain Hore were the sole missionaries actually at work on the Lake now, for Mr. Brooks had gone to strengthen Mr. Shaw's hands at Urambo, where the chief Mirambo had died; but the mission was becoming firmly established. The news of the losses had reached England, and again reinforcements were on their way out—Mr. Carson, Mr. Lea, and Dr. Tomory. The Kavala station was doing well ; the *Good News* was being fitted with boiler and engines; the church and school were in use ; a dispensary was erected, for which Dr. Tomory's services were to be utilised. Before he arrived, however, Mr. Lea was compelled to return home, brought very low by fever.

On the 7th of September, 1886, steam was actually got up on the *Good News*, and the first steam vessel on Lake Tanganyika was complete. She has proved of invaluable assistance to the mission ever since. This great gain, however, was counterbalanced by the loss of Dr. Tomory, whose health gave way, and who returned home. The news arrived almost at the same time that the Rev. D. P. Jones was returning from England with his wife, and the Rev. R. S. Wright was accompanying them. They came by the Nyassa route, and reached Fwambo, which is situated on the high ground, two days' journey from Tanganyika, on September 21st. Here Mr. and Mrs. Jones decided to commence work. It seemed a thoroughly healthy spot, and an excellent centre. Mr. Wright joined the Kavala mission, where Mr. Carson was also located. Captain and Mrs. Hore returned to England soon after this. Mr. Shaw had previously been home from Urambo, but was returning. Mr. Brooks was in charge of the mission there. On Mr. Shaw's

return, Mr. Brooks' time of furlough had come, and he set out for the coast. He had proved himself an excellent artizan missionary. The region near the coast was at this time considerably disturbed: German annexation had provoked reprisals among the Arabs. They did not distinguish between English and Germans. All white men were alike to them. Into the midst of these exasperated people Mr. Brooks and his party innocently made their way. On January 21st, 1889, he and sixteen of his African porters were massacred by an armed body of "coast-men." This is the only instance in which the L.M.S. has lost a missionary in

CENTRAL AFRICAN GIRL, WITH EAR ORNAMENTS.

this mission through the violence of the people. Many have been threatened and assaulted; but hitherto the most hostile tribes have respected the persons of unarmed men on a mission of peace. Mr. Brooks lost his life, not in any outbreak of hostility against our mission, but at the hands of those who conceived that they were striking a blow at Germany in protest against an annexation which they resented. His was the eleventh death in connection with the founding of our Central African Mission. We may well say that the main cost of missions has to be paid for in human life. We have traced thus in detail the opening experi-

ences of this notable enterprise, that the reader may realize some of the difficulties, dangers, and hardships of such a work. We may hope that the first fatalities have been the most numerous, and that now, with healthier sites, and more suitable buildings, the work may go forward with less of suffering and loss to those who undertake it. But if it should not be so—if in God's providence more lives must even yet be laid down out yonder, in the evangelization of the tribes that inhabit the districts surrounding Tanganyika—there are hundreds more to be found in England willing to run the risk for the sake of bearing the message of life to Central Africa, hundreds who would count it an honour to sleep side by side with the gallant men whose graves lie here and there in the neighbourhood of Tanganyika.

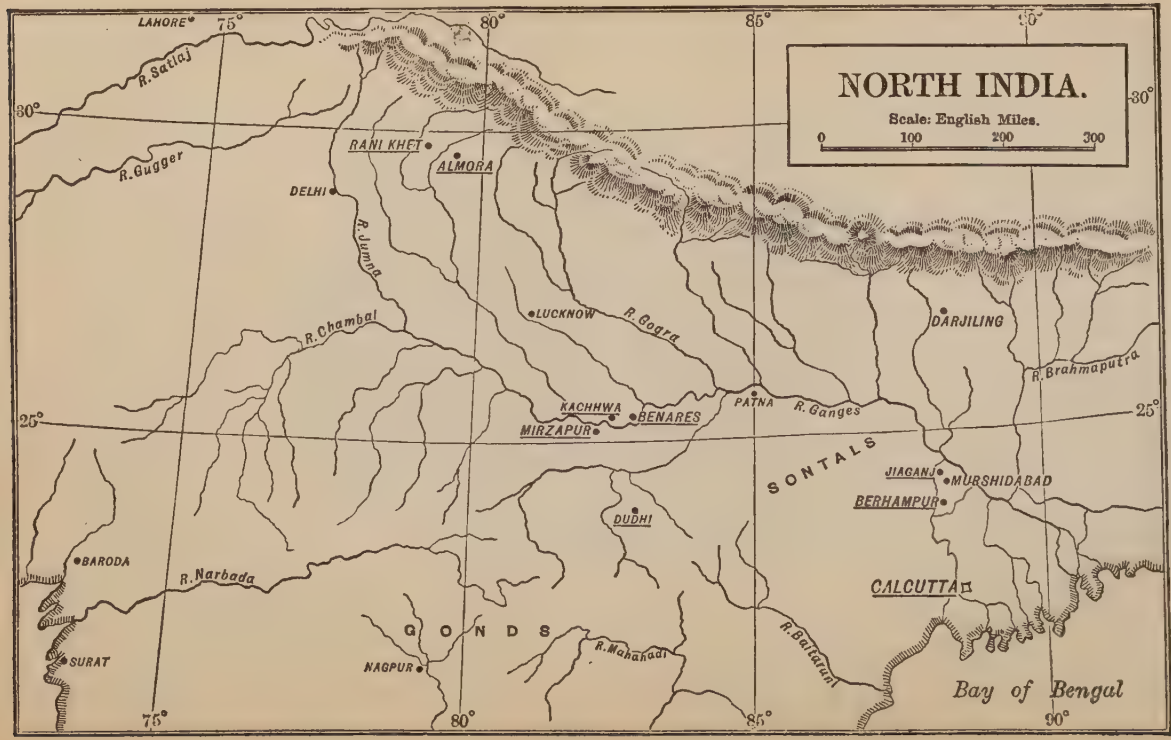
The disturbances that resulted in Mr. Brooks' death, and that grew into serious conflict between the Germans and the Arabs, joined to strife at the southern end of the Lake, cut off our mission from all communication with England through the greater part of 1889–90. It was a most anxious time ; but it passed, and when the first news arrived, it was found that all was well. Changes have taken place since, and some losses. Mr. and Mrs. Swann have in all lost three children, and Dr. Mather's brave wife passed away and left him in loneliness. Since then Mr. Swann has accepted an important post under Government, and enters, like Livingstone, on an influential civil office in which he hopes to be of material service to that mission cause in which he has worked hard and suffered much. Our three stations at Urambo, Fwambo, and Niamkolo are now effectively manned, and the missionaries write confidently of the prospect of the work.

CHAPTER X.

PROGRESS IN INDIA.

Duff's Work in India—Movement in Calcutta—Mr. Lacroix—The Bhowanipore Institution—Mr. Boaz in England—Changes in the Law—Panic among Hindus—Nundo Lal Doss and his Story—The Almora Mission—Bhowanipore Native Church—Our Missions in the Mutiny—Peril at Benares—Zenana Work—Success in Cuddapah—Missions in Gooty—John Hay at Vizagapatam—Work in Bangalore—Persecution in Travancore—Remarkable Developments—"Upper Cloth" Riots—Medical Work—Growth at Quilon and Trevandrum—Native Preachers—Meshach's Story—Summary.

A NEW era in the history of our missions in North India may be said to date from the landing of Alexander Duff in 1830. Wrecked off Cape Town, his vessel almost destroyed in a hurricane near Mauritius, and finally wrecked a second time in a cyclone up the Hooghly, and dragged ashore by ropes, there was from the beginning a sense of a singular providence about the man and his mission which impressed all who met him. Duff was a missionary of the Church of Scotland, who at the time of the Disruption allied himself with the leaders of the Free Church. His unique discovery in regard to educational work in India was the value of English as a teaching medium. Hitherto all the teaching in the schools had been in the native tongue; and a scepticism was freely expressed as to the possibility of inducing the Hindus to learn English. But Duff argued in this way: Teach a lad English, and you open to him at once the whole magnificent heritage of English literature. It is impossible to translate many English books into Bengali; and translations never have the force of the original. Bengali is a suitable


NORTH INDIA.
Scale: English Miles.
0 100 200 300
LAHORE
R. Satlaj
R. Gugger
RANI KHET
ALMORA
DELHI
R. Jumna
R. Chambal
LUCKNOW
R. Gogra
DARJILING
R. Brahmaputra
KACHHWA
BENARES
PATNA
R. Ganges
MIRZAPUR
SONTALS
JIAGANJ
MURSHIDABAD
BERHAMPUR
DUDHI
BARODA
R. Narbada
CALCUTTA
Q O N D S
R. Mahanadi
R. Baitarani
SURAT
NAGPUR
Bay of Bengal
75°
80°
85°
90°
30°
25°

medium for elementary education, but higher education must be pursued in English. This bold innovation met with an even startling success. Duff's institution soon became the largest, most flourishing, and most influential, educational establishment in India. It became also the parent of many similar institutions. There was naturally great excitement in Calcutta over the new movement. The more able Hindus were not slow to recognise the mighty revolution that must eventually come to pass if all the brightest and cleverest Hindu youths were educated in Christian thought, and introduced to Western literature. At the same time a series of public lectures was delivered in Calcutta on Christianity. Dr. Duff, the Rev. James Hill—at this time minister of Union Chapel—and others, were lecturers, and the effect produced was remarkable. This attack on the very foundations of the old faiths was the subject of animated conversation throughout the capital. It was a time of great mental and spiritual activity. Young Brahmins were heard openly ridiculing the ancient rites and customs of Hinduism. Organs were started through which the new spirit might find a public voice. Such was the *Enquirer*, the editor of which was a celebrated man —Krishna Mohan Banerji. So strong were his attacks on the abuses of the native religion that he was disowned by his family, deprived of his caste, and excommunicated from society. He went calmly on, making his paper the mouthpiece of all who were dissatisfied with Hinduism, but who had not accepted Christianity. Then he came right out, and was publicly baptized amid extraordinary excitement. Henceforth he was felt to be one of the most influential champions of Christianity, and when he died in 1885, he had won the enthusiastic admiration of all his fellow-citizens for the integrity of his character, the sincerity of his convictions, and the genuineness of his philanthropy.

The Rev. James Hill, to whom reference has been made, was a cultured and able minister, under whose pastoral care the congregation at Union Chapel grew and prospered. Many influential families became associated with the place, and its missionary character was cultivated by the establishment of the Bengal Auxiliary of the L.M.S., which aimed at supporting native

preachers and catechists, and supplying funds for various missionary agencies. Mr. Hill resigned in 1833. There were difficulties following his resignation, which were only gradually removed under the energetic and valuable ministry of the Rev. T. Boaz, who began work at the end of 1834. Mr. Boaz had so much to do with the foundation of our celebrated Bhowanipore Institution that we may here introduce the story of the events

A BENGALI CHRISTIAN WOMAN.

that led to the erection of this great building, and the organization of our educational work there.

At the time of which we are thinking, the most eloquent preacher in Bengali was generally acknowledged to be the Rev. A. F. Lacroix, a native of Switzerland, who, after working in India for some years under the auspices of the Netherlands Missionary Society, became, in 1827, an agent of the L.M.S. Mr. Lacroix' mastery of the vernacular was perfect, and he was

thus invaluable as an itinerating missionary, and as the general superintendent of our village missions. The work among the villages south of Calcutta had gone on with varying success; and, for ten years, Mr. Lacroix had laboured amid encouragements and discouragements, often having to lament the unspirituality of Church members, and sometimes having to adopt very stringent methods to purify the native churches. Bhowanipore is an outstanding suburb of Calcutta, to the south. Apart from the fact that it was a popular residential place, frequented by many thousands of Hindus, it was conveniently situated for evangelistic work among the southern villages. Accordingly, in 1837, Mr. Lacroix established himself at Bhowanipore. He was a devoted missionary, and did not look upon his home simply as a place of rest, but as a centre of Christian work. So he built a little chapel in his garden, established a boarding-school for the sons of his converts, and opened an English school. Next door to Mr. Lacroix' new residence, there stood an old mission church, built by the veteran missionary, Kiernander, in his own grounds, many years before. This building was secured by our Society in 1838, and Bhowanipore from that time forth became the principal seat of the L.M.S. missions to Calcutta. A girls' boarding-school was now started, and Mr. Lacroix began a class for the training of native preachers. But the English school was, in reality, the germ of the Bhowanipore Institution. It seems that, at this time, there was in Bhowanipore what was called a Hindu Union School, in which English was the medium of education. Mr. Campbell, who was associated with Mr. Lacroix, was once invited to visit this Hindu school, and found that the scholars had outstripped their teachers, and were, many of them, anxious for further instruction. Thus it came to pass that Mr. Campbell founded this English school, in Mr. Lacroix' house, and received as scholars six or eight intelligent Hindus, and sixteen Christian boys—not a great start, but a beginning. The growth of the school was slow at first; caste feeling was intense, and a school where all scholars met on an equality, and sat in the same classes, had to make its way against deep-rooted prejudices. Still, the advantages of education in English were too attractive to be

sacrificed to caste sentiment, however strong, and the Institution began to approve itself to the town. In 1839 there were 200 Hindu and Mohammedan boys in attendance, "principally Brahmins;" while the public examinations were so satisfactory as to draw great attention to the work of the Institution. In 1843 there were 350 scholars. Hitherto there had been little definite spiritual result to report; but in this year three of the scholars confessed Christ, and were baptized. Two of them were Brahmins, and all were able and distinguished students. The natural consequence was that panic prevailed among the Hindus in Bhowanipore. Children were forcibly removed from the school. The numbers dropped to less than one half. But after a while confidence was restored, the scholars were for the most part permitted to return, and the numbers reached their former figure. In 1845, branch schools were started to relieve the pressure on the central Institution. One was at Behala, four miles S.W. of Bhowanipore, and the other at Ballygunge, two miles eastward. At the close of 1850, in the Institution, and its two branch schools, there were no fewer than 800 scholars. The time had clearly come when expansion was inevitable. Meanwhile, Mr. Boaz had been devising ways and means.

An appeal drawn up by him, and circulated through the Bengal auxiliary in 1846, urged the importance of at once securing a site in Bhowanipore on which a worthy building might be erected. The auxiliary was at this time heavily taxed to support the native work, and Mr. Boaz rightly concluded that he could not expect to raise the necessary funds for the building itself in India. So, with the full concurrence of his brethren, he left India for England in 1847, to collect the money for the Institution. The plan that he had in his mind was a large and noble one. It included a central hall, with class-rooms, a Christian sanctuary, a theological institution for the education of a native ministry, an orphanage for boys and girls, and houses for native catechists, catechumens and inquirers. For this he asked the sum of five thousand pounds from the churches at home. At the close of his first address, a little girl came to him, and turning out of her pocket a few pence which she had saved in a

THE BHOWANIPORE INSTITUTION.

money-box, put them into his hand. It was the first contribution. The motto of the Bhowanipore Institution might well be, "A little child shall lead them." In two years the indefatigable collector had travelled all over the United Kingdom, and had got his five thousand pounds. In 1850 the foundation-stone of the Institution was laid, but so slow was the work, that not till 1854 was it opened. The cost was nearer seven thousand pounds than five thousand. It is a noble building, with library, lecture-rooms, class-rooms, house for Christian students, and so on. Mr., now Dr. Boaz, who had worn himself out over the work, may well have rejoiced at such a notable consummation of his labours.

While the building was in progress, certain striking events had taken place, which belong in part to the history of India generally, and in part to the history of our mission in particular. Up to the beginning of the year 1851, the law was that any Hindu who lost his caste had to forfeit his property. As any one who embraced Christianity was at once deprived of his caste privileges, he was reduced by a single act to the rank of a pauper, and thrown destitute on the world. There was great excitement in India when this native law was altered in 1851, and it was enacted that no one who became a Christian was to suffer in consequence the loss of his property. The agitation against the reform was confined to violent language; but there is little doubt that this just alteration in the law was one of several causes which eventually resulted in the Mutiny. Six young men, most of whom were Brahmins of high caste, who had possibly been deterred from open confession by the extreme renunciation involved in so doing, took the opportunity of publicly embracing Christianity. The missionaries at the Institution adopted a bold course with them. They insisted on their explaining the step they were taking to their relatives. The urgent solicitations and threats of the latter overcame their resolution in the case of three; but other three came forward, stood firm, and were subsequently baptized. Nothing could exceed the fury of the parents and relatives. They adopted every possible expedient to terrify or cajole the young converts. In more than one case, at this time,

young men on the verge of baptism were kidnapped, imprisoned in some distant house, starved or beaten into submission. In almost every case where the convert stood firm, the old life, the old home, with all the old associations, were closed against him absolutely, and he was treated as one dead. To sensitive and affectionate spirits this sacrifice was indeed a cross. Yet many were found willing to bear it. In regard to the six new converts, the Hindus were disinclined to concur without a struggle at law. The Rev. E. Storrow was charged with the abduction of two of these young men. The case was tried before a crowded court, and, fortunately, before a magistrate of good common-sense. In the first case he at once required the convert to give his testimony. He, of course, declared emphatically that no influence had been exerted upon him beyond the influence of truth upon his conscience. Mr. Storrow related all the circumstances, and the father of the youth, seeing that the case was hopeless, intimated that he would "give up the suit, son and all." In the second case a forged "horoscope," or birth-register, was handed in, to prove that the convert was under sixteen years of age, and consequently subject by the Hindu law to his father's control. There was no difficulty in exposing the fraud, and the young man was told by the magistrate that he was "at liberty to go where he liked." This termination of an anxious period was felt by the missionaries to be a cause for great thankfulness.

The relatives, as may be supposed, took another view of it, and in the hope of securing a formidable popular opinion on the question, they convened a great mass-meeting of natives in Calcutta, to protest against the evil and cunning machinations of the English missionaries. The whole thing was a fiasco. Barely 500 Hindus could be induced to attend. Clearly the people generally did not believe that undue influence was being exercised over their children, nor that the missionaries were other than disinterested and honest men.

The kind of spiritual movement that was going on in very many inquiring minds at this time may be illustrated by the life of Nundo Lal Doss, who is remembered in England from a visit paid to us a few years ago. His father had been very reluctant to send

him to the Bhowanipore Institution. But the lad's future advancement was at stake: so he was allowed to go. When the six young students were baptized, Nundo Lal Doss was at once taken away, and for three years the Institution saw nothing of him. Then he returned, and passed through stages of pure theism, and blank infidelity. Struck with a casual remark by a fellow-student that he felt he could not save himself, and needed a Saviour, the young fellow had great searchings of heart. The spiritual conflict ended in his acceptance of Christ; and then the inevitable hour of persecution had to be faced. At first he could not bring himself to make public or private confession, and for two years he continued a secret disciple; but at last he spoke out his conviction to a Brahmin neighbour. The latter at once apprised Nundo's father of the fact, and his indignation knew no bounds. Seizing his son, he beat the lad till he fell to the ground stunned; and would at once have thrust him out into the street, but that others interceded for him. Before this outburst the young convert quailed. He did not give up his faith, but once again he kept it to himself, and lived for some time the life of a prisoner, so strict was the watch kept on all his doings. At last a further crisis came. Hearing of many deaths from cholera, the solemn consideration forced itself upon him that he might die a coward; never having dared to make confession of Christ. He could bear the hypocrisy no longer, so he wrote a letter to his father and left home. But he was not to be allowed to escape so easily. The father and some friends sought him out, and for many days pursued him with every kind of solicitation. No one who heard Nundo Lal Doss describe these days of his fiery trial will ever forget the story. The old father took him in his arms, and with great tears rolling down his cheeks, besought his son not to break his father's heart, and bring his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. "Even now," wrote that son, "it sends a pang through my heart as I think of it after more than thirty-four years." From this tender entreaty, the old man changed his tone to angry denunciation. "Go then, and be a Christian, or whatever you like," he shouted; "but never see my face again. Do not dream of entering my house. If you come there, I will kill you, or kill

myself. You are no more my son. You are dead to me." Thus son and father parted, never to speak to one another for seven years. Nundo Lal Doss was baptized in 1857, and became a powerful and devoted native preacher. His story is typical of the

REV. J. H. BUDDEN.

terrible struggle through which the Hindu has to pass who would declare himself a Christian.

It was in the year 1850, as the Bhowanipore Institution was beginning to rise from its foundations, that the Rev. J. H. Budden and his wife travelled northward to Almora, and started a mission at this station in the hill country, near the sources of the Ganges. Mr. Budden had previously laboured at

Benares and Mirzapore. The new mission was at first sustained by the private generosity of two Christian gentlemen. The early years of work were uneventful, but full of promise. From the beginning the school-work prospered. To-day there are no fewer than fourteen schools, with almost, or quite, a thousand scholars. Two admirably managed orphanages—one for boys and one for girls—have become a prominent feature of the work. But perhaps the most striking development of the mission has been an institution for that most despised and most piteous class of all sufferers—the lepers. These miserable creatures were utterly uncared for when Mr. Budden went to Almora. Indeed, they were shunned and regarded with horror by their fellow-creatures. The Leper Asylum became a veritable city of refuge, where at least they might live and die in peace, and know something of the reality of the Divine compassion. Out of 120 inmates now, 115 or so are Christians. A handsome Leper Church stands on the settlement two miles from Almora. From time to time a "leper preacher" has been sent to carry the gospel to others similarly afflicted in different parts of North India. A number of out-stations have grown up around Almora, and native preachers are trained to minister to them. The genuineness of the work may in part be tested by the fact that in 1892 £722 was raised in Almora for the work there, in addition to £225 for school fees. Sir H. Ramsay was a munificent supporter of the mission from its beginning, and the Ramsay College was so called in acknowledgment of his deep practical interest. The work done there has been of the highest value. For forty years the Rev. J. H. Budden lived and laboured in Almora. Mrs. Budden was only permitted to see nine years of service, as she died in 1859. Miss Budden still works at the station consecrated by the devoted labours of her father and mother, presiding with great sympathy and ability over the Girls' Orphanage.

Before the Bhowanipore Institution was built, a few native Christians had been accustomed to meet in the school bungalow for worship. When the latter building was no longer needed for a school, it was resolved to pull it down, and utilise the old materials in building a more convenient form of chapel. This was

done, and the little sanctuary, with its brick walls and straw roof, became the home of the native Christian Church. This Church by solemn resolution pledged itself to maintain the cause, as far as it possibly could, without being a burden to the Bengal Auxiliary. To this principle of self-help it has been loyal ever since. Mr. Joseph Mullens, afterwards the honoured secretary of

REV. T. K. CHATTERJI, PASTOR OF NATIVE CHURCH, CALCUTTA.

the L.M.S., was the first to exercise pastoral superintendence over this little community. Mr. Mullens went to Calcutta in 1844, and in the following year married the daughter of Mr. Lacroix. Mrs. Mullens' great work among the Hindu women and girls will form part of our narrative later.

For thirteen years the Bhowanipore native Church met in this simple edifice, and grew in numbers. Then, in 1867, the foundation stone was laid of a new "Congregational Church." The generosity of the members was nobly manifested. Every one

gave at least *a month's salary* to the building fund: some gave much more. The chapel cost more than £1,000. When it was finished and occupied, the first act of the Church was to undertake the responsibility of its own maintenance, and to appoint its own native pastor. About this time five or six able and consecrated young Hindus, including Nundo Lal Doss, were ordained to the ministry, and appointed as pastors over native congregations. In almost every instance they had had to pass through the furnace of much tribulation. The father of the first native pastor of the Bhowanipore Church endeavoured to murder his son by strangling him, and was only prevented from carrying out his purpose by the timely intervention of some neighbours.

It must be remembered, as some explanation of the singular violence of feeling manifested against Christian converts, that we are dealing with a period of history very near to the awful days of the Indian Mutiny. There are numbers of people living to-day who remember vividly how all the world was affected with horror at the hideous story of that memorable time. The years 1857 and 1858 were passed by many of our North Indian missionaries in the valley of the shadow of death. Those who were able to remain quietly at their posts felt that they were standing on an active volcano, and that at any moment the outburst might come. The Mutiny was not unexpected; there had been mutterings of revolt for a long time. Now the complaint was that the English cartridges served out to the native soldiers were greased with cow's fat and hog's lard, the former hateful to the Hindu, who reverenced the cow, the latter to the Mohammedan, who loathed the hog. Again, the rumour would spread among the people that the British Government, which had put down the custom of the burning of widows, which was striving to stay the abuses of the national religious festivals, and which had passed a law that no Hindu should suffer loss of property if he became a Christian, was determined to root out of India the ancient faiths. In May, 1857, the outbreak at Meerut told the English inhabitants of North India that their lives and properties were in peril. This is not the place to recount the details of that notable struggle. All who love India would fain

draw the veil of oblivion over the fiendish massacre of Cawnpore, which has made the name of Nana Sahib the synonym for treachery and ferocity. We like better to remind ourselves of the noble march of "Havelock's glorious Highlanders," led by the great soldier who achieved an immortal fame in a few brief weeks of action. Havelock's strenuous religious faith, which dominated all his men, as Cromwell's faith inspired the Ironsides, contributed largely to the victory by which India was saved to us. The hero of Lucknow was a Baptist, his wife being the daughter of Dr. Marshman, one of Carey's colleagues at Serampore. The soldiers who followed him with such indomitable spirit were renowned through the world as "Havelock's saints." At Calcutta the days, though anxious, passed without any actual outbreak of rebellion. But in Benares, Berhampore, and Mirzapore, our missionaries were called to experience several weeks of peril and suspense.

At Benares, as was, perhaps, not unnatural when we remember the religious character of the place, the Christian population had more to fear from fanatical fury than in almost any other place in India. The European force was very small, and the native force very large ; so that in the event of a mutiny among the latter the place could scarcely be held. On the 4th of June, the mutiny at Benares took place. Our missionaries at once left their homes, and took refuge with English friends. Next day the whole English population was lodged in "the Mint," and guarded by such English soldiers as were available. The conflict with the native forces ended disastrously for the latter, and the small company of Englishmen and English soldiers did actually hold this great city through all the months during which the mutiny lasted. Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Buyers, with their families, were preserved in safety; but Mrs. Buyers, whose weak health was prejudiced by the shock of these days of peril, passed away before the close of the war. In Allahabad the lives of our missionaries were also preserved, though the mission suffered severely in other ways. When Mr. Kennedy visited the place soon after quiet and order were restored, he found the native Christians, who had been driven out of their homes, living in a large tent near what

remained of the mission premises. The houses of the European residents had been fired. The largest chapel had been set on fire, after having been roughly handled by the mob; but the flames had not spread far. It was speedily repaired, and one of the worshippers at the reopening service was a Christian whose arm had been cut off by a mutineer, and who had been left as dead. Here also, as on so many other fields, the devotion of the native Christians through the storm of persecution was the one bright light that relieved the blackness of a very dark hour.

Turning now to what, after all, must be the true conquest of India, by the triumph of God's love and righteousness, we have to chronicle the beginning of what is known as the Zenana work.

"Peace hath her victories, no less renown'd than war," and those who sought the highest welfare of the Hindu people were concerned to win the victories of peace. In a very quiet and unostentatious way a new sphere of work was occupied in the years that followed the Mutiny. Where many noble workers were contemporaneous, it would be invidious to select any single one as the absolute first to occupy the field. But certainly Mrs. Mullens was among the very earliest in drawing attention to the opportunity of visiting the Hindu ladies in the zenanas, or women's apartments of the houses. The rule is that the higher the scale of life, the more secluded is the lady of the house from the outside world. In poorer families the women are usually compelled to bear their share of the active work; but it is a mark of high position for a lady to be kept rigorously apart from common view. To this should be added a word as to early marriages. The Hindu girl is married when only a very few years old, and frequently to some one she has never seen. At the age of five she is taught to pray for a husband. At the age of nine she is very probably taken away to a strange house, condemned to live in the dark and cheerless women's quarters, and thus begin her married life. Sometimes it happens that, after a marriage has been arranged between a boy and girl, the boy dies, and the little girl is left a child-widow, and will suffer shame and sorrow all her days in consequence. Mrs. Mullens had worked lovingly and successfully in connection with the education of girls for

A GIRLS' SCHOOL IN THE COIMBATORE DISTRICT, SOUTH INDIA.

some time, and had again and again been deeply moved in her motherly heart by the sight of little girls being taken away in the midst of their bright, early maidenhood, to a solitary and cheerless life, and a husband of whom they knew nothing. Sometimes dark stories of the sufferings of these young wives came to her ears. In 1861, on her return from a visit to England, she set herself earnestly to work to gain access to the zenanas, that she might seek to help, and teach, and comfort those who passed their lives there. In this she was successful beyond her anticipations. English ladies were permitted to go where the male missionaries could not. The truth flashed upon the mind of the Church. Here were 125 millions of Hindu women, a large proportion of whom passed their days in the seclusion of the zenana. The field was not closed, but open—to Christian women! It has always been an article of the creed of every people that the mothers make the nation. To educate and Christianize the makers of the Hindu nation was the work that thus opened out before the women of our Christian lands. Almost immediately the wives and daughters of our missionaries began to visit the zenanas in the towns where they were situated. This movement became a recognised feature in our Indian campaign. Latterly medical assistance for these women has been afforded wherever possible, by training lady missionaries in medical knowledge. The Zenana and Medical Mission has as its object to supply spiritual light, and bodily healing, to the wives and mothers of India. No one can estimate the influence that is being exercised by this army of cultured and loving English women over their sisters, who live in the dark and lonely apartments of Hindu homes. To their advocacy, also, must be largely attributed the progress of the movement in India in favour of raising the age at which it shall be legal for girls to be taken from their homes and married. Mrs. Mullens lived but a short time after the inauguration of this new method of work,—dying in Calcutta at the end of 1861. Her best memorial is that great tree, with far-spreading branches, which has sprung from the tiny shoot she planted, a little more than thirty years ago.

Surveying now, very briefly, our missions to the south, in the

great Madras Presidency, while it is true that they have all steadily grown in strength and influence, some of them present the most remarkable instances of the Christianization of whole districts that are to be met with in the history of missions. Moreover, when it is urged that it would be wise to abandon some of the harder stations, and concentrate upon those parts where the Gospel has found greater acceptance, the lesson of Cuddapah must be remembered. This remarkable mission was begun as early as 1822, through the instrumentality of the Rev. J. Hands, of Bellary. In eleven years the converts numbered 114. Then for eighteen years the little Christian community remained practically stationary. The numbers rose, and fell again. There was no visible progress. The evangelization of the neighbouring villages produced little visible fruit. This went on until 1851. At this time the Rev. Edward Porter was missionary at Cuddapah, and he began to report that a spirit of inquiry was manifesting itself in the villages, and a movement hostile to the existing idolatries was in progress. It should be remembered that the people, among whom this work was going on, were very low-caste Hindus, described as "a degraded race, who worship chiefly rude stone images." They seemed almost too debased in superstition to be touched by the lofty spiritual appeal of the Gospel. But its ancient power over the common people was once more manifested. The light broke over these dark districts in wondrous wise. Whole villages were moved to renounce idol-worship and caste, and seek Christian instruction, and the knowledge of the true God. Ambassadors arrived from other parts to ascertain what this strange movement was, and how their countrymen might share its privileges. There were two villages, Polur and Jotur, no nearer than eighty miles from Cuddapah, which sent two of their head-men. These were instructed in the faith, and subsequently baptized, after which they returned to these two villages, and brought a hundred of their fellows to receive Christian instruction with themselves. The L.M.S., on hearing of this, directed the Rev. R. Johnston, of Chicacole, to establish himself at Nundial, near Polur and Jotur. He did so in 1855, and a remarkable wave of conviction seemed to travel over the

district, powerfully affecting the population. The converts were reckoned by hundreds, where, on other fields, they were reckoned by units. The movement, moreover, proved to be progressive. In 1881 the number in the mission was just about three thousand, while at the present time the two stations of Cuddapah, and Nundial, have a community of no fewer than ten thousand native converts, and, as Mr. Sherring says in his "History of Protestant Missions in India," they "are yearly receiving augmentations on a scale which bids fair speedily to alter the religious aspect of considerable tracts of country."

A further alteration in the method of working this fruitful and interesting mission was made in 1881, when Gooty was selected as a second centre instead of Nundial. Any one carefully noting the position of Gooty on the map will see that this brings our stations of Bellary, Gooty and Cuddapah well into line, and with Belgaum on the west and Madras on the east, forms a belt of missions across this southern portion of Central India. Gooty is ninety-six miles from Cuddapah, and forty-eight from Bellary, the three missions covering a line of three hundred miles, for the Cuddapah mission stretches far to the east, and the Bellary one to the west. To form some idea of the immense areas included in these mission fields, we may say that the Gooty mission alone includes 700 towns and villages, besides hamlets. At this mission, on account of its central position, a Training Institution for Teachers and Catechists has recently been opened, and is already full. There are some three thousand native adherents under Christian instruction at the Gooty mission, and there is every prospect that the villages around will undergo a similar transformation to those around Nundial. Of the three great centres,—Belgaum to the west, Bellary in the interior, and Madras to the east,—it may be said that while the definite results in conversions afford no parallel to the great movements in the villages, yet the persistent, sterling work of our missionaries has told. Strong communities have been built up, and the educational work done has been enormous. There are at the present time in our schools at these three towns some three thousand scholars; while every mission station is an aggressive evangelistic centre, from which

HIGH SCHOOL, BANGALORE.

Scriptures and tracts are constantly circulated, and preachers sent out into the surrounding country. It cannot be doubted that by these means the people are being gradually prepared for a religious revolution such as has been brought to pass in other districts. No one can possibly tell the extent to which the faith, of even the highest caste, in the old religions, has been undermined by a century of educational work. Those who know India best would be the least surprised if, at any time, a vast moral and spiritual revolution were to come to pass. Neither can we exaggerate the responsibility of the Church at home towards these people. Under Christian influence and instruction their faith has been loosened from its ancient moorings, and yet there have been sent to them, hitherto, so few who may act as pilots, and guide them to the safer and better anchorage.

What has been said of the solid growth of the missions in the larger towns applies to the northern Madras station of Vizagapatam. The history of this mission does not lend itself to detailed description, but there has been one great feature which must make it always memorable. This is the life and labours of John Hay, the Telugu scholar, who passed forty-two years of ministry in connection with the Church at Vizagapatam. His great achievement was the revision of the Telugu Scriptures, both Old and New Testaments, a revision properly amounting to a new translation. Although he retired from the Society's service in 1882, he still devoted himself to his life-work, with unflagging interest and diligence, right up to the time of his death in 1891. He was one of the many noble and scholarly men who have laid the Church of Christ in India under incalculable obligations by their literary labours.

South of the Gooty mission lies the great Bangalore district. With the Bangalore mission we have learned to associate the name of Rice, for since the Rev. Benjamin Rice began his work there, in 1837, until the present day there has not been lacking one bearing this name on our staff of workers. It is not possible to dwell here on Benjamin Rice's work, nor that of his two sons. It has been of that solid and sterling kind on which we can most reliably build our hopes for future progress. The Kanarese

Seminary, for the training of a native ministry, has never had a large number within its walls; but on the other hand it has furnished a sound and serviceable education for the few; and from it have gone forth, one by one, many of the most valued native preachers and pastors in India. For twenty years Benjamin Rice was largely occupied in the work of the seminary, finding time, however, to take a prominent part in the revision of the Kanarese scriptures. As a writer of tracts and books in the vernacular, he proved himself a forcible defender of the faith. In 1857, the English Institution claimed his services. This consisted of schools where Christian lads, as well as Hindu and Mohammedan children of proved intelligence, might be taught English, and so enabled to read English literature. The Institution flourished, and Mr. Rice devoted much time to conducting a theological class in connection with it. Abundant in labours, he lived to celebrate his jubilee as a missionary of the L.M.S., and a worker in Bangalore and district. At this interesting event references were made to the changes that half a century of time had witnessed in India. Mr. Rice himself referred to the fact that Hindu children were flocking in thousands to schools which they were not allowed to enter fifty years before. The number of native Protestant Christians had risen from 27,000 to half a million. A gigantic work had been done in translations of the Scriptures, and evangelisation of districts, as well as through schools and seminaries. This review of his work, and the general progress of Christianity, was delivered at the beginning of the year 1887. In another month he had passed to his rest. Few more honoured and beloved names are to be found even on the long roll of Indian missionaries. His son, Henry, was transferred to the Church of Scotland mission, in 1880. The Rev. E. P. Rice has already seen twenty years of service in the Bangalore district, and has recently removed from Bangalore to take charge of a new station at Chik Ballapur. The general statistical results of the Bangalore mission may be thus stated: our schools contain nearly 1,500 scholars, and there are, perhaps, 500 native adherents, of whom some 150 are Church members. This seems little enough to show for seventy-five years' work. But we must try

to carefully estimate the difficulties. As late as 1882 the Rev. Benjamin Rice wrote a brief description of what we were attempting in that particular Bangalore district which has been assigned

REV. BENJAMIN RICE.

to the L.M.S., and for which we are to-day primarily responsible. There are 4,000 towns and villages spread over an area of 4,000 square miles! "We have *one* missionary specially devoted to

itinerating work, assisted by five native agents, who are stationed, one *thirty-five* miles *north* of Bangalore, one *forty* miles *east*, one *twenty-four* miles *east*, one *twenty-two* miles *south*, and one *fourteen* miles *south!*" This leaves great districts altogether unoccupied; and these scattered and isolated evangelists, be it remembered, have to work amid a wholly heathen population, and often against fiercely hostile influences.

The country that lies south of the Nilgherry hills and north of our great Travancore missions, is the connection between two very fruitful fields. Our three main stations are Tripatur, Salem, and Coimbatoor. Although we have yet to wait for the day of great things, we are able to reckon some fifteen hundred native adherents, and two thousand scholars in the schools. But no statistics of this kind can, as I think we have seen, do justice to the work done, and the influence exerted over the people through educational and other channels. In some of these stations the Roman Catholics have been busy attempting to gain proselytes, which has of course added considerably to the initial difficulties of the work.

We must now take up the thread of our narrative of the development of the Travancore mission. We have seen that, as early as 1828, it had become necessary to form two main head-stations, one at Nagercoil and one at Neyoor, for the more effectual evangelization of the country districts. At this time there were some three thousand adherents. How those three thousand grew, in sixty years, into a compact and organized mission containing fifty thousand converts is what we have now to tell. We left off in our story at the point where the first serious outbreak of persecution occurred. The origin of this attack on the Christians was both social and religious. It was inevitable that Christianity should come into conflict with caste. Not only was the spirit of "caste" hostile to that of Christianity, but many of its customs were such as Christianity was bound to overthrow. For instance, to emphasize the inferiority of low-caste women, they were forbidden to wear any clothing above the waist. As soon as these women came under the refining and elevating influence of Christianity, they felt the indecency of

this restriction; and one of our lady missionaries devised for them a loose jacket, with short sleeves, to which some of them had added, "a cloth or scarf laid over the shoulder, called 'the upper cloth' as worn by the Sudra women." These latter regarded this as a challenge, not to say an open insult—a gross infringement of the standing customs of caste, and an attempt to obliterate time-honoured distinctions. For three years, from 1827 to 1830, this "upper cloth" was the ostensible cause of a bitter persecution of the Christians. The Neyoor district suffered most severely. Chapels and schoolrooms were burned down, and the erection of new ones forcibly hindered. Men were seized and imprisoned on false charges, one at least of whom did not see his home again for seven long years. Women were beaten, and their clothing insultingly torn off. Riots were frequent, and all appeal for protection seemed vain. At last, in 1829, a proclamation was issued. It was hostile to the Christian contention. The much-abused "upper-cloth" was prohibited, but, as a recompense, exemption from Sunday labour and employment in idolatrous service, was granted. The proclamation did not at once allay the excitement, but gradually comparative peace and order prevailed, and continued till 1858, when, as we shall see, the smouldering fires burst into activity again. It should be said, however, that the time of persecution was a time of progress. Thousands of idols were voluntarily destroyed, and there was no lack of those who were eager to join the Christians, and expose themselves to all the perils and sufferings through which the native converts were passing.

As early as the year 1821, Quilon, our most northern station in Travancore, had been occupied. At that time we were prohibited from establishing a mission at Trevandrum, the capital, and Quilon was next in importance. The start was most inauspicious. No progress was made, and, partly owing to frequent changes in the mission staff, the work languished and almost ceased to exist. In 1827, the Rev. J. C. Thompson began a persevering attempt to revive the cause. After ten years of disheartening labour, he formed *four Hindus* into a church, and reported nine other candidates. This was the result of fifteen years,

steady cultivation of what seemed an unusually barren soil. The agencies of the mission included a printing-press, which was afterwards given up, and schools, which were numerically successful. If the Quilon mission has not had the extraordinary success that other missions in Travancore have experienced, there are, nevertheless, three thousand native adherents to-day, the growth of the "least of all seeds," planted half a century before.

Just when Mr. Thompson was baptizing his four Hindu converts, and forming a native church, the veteran, Mr. Mead, was eloquently and successfully pleading in England for a forward movement in Travancore. Reinforcements were sent out, including several who devoted many years of noble service to the work, and saw an astonishing change come over the thought and feeling of the population. In 1845, one of these new-comers, Mr. Abbs, removed from Neyoor to Pareychalcy, fifteen miles away; and there he founded another great centre of mission work, in a district which to-day contains something like a hundred congregations, with over eighteen thousand native adherents. For twenty-two years Mr. Abbs laboured in connection with this remarkable mission, and very much of its success is due to his indefatigable and able ministry.

One of the missionaries sent out in 1837 was the Rev. John Cox; and in the year following he succeeded in getting a footing in the capital, and building mission premises there. Trevandrum is a town of 50,000 inhabitants, the majority of whom belong to the higher castes. Mr. Cox spent twenty-three years in unintermitted labours to build up an effective Christian church in Trevandrum. To-day "a little one has become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation"; for some 12,000 people have placed themselves under Christian instruction, of whom 1,500 are Church members.

In 1858, the "upper cloth" riots broke out again, and with even greater violence. The remarkable and widespread influence of Christianity roused those whose authority was being shattered, to make a final stand against the conquering power. Again and again the missionaries had protested earnestly against the gross ill-treatment to which many of their converts were subjected; but re-

dress was most difficult to obtain. In the Neyoor and Pareychaley districts, the year 1858 was marked by a series of small riots, in which the Christians were roughly handled, but which did not amount to a very formidable attack on the new religion. In the Nagercoil district, on the other hand, the movement was much more serious. Here the events of 1858 culminated in an outbreak of fury on January 4th, 1859. A mob of some 200 Sudras, and others, made raids on the houses of the Christians, stripped the jackets off the women, and committed shameful acts of violence. The fact that appeal to the authorities was useless was demonstrated three days after, when a number of Government officials headed a larger mob, armed with clubs and knives, the avowed object of which was to lynch a Christian catechist and his wife. They escaped, but their house was pillaged, and all Christian women who could be found were cruelly insulted and beaten. The riots continued. Houses were burned, and the persons of the catechists were constantly in peril. Public services had to be discontinued in many parts; and for the Christian inhabitants the days were nothing less than a reign of terror. The missionaries were powerless. They could only embody the complaints and grievances of the people in petitions which were treated with indifference. At last, however, the Madras Government was compelled to take cognisance of the lawlessness of the Sudras and others in Travancore; and Sir Charles Trevelyan, the Governor, addressed a strongly worded letter to the Travancore authorities. This had the desired effect, and in July, 1859, a proclamation was issued permitting Shanar women to wear a *coarse* upper-cloth; thus affording the high-caste women opportunity to emphasize their own superiority by the fineness of their attire. As the Christians had been primarily contending for the rights of decency, the proclamation was accepted in good faith, although the day must come when the stigma of the coarseness of the cloth will be felt to be offensive, and will be removed.

During the time of persecution large accessions to Christianity took place, especially in Neyoor and Pareychaley. During 1859 and 1860, some three thousand persons embraced Christianity. In many a hillside village there might be witnessed the demolition

HINDU CHRISTIAN GIRLS ENGAGED IN TYPICAL FORMS OF WORK.

of the Devil-temple, while a bonfire of idols was by no means an uncommon sight. Of course it is a very different thing—and it should be emphasized here—to destroy an idol and to destroy an idolatry. The outward sign might perish, but it is the inward sentiment that is so hard to eradicate. The missionaries found that even those whose Christian sincerity they could not question, were apt in times of danger, or drought, or disease, to fall back upon superstitious usages. For centuries of time the worship of devils had been the traditional religion of this strange people. It would be impossible to conceive any belief more debasing to the character. Sacrifice and offering were duly observed, because it was a politic thing to propitiate the malicious spirits. Religion was founded, not upon love, but upon fear. The power of Christianity to cast out fear has been abundantly illustrated in the history of the mental and moral redemption of these people.

The progress of the missions was not spasmodic, but steady and rapid. In 1861, 4,000 new adherents were reported, and a similar number in 1862. Medical work which had twice been previously attempted at Neyoor, and interrupted in an untimely manner, was energetically undertaken by Dr. Lowe. It proved one of those labours of love which was admirably adapted to break down caste exclusiveness. In the same hospital ward there would be assembled Brahmins, Sudras, Shanars, made one in a fellowship of suffering: and it was often noted that during the period of convalescence, Sudra and Shanar would discover that after all there is real human nature in high caste and low alike. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin": and sorrow and suffering draw hearts more effectually together than perhaps any other experiences can.

Mr. Thompson, of Quilon, died in 1850. His little community of Christians was now represented by some 200 adherents. Twenty-three years' work had achieved only so much. Then followed a period of comparative neglect, for the richer and more responsive fields seemed to demand all the available workers. For sixteen years after Mr. Thompson's death little was done for Quilon. In 1866, however, Dr. Mullens visited Travancore. There was a reorganization of the mission. Four native Chris-

tians, of marked ability and consecration, were ordained to the work of the ministry. They had already passed through a probationary period as evangelists, and were heartily welcomed by the native congregations over whom they were set. The Rev. F. Wilkinson undertook to resuscitate the Quilon mission. A second missionary was allocated to Trevandrum. The Rev. Samuel Mateer, who is generally acknowledged to have been one of the ablest, as he was one of the most devoted, missionaries of Southern India, had given a general superintendence to the Quilon and Trevandrum missions for the past few years. He was now able to devote himself more directly to Trevandrum, and he was spared till 1892 to witness the mighty expansion of the work, and by his books to acquaint the English people with this notable success of the Gospel in the southern extremity of that vast country which is to-day part of the dominions which acknowledge the sovereignty of the British Throne.

It would be easy, and perhaps profitable, greatly to extend our account of this fruitful field. There is, naturally enough, something in visible success that appeals to us. Perhaps no mission in the world has more to show for the labour expended upon it than the Tinnevelly and Travancore mission. There seems to be no reason why it should not steadily spread northward, subduing village after village, and town after town, to the Christian allegiance. Already there is in the field an army of native workers, catechists, evangelists, pastors and preachers. Among them there have been men of sterling character and devotion. Their metal has again and again been put to fiery tests, and has proved itself genuine. Their lives have been frequently remarkable, and sometimes wonderful. Rescued from the base fascinations of "devil-dancing" and magic, they have been effectually emancipated from superstition, and filled with enthusiasm. Not only so, but they have given evidence of considerable mental ability. Some have manifested literary tastes; native hymn-writers have arisen; and one or two might even claim the higher rank of composers of sacred poetry. When we remember the position of inferiority and degradation which many of these men were condemned, by the cruel caste customs, to

VILLAGE SCHOOL, TRAVANCORE.

occupy a few years ago, we can understand the amazement with which many of the higher castes heard Shanar men undertake to instruct their fellows in truth; and not only undertake to do so, but actually deliver themselves after a manner so competent and forcible, that the hearers were convinced against their will. Perhaps, however, their simple devotion to the joyful task of publishing the good tidings is the most characteristic feature in them. For instance, Mr. Mateer tells the story of Meshach, who originally had been a priest in a heathen pagoda. This ascetic, to prove his piety, fasted twice a week, and picked his food from the temple floor *with his mouth.* Piety, however, of this kind did not save him from the worst infliction of mankind. He became a leper. In his agony he called on the goddess of the temple for deliverance; but none came. It was then that he bethought him of what he had formerly heard from some Christian teachers. He began to seek instruction, and deep conviction ensued. Mr. Abbs now employed him as catechist and schoolmaster. But the fell disease was not idle. His toes and fingers were eaten away, and he could only creep to the roadside, and there sit and exhort the passers-by to believe in Him who could deliver from the leprosy of sin. And by his side sat a convert, who had been led by him to believe Christianity. This convert was blind. The touching spectacle of the blind man, and the leper, sitting together by the roadside, and still preaching the Gospel, was one not easily to be forgotten. Both died in calm and glad reliance on the love of God in Christ.

A brief review, such as we have taken, of our Indian missions, does not permit of our dwelling in detail on the numerous serious difficulties that oppose themselves to the progress of Christianity. But the outlook is undoubtedly full of hope. Unprejudiced observers, who have had large opportunities of noting the influence of Christianity in India, bid us confidently expect great definite results within the next generation. As we have seen, the effect of the far-reaching influences of education cannot as yet be adequately estimated. Already, however, signs of the revolution, thus silently accomplishing itself, have begun to appear. The native press clearly recognises that the day of the old faiths is over. What,

then, is to take their place? Some would say, nothing. Where superstition reigned yesterday, infidelity will prevail to-morrow. But those who believe that such a void would be intolerable, and that the ineradicable instinct of man for God can only be satisfied by the knowledge of the only true God and Jesus Christ, Whom God hath sent, will work and wait and pray until the heart of India turns to the Divine Father. No immediate results may be achieved among the higher castes, analogous to those which have been witnessed in Travancore among the Shanars. The material is doubtless less tractable and plastic. But there is this of compensation, that, when the more educated Hindus do surrender to the power of Christianity, they frequently present a singularly fine type of character; and while they are slow to move, and hard to influence, they "move altogether," when they "move at all." Christianity has proved, by its triumphs among men and women of every caste, that authority hath been given to Christ over the hearts and lives of all men. We wait with confidence for the day when that authority shall be fully acknowledged, and universally obeyed, in India.

CHAPTER XI

FURTHER WORK IN CHINA.

Persecution at Canton—Dr. Lockhart's Arrival—The Opium War—The Ports opened—Reconstruction of Mission—Work started at Shanghai—Amoy—Canton—Progress—Chinese Life—Bible Revision—The Taiping Rebellion and its Leaders—Siege of Shanghai—Our Hospital in the War—Dr. Hobson at Canton—Death of Dr. Medhurst—The First Chinese Martyr—Adventures at Shanghai—Work at Amoy—Expansion of Mission—Griffith John at Hankow—A Wonderful Journey—Peril and Progress.

WITH Dr. Morrison's death it seemed as if our Chinese Mission must die too. The name and influence of Morrison had served as a shield of protection to the native Christians. But now, not only was it apparently impossible for any Englishman to establish himself as Morrison's successor at Canton, but at once the storm burst upon the little Church whom Morrison had gathered. Scarcely one out of the number but was called to suffer fines and imprisonment within a few months of the removal of their head. Dr. Morrison's son nobly stood by the persecuted men, and did what he could for them, but even he was obliged to recommend Leang-a-fa, the intrepid and devoted native teacher, to fly for protection to Malacca. Keuh-a-gang, also a native Christian assistant of Dr. Morrison's, remained for a time; but in consequence of his persisting in the work of printing, he also barely escaped on to one of the ships in the port, where he found temporary shelter. These two native Christians had made up their minds fully to the consequences of their profession, and it may be truly said they were the means of keeping our work alive in Canton during the dark years that followed Dr. Morrison's death. At the request of the directors, Mr. Medhurst, of Batavia, under-

took a voyage round the Chinese coast in search of any possible openings for mission work. Some delay ensued in consequence of Mr. Medhurst's steady refusal to travel by any ship engaged in the opium traffic. At last he was able to charter a small vessel, fill it with rice, water, and books, and set out. He made his way in this fashion to some of the northern towns never visited by our missionaries before. On the whole he was well received, and the people were delighted to have his literature. But the immediate effect was disastrous. The Chinese officials got wind of his mission, and a manifesto was issued denouncing foreigners who circulated books "designing to seduce men with lies." Orders were given that all Christian books were to be destroyed, as well as the blocks for the printing of them. Any engaged in the printing or distribution of Christian literature were henceforward to be dealt with summarily. The consequence of this movement was that Keuh-a-gang was forced to fly and join his fellow-Christian, Afa, at Malacca. The son of the latter was seized and thrown into prison, and all young Mr. Morrison's efforts to secure his release were in vain. The Christians who had composed our Canton Church were scattered by persecution, and few, if any, knew their whereabouts. Mr. J. R. Morrison, with all his father's devotedness, Sunday by Sunday gathered his servants about him, and spoke to them of the love of God: and in this way alone did there survive any Protestant English worship and work in Canton or Macao. The American missionaries, however, were still permitted to labour quietly there. Away at Malacca, work was being done which would be turned to good account in that near future when the Chinese ports would be open, and the opportunity of the Christian Church would come. The Report for 1837 records that seventy students were enjoying the benefits of the Anglo-Chinese College at Malacca, and, of these, six of the seniors were in training for the native ministry, and were giving evidence of the reality of their change of heart and mind. It was proposed, when the time came to re-enter China, to send one of these youths with each European minister, to teach him the language, and act as evangelist and catechist among the natives.

All through 1838 and 1839 the station at Canton still remained

vacant. Leang-a-fa and his comrade, Keuh-a-gang were unable to return. Mr. Morrison from time to time wrote urgent appeals to England that some agent of the L.M.S. should be sent out, who might endeavour to resume the work. At the end of 1839 Dr. William Lockhart arrived at Batavia *en route* for Canton.

With Dr. Lockhart's appointment, we may truly say, a new line of missionary development had begun. Dr. Lockhart was not an ordained minister, but a qualified medical man, who proposed to establish himself in Canton on the basis of his medical work, and seek to combine the healing of the body with some simple efforts to lead the minds of the patients into light and truth. No one, who reads the early story of our medical missions in China, can doubt that there was much need of a ministry to the body as well as a ministry to the soul. China had once been famous for medical science of an elementary kind. But the rigid conservatism of the people had had its effect in this respect as in others, and the land was full of needless suffering, while the so-called physicians exacted monstrous fees for futile treatment. An utter ignorance of the alphabet of a clean and healthy manner of life caused the Chinese cities to be the most fertile breeding-places of disease. Difficulties, of course, existed in the way of the establishment of an English doctor in China. Prejudices had to be overcome, the hostility of Chinese physicians had to be counted on. If the treatment failed in any instance opportunity was given for anti-English demonstrations. Still, the cry of need was urgent, and, despite the fact that just at this time the relations between China and England were straining to the breaking point, Dr. Lockhart—who is still among us, honoured and beloved—was sent to make this new venture for Christ and humanity. Travelling to Canton, he remained there a short time, opened a hospital at Macao for the Medical Missionary Society, and had just made a successful beginning in the work, when he was compelled to withdraw to Batavia. The long-expected breach between China and England had come. The famous "Opium War" had begun.

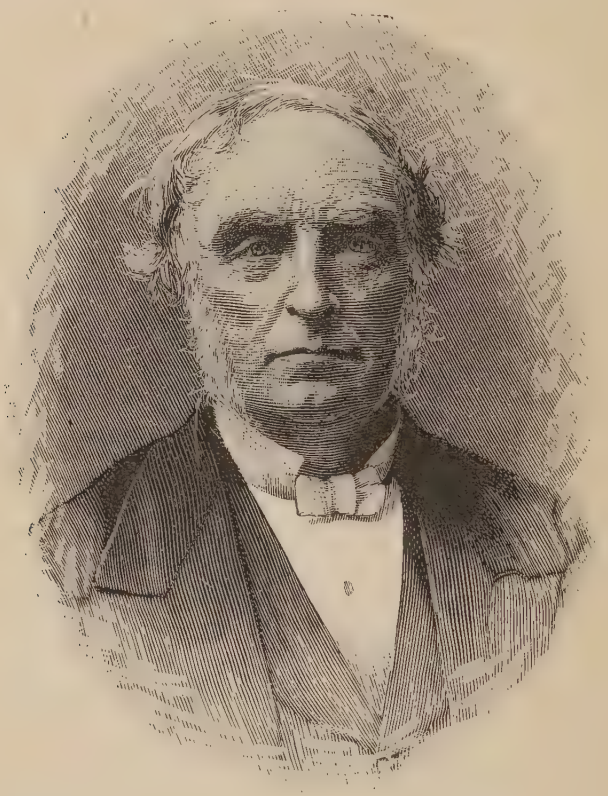
Few people, now-a-days, are prepared to defend altogether the action of England in this matter. It is quite true that for years

England had chafed under the absurd restrictions to which our trade with China was subjected. On the other hand, no one can honourably impugn the conduct of the Chinese mandarins in endeavouring to defend their countrymen from the free importation of that pernicious drug, the indulgence in which was the peculiar vice of the Chinaman. In the early part of 1839, Commissioner Lin demanded that all the opium in the hands of Englishmen should be handed over to the native authorities for them to destroy. Lin accompanied his demand with certain blustering, and even insulting, measures. In April of that year over twenty thousand chests of opium were destroyed by the mandarins, "a sufficient proof that they were in earnest in their endeavours to suppress the traffic."[1] This action of the commissioner and the mandarins was regarded in England as an insult to British honour, and in 1840 war was declared. The details of that war do not concern us here. Suffice it to say that the English were uniformly successful, and in 1842, by treaty, Hong Kong was ceded to England, and five ports were opened to British trade. Further stipulations were that "people generally should be allowed to settle at these treaty ports, to establish places of worship, schools, hospitals, and cemeteries, and that those Chinese 'who practised the religion of the Lord of Heaven which all the western nations receive and adore, and who do not cause disturbance and act wickedly,' should remain unmolested." It will be quite evident that this treaty ushers in a new era for Protestant missions in China. At the same time Christian men and women will never cease to deplore that the Gospel and opium went in side by side, and that the way for them was opened by the sword.

It was at the beginning of the year 1840 that James Legge, who was to be so notably associated with our Chinese Mission, and who is to-day the honoured professor of Chinese at the University of Oxford, arrived at Malacca, and assumed the charge of the Anglo-Chinese College. In the same year Dr. Lockhart travelled to the island of Chusan, and established himself at Tinghae, the

[1] "Encyclopædia Britannica." Article "China."

capital. The place was then in the occupation of the British, and for five months Dr. Lockhart ministered to the diseased and the dying in the hospital there. During the time of war, little work could be done in China itself of an aggressive missionary char-



From a Photo by W. BLACKHALL *Oxford.*

DR. LEGGE.

acter, but on the conclusion of peace in 1842, a conference of missionaries was held, and it was resolved to recommend the directors to evacuate their outposts in Malacca, Batavia, Penang, and so on, and boldly establish the mission in the newly-opened ports. The Anglo-Chinese College was consequently transferred

to Hong Kong, and converted into a theological seminary, with the main object of training a native ministry. Dr. Hobson also removed to that island, and opened a hospital. The native Chinese teachers, Afa and Agang, with Chin-seen, who was also qualified to serve in this capacity, were reported to have successfully started services for the Chinese in various parts of the settlement. Mr. Medhurst and Dr. Lockhart, travelling northwards, took up their position in the city of Shanghai, and began energetically to make arrangements for mission premises and residence. In 1844, Mr. J. Stronach and Mr. Young proceeded to Amoy, and began a work, which has proved one of the most remarkable of any that the mission field affords. Thus all our "outposts," except Singapore, had been deserted for the more pressing service which lay on the mainland. Four years later, in 1848, it was felt to be wisest to relinquish our hold on Singapore also, and thus the work on the stations of the Malay belongs from this date to past history. At home, large contributions had poured into the exchequer for an immediate advance in our Chinese Mission. The door which for centuries had been closed was open at last. The claims of Christian duty, and the privilege of Christian service, alike constrained us to enter in.

It will be noticed that this scheme of redistribution included no proposal for resuming work at Canton. It was still impossible for an Englishman to become a missionary there. But Leang-a-fa was drawn by many ties to the city where he had lived so long and suffered so much. His son, moreover, had been in Commissioner Lin's service, and was still living at Canton. So with the consent of the Hong Kong missionaries, Afa returned to his old home, and began once more to throw himself with vigour and devotedness into his evangelistic work. This noble Chinese Christian was destined to exercise a profound influence on the political history of his country. It was a tract of his called "The True Principle of the World's Salvation," that fell into the hands of the clever and singular man who a few years later became the leader of the famous Tai-Ping Rebellion. The story of that remarkable event in Chinese history and its effect on our missions we must recount later.

THE BUND, SHANGHAI.

In Shanghai, Mr. Medhurst and Dr. Lockhart made a spirited beginning. In 1845, they reported that, in ten months, 10,000 patients had been treated. The press had been set up, and a weekly sermon was issued from it and freely distributed. The plan was to read and explain this sermon to the people at the Sunday service. During the week-days, addresses were frequently delivered in the streets, and in the temples; for even at the latter places no objection was made to the public teaching of Christianity. The missionaries' house was opened for preaching, and in an upper room of that house a simple service was held. As the number attending increased, it was found necessary to throw two rooms into one, by which means about one hundred people could be accommodated. The news of this curious doctrine, that was being thus strangely advocated in their midst, rapidly spread. Neighbouring towns and cities were frequently represented among the audiences that thronged the little room. Men of public distinction were observed in the congregation; and while "some mocked, others said, we will hear thee again on this matter."

Shanghai, which stands on the coast near to Nanking, the southern capital of China, was, so far, the northernmost post occupied by the Society. Amoy lies on the coast north-east of Hong Kong, and about three hundred miles from that island. Here Mr. John Stronach and Mr. Young came in 1844, and Mr. Alexander Stronach joined them soon after. These brothers Stronach were remarkable men, born in Edinburgh, and admirably qualified to be successful missionaries. In Amoy, a central hall was secured, large enough to accommodate two hundred people, and here the strange sight was to be witnessed of Englishmen addressing the Chinese in the vernacular. The authorities of the city received them graciously, the chief magistrate in particular going so far as to say that he hoped many converts to Christianity would be made, as he was convinced the people would be wiser and happier for it. It is fair to him to say, however, that he showed no intention of becoming wiser and happier himself.

In this year, 1845, full toleration was accorded by the Chinese Government to Protestant Missions. The news naturally

heartened all our workers. At Shanghai the fruits of the new movement were already beginning to appear. Two or three isolated Christians in the city had gathered round the missionaries, and a little Church had been formed. Then came the first public confession of Christianity in that great city. One of the converts was a "literary graduate," who, "by his earnestness, humility and ingenuousness, has commended himself to all who knew him." The second had been brought up in the mission school at Batavia; and such had been his devotion to the missionaries that he had followed them to Shanghai there to take the vows of the Christian life. From Hong Kong news came of the erection of a commodious chapel adjacent to the mission station; and also another place of Christian worship in a neighbouring village. In Amoy, however, the attitude of the people was apparently one of mere curiosity, and no real evidences of impression were as yet noticeable. Indeed four years were to go by, before the missionaries at Amoy were to see any definite results of their patient and zealous labours.

So far Canton had held out successfully against our missionaries. The prejudice against foreigners was particularly strong in this city. One most striking feature of the situation, however, was that Leang-a-fa had built a little chapel near his own house in Hunan, and was daily occupied in exhorting his fellow countrymen. After the new edict of toleration, Dr. Hobson made a fresh move, and at last succeeded in securing a room that might serve the double purpose of a consulting-room and a chapel. Many years had passed away since the death of Dr. Morrison. His son, Mr. J. R. Morrison, had followed him to the grave. Canton had maintained its old stolid attitude of hostility. But the hour, for which the missionaries had so patiently and anxiously waited, had come. Even Canton could hold out no longer. In February, 1848, Dr. Hobson started his medical missionary work in the city, and was soon able to report that a sound beginning had been made.

Chinese life, as it really is, was now opening out before these Christian pioneers, as it had not done before. Hitherto there had been no opportunity for full and free examination into the

habits and character of this people. Neither had the density of the population been at all adequately appreciated. The Shanghai missionaries, after evangelistic tours among the neighbouring cities and towns, wrote home oppressed with the awful magnitude of the field, the enormous multitudes of people. They were beginning to realize what it meant to dwell among four hundred millions of human beings, within the bounds of one gigantic empire. The more they saw of the life around them, the more they were appalled by its misery and its sin. To take one of the commonest customs, in certain parts seven out of every ten female children were murdered by their parents immediately after birth. The remainder endured untold suffering from the unnatural binding of the feet. Of no country more than China is it true that it is "full of the habitations of cruelty." Their estimate of human life is frightfully low. Their punishments are often fiendish. During the internal wars, which our missionaries were about to pass through, the scenes of bloodshed were such as can only be partially portrayed. Ancestor-worship was the prevailing superstition; and not only was it an exceedingly expensive one which impoverished the people, but it afforded a religious sanction to a whole host of shameful as well as foolish customs which had nothing to recommend them but their antiquity. This spirit of conservatism, however, was responsible for one fact which was a mighty influence in favour of the spread of Christian knowledge. China had practically only one written language. With innumerable dialects of the spoken language, the national reverence for the Chinese classics had made the curious characters in which they were written universal. Thus it happened that Bibles and tracts when once printed could be *read* and understood in any part of China; whereas the preacher who *spoke* in the dialect with which he was familiar would not make the natives of a neighbouring district understand what he said. This universality of the written character was thus an enormous help in disseminating Christian teaching. A second powerful influence now at work lay in the shock given to Chinese self-complacency by the unquestionable success of our English medical missionaries. China had so long been accustomed to despise

everything that was not Chinese, that the superiority of English medical skill, which it was not long able to dispute, shook its faith in its own virtues. The people were being forced to admit that if they were so deficient in one branch of knowledge, it was at least possible they might be equally so in another.

The year 1847 marked the beginning of a truly great work—the revision of the Chinese Bible, by a committee of thoroughly qualified Chinese scholars. These men represented various missionary societies, Dr. Medhurst and Rev. John Stronach being chosen out of the L.M.S. missionaries. The New Testament was completed in about two years. Then the Rev. William Milne, son of Dr. Milne, was added to the committee, and the Old Testament was in like manner revised. The entire work occupied until 1853. Soon after its completion Dr. Medhurst, a missionary of eminent ability and saintliness, passed to his rest. So intense had been his interest in the work of the revision that he may well have said at the close, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace." The time was indeed ripe for this great work. It was abundantly necessary that the Bible, to be circulated throughout China in these days of toleration, should be accurate in expression and forcible in style. The new version was, in the opinion of competent judges, an immense advance upon any previous one.

The years 1851–1864 are memorable in Chinese history as the years of the Tai-Ping rebellion. For so long a time China was the scene of continual disorders; and more than one of the cities in which our missionaries had established themselves was part of the theatre of war. But even more remarkable than the noble work done by our medical missionaries in ministering to the wounded, was the part Christianity played in this singular revolutionary movement. The facts were as follows: In 1850 the old Chinese emperor died, and was succeeded by his son. At this time our records give evidence of much uneasiness of feeling among the missionaries, in consequence of an edict issued by the new emperor, which seemed to hint at a revival of the old restrictions on intercourse between Europeans and the Chinese. More significant, however, was the strong popular feeling of dis-

appointment, that none of the reforms which had been so long and so often promised by the emperors was attempted. This spirit of dissatisfaction was the opportunity for a man brave and strong enough to use it. That man was Hung-Sew-Tseuen, the Wang, or General, of the Tai-Pings. This was the man who, as has already been mentioned, was powerfully influenced by a tract written by Leang-a-fa. Opinions differ as to his character; but it must be said that in his opening proclamation he made appeal both to sentiments of patriotism, and to principles of morality which were distinctively Christian. He took advantage of the fact that the reigning Dynasty in China was not a Chinese Dynasty, but a Tartar Dynasty, to constitute himself the champion of China. He also boldly declared war against the open sins, and oppressions, practised by those in authority in nearly all the great cities as well as in the country districts. His opening campaign was uniformly successful, and in 1852 he established himself in Nanking, the southern capital of the empire. A still further sign of his apparent inclination towards Christian principles and doctrines, was the appointment of his cousin, Hung Jen, to be his prime minister. The latter came from Hong Kong, where he had not only been educated by Dr. Legge, but had been employed as a native evangelist in connection with our mission there, and was recognised as a man of first-rate ability, and apparently of deep sincerity of conviction. Leaving Hong Kong in 1857, he had many thrilling and exciting adventures before he eventually succeeded in joining his cousin two years later. In Dr. Legge's report, he mentions that Hung Jen, the native preacher, had gone to Nanking "with the view of imparting to his friends in that city a knowledge of the Christian faith."

There is no doubt that the leader of the Tai-Ping rebellion taught his followers certain preposterous and fanatical doctrines, together with very much that was noble and true. He proclaimed himself a younger son of God, and the equal brother of Jesus Christ! This was, no doubt, to give his person a commanding sanctity in the eyes of his followers. At the same time he refused to tolerate idolatry, and exhorted the people to give up their superstitions, and worship the Heavenly Father. It has

been truly pointed out that this extraordinary movement "which shook the empire to its core, and, by the upheaval of the old religions, has done more than anything else to prepare the Chinese mind for the reception of Divine truth, had its germ in the writings of a Chinese convert."

Naturally enough with Hung-Sew-Tseuen's victorious conquest of Nanking, the neighbouring city of Shanghai was speedily affected. The members of the so-called Triad Society took advantage of the general panic and disorder to plot the capture of the city. There was little difficulty. One strong and cunning stroke, and on the morning of September 4th, 1852, they were masters of the situation at Shanghai. From this time onward great excitement prevailed, but it was not until the end of the month that large bodies of Imperial troops arrived, and proceeded to invest the city. The eighteen months' siege now began.

Just about half-way between the city wall and the camp of the Imperial army, stood the hospital of the L.M.S. The Triads had burned down the buildings that lay between them and the camp, so that the hospital alone lay exposed to the fire of either army; and especially when a mist prevailed, and objects were indistinct, the hospital and its occupants were in frequent peril from the shots that whistled past, or fell here and there around. The brunt of the work necessarily fell on Dr. Lockhart, who has himself related how, after each fresh contest before the walls of the city, the little hospital presented a ghastly spectacle, every available space within, and even the verandahs without, being crowded with the prostrate forms of maimed and mutilated combatants. Inside the beleaguered city, the few Christian converts shared all the perils of the besieged. The missionaries were allowed to go in and out, Dr. Lockhart's skill being in frequent request to treat the wounded Triad soldiers. And, even during these terrible days, as many of the usual services as possible were held. Indeed, the people seemed to crowd to them with peculiar eagerness. Often in the middle of service a fresh engagement with the enemy would begin, and the proceedings were abruptly brought to a close. Many of the Triads wished it to be believed that they were fighting in concert with the Tai-Pings, and ex-

pressed feelings favourable to Christianity. No reliance, however, could be placed on these assurances, for they were cruel and

A YANG-TSE GORGE.

unscrupulous men for the most part, and the Tai-Pings disowned them absolutely.

All the horrors of war were to be seen both within and without the city. As the siege went on, men and women began to die of

starvation. The fighting grew more desperate; the lines were drawn closer round the doomed town. The Imperial soldiers made raids on the surrounding villages, plundered the wretched inhabitants, and frequently murdered any who resisted in cold blood. The work at the hospital went on day and night. At one time a Triad battery was actually directed against the hospital, because of the relief given to wounded Imperialists. Dr. Lockhart instantly appealed to the British Consul, who took such energetic measures that the scandalous attack was not repeated. The next piece of Triad folly cost them dear. They came to open rupture with the French, which had the effect of uniting the French and Imperialists against them. The reduction of the city was now a mere question of time, but the desperate obstinacy of the Triads still gave no sign of yielding. Hearing that a great French attack was to be made, Dr. Lockhart volunteered for the perilous errand of entering the city, and endeavouring to persuade the Triad leaders to surrender without further bloodshed. Accompanied by Mr. Wylie, of the L.M.S., he accomplished his undertaking. The rebels held a conclave, and finally sent back a message that they had resolved to fight it out to the bitter end. The war went on for some weeks longer, and one result was to bring our hospital into still greater danger. A new Imperialist battery was erected near the hospital, the consequence being that the Triad guns were directed to this quarter especially, and the hospital could scarcely hope to escape undamaged. One morning, as the inmates were dispersing after prayers, a shot came through the roof, passed over their heads, and "buried itself in some firewood in the kitchen." This was not reassuring, but, some days later a shell came smashing into the hall, tore up the floor, shattered the furniture, and flew in all directions; yet, though many were in the hall at the time, not one person was hurt. This was the last time the building was struck. In the early part of 1855, the city of Shanghai was evacuated and burned by the Triads, who fled for shelter where they could. The conflagration was terrible, and no quarter was given to any of the rebels who were captured. Many days elapsed before the work of blood was over. Gradually, however, the city recovered it-

self; the ravages made by the flames were repaired; and once again our missionaries had opportunity to gather their converts round them, and recommence the work which had been greatly disturbed during these troublous times. The end of this year saw a notable accession to the missionary ranks in China. This was none other than Mr. Griffith John, who reached Shanghai in September, 1855.

The time of deliverance of the Shanghai missionaries from the miseries of war was the time when new complications threatened to disturb once more the city of Canton. Here, for the last few years, Dr. Hobson, our medical missionary, had laboured with splendid devotion. He had treated 25,000 patients every year, while the now venerable evangelist, Leang-a-fa, still pursued his mission to his countrymen, preaching the Gospel, and writing and distributing tracts. The little Church—historically the first Protestant Church in China—grew by slow but sure degrees, and from time to time some member was found, whose earnestness and talent fitted him for the work of native teacher. In the year 1854, Dr. Hobson secured some more commodious premises in Canton for the purposes of his hospital work, and the prospect was becoming daily brighter. The place that was now to be a missionary hospital had been a gaming hell. Dr. Hobson rejoiced that it was henceforth to be devoted to more sanctified uses. Scarcely, however, had it been opened than the mission was called to mourn the death of Leang-a-fa, who having finished his course, and kept the faith, passed tranquilly away. The same year in which this good and faithful servant died, thus leaving the mission sensibly poorer, there was a long-prayed for, a long-expected accession to the Church, as if God had intended to make up to them for the one whom He had taken away. Some fifteen members, whose sincerity had been tested through many months of preparation, witnessed a good confession in the presence of a large crowd of people who seemed much affected by this unique spectacle. Thus opened 1856, a truly eventful year; for at the end of it the mission was once again without European oversight, Dr. Hobson having been obliged to fly to Hong Kong with his family in consequence of renewed hostilities between England

and China. The members of this little flock were left as sheep without a shepherd to meet all the terrible eventualities of war. The spirit of hatred of England and the English naturally revived. Even in Hong Kong, to which Dr. Hobson had escaped, deeds of vengeance were plotted against the English, and one such deed almost met with success. Some Chinese bakers poisoned the bread supplied to the mission. Dr. Legge, Dr. Hobson, and Mr. Chalmers, with their families, all partook of it, and suffered severely in consequence. Mercifully, however, all of them subsequently recovered.

At the beginning of 1857, the venerable Dr. Medhurst died. He just lived to land in England, having been induced somewhat against his will to seek renewed health by a visit to his native land. He died the day after his arrival, and in him China lost a true friend, and the L.M.S. an invaluable worker. For nearly forty years he had laboured in the Indian Archipelago and in China. He was the very soul of the movement for effective revision of the Chinese Bible in the mandarin dialect, and he lived to see the great work completed. But not only was he deeply interested in acquainting China with the Christian scriptures, he was concerned that England should be acquainted with Chinese thought. He began the work, which Dr. Legge so admirably pursued, of translating notable Chinese works into English. Among others he gave to the English public several of the writings of the leader of the Tai-Pings. He wanted England to understand the effect that Christianity had had on this native Chinese leader. He regarded Hung-Sew-Tseuen as a preparer of the way for Christ, by breaking down many time-honoured prejudices and superstitions. On one occasion when Dr. Medhurst was preaching to a crowded congregation at Shanghai against idolatries, he was startled to see a tall, fine-looking man rise up and begin to address the people. "That is true! that is true!" he exclaimed, "the idols must perish, and *shall* perish. I am a follower of Tai-ping-wang. We all of us worship one God and believe in Jesus." Then he went on to exhort the people, with intense earnestness, to cease from idolatry, which was only the worship of devils. The address created a profound sensation

A CHINESE PASTOR.

among the Chinese hearers. Dr. Medhurst's appreciation of all that was excellent in Chinese thought, combined with his sense of the great truths which found no place in any of its systems, made him a peculiarly sympathetic and powerful missionary.

Canton surrendered to the English in December, 1857, and in 1858 Lord Elgin concluded a new treaty with the Chinese, which confirmed and enlarged the former privileges of religious intercourse and Christian work. The Chinese, however, again broke the treaty in the same year, and the French and English now uniting, a campaign was undertaken which was carried right up to the gates of Peking. In October, 1860, a final treaty was made, and the emperor was glad to come to terms with the allies, in order that he might defend himself against the Tai-Ping invaders, who had gathered strength from the disasters of the Imperialists. It will be enough to say here that the Chinese availed themselves of the services of Major Gordon, afterwards so celebrated as General Gordon. This extraordinary man transformed the demoralised Chinese troops into a victorious army: took city after city, until in 1864 he wrested Nanking itself from the Tai-Pings, and with the suicide of Hung-sew-Tseuen, this memorable movement came to an end.

We saw that the Canton mission was the first to suffer from this tempestuous season. In February, 1858, it seemed possible to resume the work; but as the presence of an Englishman might, it was felt, excite hostilities, Dr. Wong Fun, a native Christian doctor, was sent to re-open the hospital. Even this measure was, however, resented, and Dr. Wong Fun was compelled to seek refuge in Macao. In October he returned, and the hospital was opened again, patients flocking thither for relief as before. In the following year Mr. Chalmers, from Hong Kong, and another English missionary, took up their quarters at Canton. Many members of the old Church gathered round them, but their recent experiences had not had the best effect on all. There had to be a severe sifting: indeed, a disbanding of the old Church and formation of a new one. Then after a year or more of hard, devoted work, the result began to appear. The Church grew, and the

aspect of the mission for almost the first time in its history assumed a really influential appearance.

The island of Hong Kong, being now an English colony, was protected from many of the calamitous effects of the war. But the dangers of others were brought home to its members in a very tragic and striking way. A member of this Church was to be the first Protestant Chinese martyr. His name was Ch'eä. He lived in a town called Pok-lo, about a hundred miles from the coast opposite Hong Kong. There he had met with a colporteur, and had become a convert to Christianity. In 1856, he crossed to Hong Kong, held conversation with Dr. Legge, was received into the Hong Kong Church, and then returned to his home at Pok-lo. Next year he re-appeared at Hong Kong, bringing with him a native convert. Again, in 1858, he returned, and this time brought two converts. In 1859 he brought two more. In 1860 he came to Hong Kong with no fewer than *nine* converts. On this visit he told how, with an aged convert named Ch'an, he had destroyed several of the public idols of the village, and nobody had interfered with him. In 1860, Mr. Chalmers visited the village. A great work had been going on there, and after much care and instruction, *forty-four* candidates were baptized. Sixteen more were admitted to the Church in January of the following year, thus making *eighty-five* in all. In May of this year, Dr. Legge and Mr. Chalmers visited Pok-lo and the neighbouring village, and such was the impression produced that upwards of forty converts were admitted to the Church. In October of this year, however, Dr. Legge received intelligence that the native Christians were in peril, in consequence of the excited feeling against foreigners and foreign teaching and customs. Dr. Legge at once got an escort, and went off to Pok-lo, where he received what he was bound to regard as satisfactory assurances from the native authorities. It seems, however, that the governor of Canton was instigating them to take severe measures, and rewards had been offered for the heads of those who had aided the foreigners to introduce their teaching into China. On the 13th of October, a few days after Dr. Legge's return, Ch'eä was suddenly seized and carried off by a band of ruffians. Taking him to a village

not far away, they hung him up all night by the arms and feet to a beam. Then after two more days of torture and insult, finding him still firm in the faith, they took him to the side of the river and demanded his recantation. He steadfastly refused to deny his Lord, whereupon he was put to death and his body flung into the river. Proclamation was now made of the intention of these desperadoes to burn the villages where the Christians were. The brethren consequently fled in several directions, some to Canton, some to Hong Kong, and some into the interior. In course of time the opposition died down, and many of them returned. In 1863, two chapels were erected in villages just outside Pok-lo, the cost being gladly defrayed by the native Christians. Thus Ch'eä, the first Chinese martyr, had rest from his labours, and his works followed him.

It may be added that in the following year, 1861, Dr. Legge published the first volume of his translation of the Chinese classics, and, working steadily on at this great undertaking, he completed the translation in seven volumes. The whole work is a monument of his untiring industry and scholastic ability, and by its means, more than by any other perhaps, the thought of China has been presented to the West. Space must also be found for a single word as to the educational work at Hong Kong. Our schools there have steadily grown to be an important factor in the life of the island. The scholars in them far outnumber those in all our other Chinese schools put together.

As Amoy was less troubled by the war than many other parts, it will be possible, later on, to tell the story of the remarkable development of the mission there in a connected manner. For the present we must return to Shanghai. In 1857, Dr. Lockhart left for England, his retirement being a great loss to the mission. Griffith John, with either Mr. Edkins or Mr. Muirhead as companion, made several lengthy excursions into the neighbouring country, in some of which adventurous journeys they were roughly handled by the people. To make their way at all into the interior they had to assume Chinese dress, appending the pigtail to their hair in dexterous fashion so as to conciliate the popular sentiment. For a time it seems to have had the desired effect. But

at Fuchow there was a rising against the preachers. The mob gathered and there was an ugly rush. Mr. John's pigtail was but loosely worn, and when he was rudely seized by it, he left it in the enemy's hands and got away. Mr. Muirhead had fastened his

A STREET IN CHAO YANG.

"caudal appendage" more securely to his own hair, and he had cause to envy the prudence of Griffith John. Indeed, he thought his own hair must have come away, scalp and all. To make matters worse, "a man came out of a coffin shop and gave me a

heavy blow on the head with a lump of wood." He began to abandon all hope, but being carried to the police station, his answers and Mr. John's were deemed sufficient. The authorities were satisfied that they were not spies, as had been suspected, and they were able to return to Shanghai.

In 1859 and again in 1860, Mr. John paid visits to the Tai-Ping quarters at Fuchow. Here he had an interview with Hung Jen, the chief minister, who had been our native missionary at Hong Kong. He spoke in warm terms of his attachment to the faith, and said the days at Hong Kong were the happiest days in his life. Later on, in 1860, Mr. John journeyed up the great river, Yang-tse-Kiang, some two hundred and fifty miles, to the city of Nanking itself, where the Tai-Ping leader had his headquarters. He wanted to get a writ of toleration for any missionaries to work in districts where the insurgents were in power. This he succeeded in obtaining. The proclamation by the Tai-ping-wang contained a warm eulogy of Christian missionaries and their work. It seems to be true that later on in his career, the leader of the insurgents became far more presumptuous and even blasphemous ; but at this time he gave many evidences of being well disposed towards Christianity and Christian teachers. Mr. John was also able to report to the Directors that "all the way up from Fuchow to Nanking, the idols have been destroyed."

The port of Amoy, half-way up the coast of China, was comparatively undisturbed through all these stormy years. There John and Alexander Stronach had been working since 1844, and in a few years' time the mission began to give proof of the prosperity in store for it. True, four years of earnest work produced no outward result. Then two men, father and son, came out and testified that they had proved the truth of the Gospel. Thus the Church of Amoy had its simple origin—the first trickling rill that was to gather volume and swell into a mighty river. Soon after, a notable accession to the Church took place. A military officer of good prospects had been injured in a fight with pirates, one of his eyes having been burned with a "stink-pot." He suffered frightfully, and the native doctors afforded him no relief. But, being fiercely and arrogantly "celestial," he could not be induced

to humiliate himself by asking aid of "foreign devils." Still the eye refused to heal, and the pain grew more and more excruciating; so at last he yielded, and went to the hospital. He was told that the eye must be lanced. The proposal staggered him, and he went away declaring he would go back no more. But the pain went with him, and in due time drove him back again to seek this last resource for relief. The operation was skilfully performed: and though the sight was never restored, the agony ceased as if by magic. He now began to take deep interest in the message of the missionaries. His prejudices had vanished, and he became a changed man. After he was received into the Church by baptism, he had fierce opposition and scorn to encounter, but he bore himself bravely. His colonel dared not dismiss him without reason, but told him bluntly that on the very first excuse he would have him discharged from the army. Sok-tai, for that was his name, was soon put to a severe test. He was in charge of one, among a number of boats, engaged in putting down pirates. The commander of the expedition determined to act the part of David, to Sok-tai's Uriah. He ordered Sok-tai to lead the attack, and at the same time kept the other boats back from supporting him. It was a treacherous deed. Sok-tai at once saw his peril; went into his cabin and prayed earnestly; then boldly attacked and won a memorable victory unaided. The commander was so struck by the fact that he said to Sok-tai, "Your God certainly is the true God; you owe your safety to Him." This remarkable convert was afterwards equally intrepid in working among opium dens and gaming hells in the purlieus of Amoy. His conversion must be taken as a specimen of very many who were led by physical distress to the hospital, and found life which was life indeed.

In the year 1854, a great change came over the mission. Hitherto it had grown but slowly; now no fewer than seventy-seven converts were baptized, and the number of inquirers was very large. Fourteen of the new members came from the adjacent island of Ko-long-su where an excellent work was going on. In the same year a girls' school was started: a boys' school having been successfully worked for some time. The next few

years were quiet and busy ones. The training institution was invaluable in giving a superior education to those who were suitable for employment as native assistants. These men were to be seen at various villages during the week, talking with inquirers, and preaching to the people. One man, it is reported, has been instrumental in bringing fourteen of his immediate relations into the Church. Another convert is a villager, and has been appointed by his fellow-villagers to preside at an idolatrous festival. He feels he must now take his stand; and so publicly declares himself a Christian. The feeling in the village runs strongly against him, and he is pressed to yield. "Just this once," urges his wife, "and then I will not ask you to do so again." But he is resolute; he bears all the ostracism uncomplainingly. "Indeed," says one who knew him, "he is a wonder and example to us all." In 1860, Mr. Lea reported to the Directors, that it was felt wise to establish a mission at the city of Chiang-Chiu, among its 150,000 inhabitants. Chiang-Chiu was 25 miles from Amoy, up the Chiang-Chin River. The people were reported to be friendly in the suburbs, but in the city itself the evangelists often had much to suffer from the mob. However, in 1861, a house was obtained in the city, and the work began. It was a case of ploughing on rocks for some years. Still the Church did grow and root itself; until, in 1865, came a wild visitation. One of the last marauding outbursts of the now decaying Tai-Ping host was to sack Chiang-Chiu. There was a heartless massacre in the city, but most of the Christians escaped in time to Amoy. The city was soon re-captured and rebuilt, and Mr. Macgowan, who tells the story in his thrilling little book, "Christ or Confucius: which?" says that the tone of the people was far more subdued after this tragic experience. In one of the busiest parts of the city, near the mart where "merchants most do congregate," a large sanctuary was built, and Christian work went forward with a will. Whereas, in 1859, two native converts were beheaded in Chiang-Chiu for preaching in the streets, and any open Christian work was liable to bring swift and severe suffering upon the doer, Mr. Macgowan, writing thirty years after, could truly speak of Christianity as "an

important factor in the city, recognised both by the people and the mandarins." A large hospital has been opened, and thousands yearly are being treated.

In the year 1862, the Amoy Church "swarmed," and a new centre was formed in another part of the city. Two village stations were also planted, and still the aggressive spirit was in search of new worlds to conquer. This time the place selected was a large market town, eight or nine miles to the west of Amoy—Koan-Khau. "The town stands," says Mr. Macgowan, "in the midst of a large farming population." Hence it was a capital centre. But the people were as suspicious as ever, and the only house that could be rented was a miserable tenement, dismal and ill-ventilated. Still, it was a place where some few could meet; and it had to do. Inquirers soon became numerous, and converts, some of whom were men of great character, were organized into a Church. Not a few of these had been rescued from the living death of the confirmed opium smoker. One was "an idol medium." He used to act the rôle of a dancing dervish. In the temple he muttered incantations and pretended to inspiration. He deceived the people, but, of course, he did not deceive himself; and when the truth found him, he gave up the life of hypocrisy, and the life of the gambler, and became a noble and zealous preacher of the Gospel. This Church in Koan-Khau soon became a centre around which a number of Churches in neighbouring villages grouped themselves. And what better evidence could be given of the reality of the work that went on in them, than the fact that they speedily became self-supporting, paying their own way, with a pastor and preacher of their own! Indeed, it was a thoroughly healthy feature of the system adopted by our Chinese missionaries everywhere, that the people, who had contributed lavishly to support idolatry, should not be taught to regard Christian institutions as a foreign charity, but as something peculiarly their own, which it was alike their duty and their privilege to support. The most happy results have accrued from the teaching of this principle.

Five years after the work in Koan-Khau had been initiated, a start was made at Tung-a-be. The reputation of this place was

very bad. It was a veritable home of pirates and raiders. Strife and bloodshed prevailed within and without. Yet among this lawless folk, the pioneers of the kingdom of God went and settled. To-day we are told the Church at Tung-a-be is "the largest and most active of all the Churches of the Amoy Mission." Around the central Church are grouped no fewer than *ten* mission stations; and the holy war is constantly and zealously waged against heathenism and all its ways.

"In looking over the history of the Churches in the Amoy district, I can think of some of the most flourishing of them to-day, that were founded by men whose lives had been notoriously bad and vicious." So writes Mr. Macgowan, and the reference is special to the work now going on in the country of Hui-an, or Gracious Peace. A farmer who had ruined himself—it is the old tale in China!—through opium smoking, journeyed to Amoy with some vague hope of retrieving his fortune. He did indeed find a fortune, for he found a Redeemer from sin; and then, at his own request, went back to his native village, and began to preach the good tidings to others. In 1867, a Church of twenty members was formed, and, after much persecution, a building was erected at a small market town, a mile away—Tah-poa. There the cause languished, members grew listless, and the work was unsatisfactory, until a wonderful thing happened, which is yet so common in the history of Christianity that we hardly remember how wonderful it is. Two of the vilest men in the neighbourhood were brought under the influence of Christ, and became living examples of genuine Christian piety and faith. One of them had been so consummate a blackguard, and bore his history so clearly in the repulsive aspect of his face, that everybody shrank from him in fear and loathing. The story of his conversion is a long, but deeply interesting, one. The whole man was changed, and his influence and character were blessed of God to greatly revive and encourage the little society of Christians at Tah-poa. The Church now became thoroughly evangelistic, and turned its attention to the county town five miles distant, a place of some twenty or twenty-five thousand inhabitants. So great was the opposition that the Christians had to be content with a wretched house half

a mile out of the city. Yet here for eight years the work went on, until the place became altogether too strait for those who crowded to worship within its walls. Then the way opened to better things. An opium smoker, in great need of money, offered a site in the very centre of the city, and right opposite the temple of the city god. It was clear that to build a Christian church there would excite vehement opposition; but the native converts were not afraid. The building was begun, and in time completed. Soon after it was finished, a mob assembled, mainly composed of the lowest and vilest people of the place, and tore the Christian sanctuary to pieces. Application for protection and compensation was made to the mandarin, and he took up the case warmly. The building was restored; and for many years now a notable work has gone on in this town. A second church has been built, the old one being used as a school. The church is self-supporting. In 1889, Mr. Macgowan was able to report that "in the country of Gracious Peace" there are now eleven churches, *nine of which are self-supporting*, one partially so, while the remaining one is assisted by the voluntary contributions of one of the native Churches in Amoy.

We must not leave Amoy without one further record. In 1870 work was begun in a new district. This was the important market town of Pholam, some thirty miles from Amoy, up the North River. We have only space for the general statement that, whereas the town had an evil name, and was renowned as a haunt of opium smokers and gamblers, the Church soon took deep root, and grew rapidly. The early members were men and women of character; and the Church has become indeed a light in a dark place. In 1889, in addition to the central church, there were four other churches in the surrounding districts, busily and earnestly at work. Such has been the wonderful extension of Christianity in the neighbourhood of Amoy.

The year 1861 will always be memorable in the history of our Chinese mission, on account of two main developments which date from this year. Northward went Mr. Edkins,—who was quickly joined by Mr. Jonathan Lees,—and established himself at Tien-tsin, right at the gates of the famous northern capital, Pe-

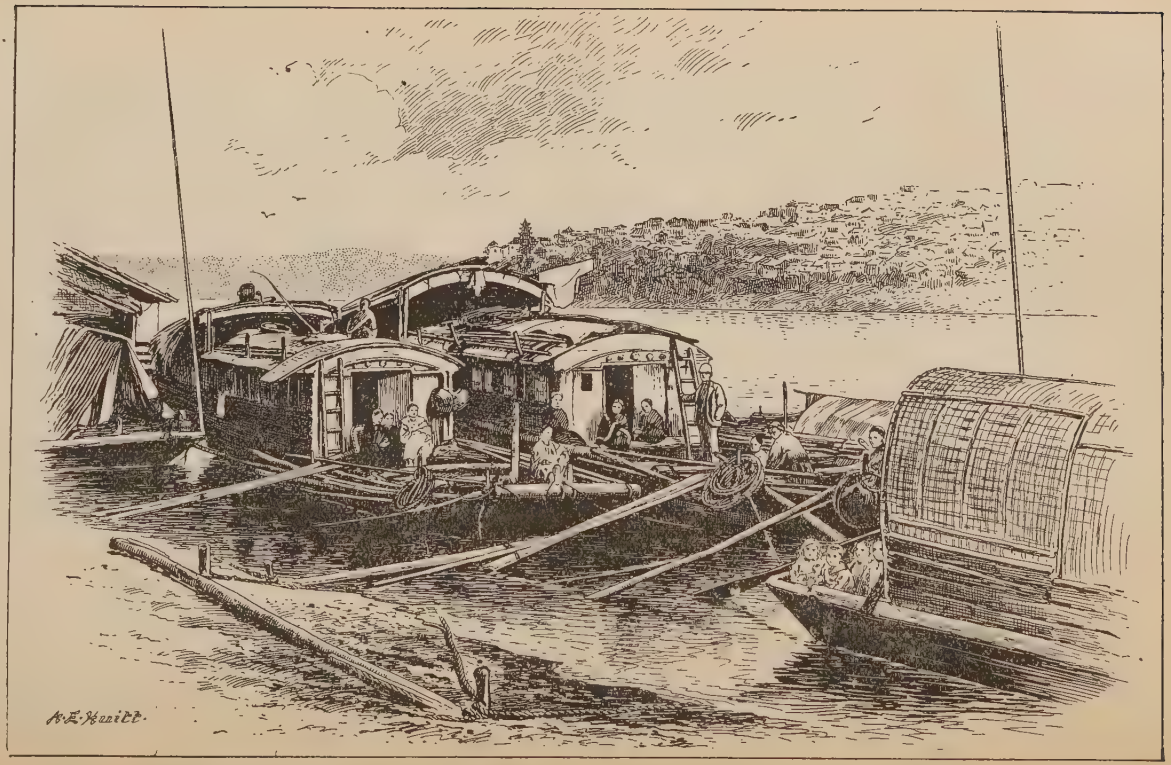
king. Westward into the interior went Griffith John, and passing Nanking, he followed the great Yang-tse River 500 miles beyond the southern capital, until he reached a place where three huge cities meet. These cities are Hankow and Han-yang on the northern side of the river, and Wu-chang on the southern, and together they form, as Dr. Mullens said when visiting them, the finest missionary centre in the world. Right in the heart of the empire, they are the meeting-place of many provinces. Through them there pours continually a great river of human life—men from the utmost parts of the land, and of every variety of faith and order. No cities had suffered more from the ravages of the war than these. Hankow, it was said, had been reduced in population from a million and a quarter to eight hundred thousand. The surrounding country had been plundered and desolated again and again. Just here, Mr. John truly felt, was a unique position which Christian missionaries ought at once to occupy. Leaving then the northern mission for a later chapter, let us briefly review the rise and progress of our work at Hankow, and its sister cities.

The mission began in a room of Mr. John's house at Hankow, but, in the following year, a site was procured, and a capital building erected for worship, in a central position. There was comparatively little difficulty in managing matters so far; but when Mr. John endeavoured to "go and do likewise" at Wu-chang, he was opposed by all the irritating duplicity and venomous hostility of which the mandarins at their worst are capable. Finding it impossible to purchase a piece of land in his own name, he persuaded one of his native assistants to conclude a bargain on his own account. Even then, when the discovery was made that a chapel was to be built there, means were invented for endless delays and complications. The mandarins evidently expected to tire Mr. John out. They may be forgiven their ignorance of "Welsh fire." The conflict resolved itself into one of earnestness and endurance, and the Christian missionary won handsomely. The chapel and adjacent buildings, in a good position, are there to attest the fact. The cost, some £500, was nearly all defrayed by the European community of Hankow, whose sympathy and

help Mr. John had vigorously enlisted for his work. All this preliminary arrangement of the lines to be occupied during the forthcoming campaign, was barely concluded in three years. During that time Mr. John's colleague at Hankow, Mr. Wilson, had died; but sensible progress had been made. Forty-two members were reported at the end of 1863.

Mr. John was greatly aided in his work by two native assistants. No single feature has been more characteristic of all the L.M.S. missions than the importance attached to the training of a native ministry. These two men were well chosen. One Lo Hiang-Yung had entered Mr. John's household, as a coolie, for fourteen shillings a month, in order that he might enjoy the privilege of a Christian home, and opportunities of learning Christian truth. Mr. John saw his worth, and after due training he became an invaluable rural evangelist, full of manly courage and robust faith. Shen Tsi-sing was an assistant of superior intellectual calibre, and equal consistency. He was evangelist for twenty-five years, a valued friend of Mr. John's. His literary ability made him of first-rate importance in writing tracts, as well as in translating the Chinese literature for the missionaries. He had also considerable gifts as a preacher, and was accustomed to meet inquirers for personal conversation day by day. The converts of course were by no means all residents at Hankow. Many of them came from districts far distant from that city. When it seemed clear to the missionaries that they were sincere, they received the rite of baptism, and departed home with such Christian writings as might assist their faith. Many of them were heard of no more; but from time to time bright gleams of light would flash out of the dark interior, evidences that those who had found Christ at Hankow had taken Him with them to their native town or village, and there had led relatives or neighbours to rejoice with them in the knowledge of a Father's love.

In 1866, a hospital was added to the mission premises at Hankow. Once more the European community in the city gave generously for its erection. There was no doctor available on the staff of the L.M.S., but Dr. Reid, of Hankow, volunteered his services, which, it is needless to say, were as thankfully accepted



THE BOXER TROUBLES IN WESTERN CHINA : MISSIONARIES PREPARED FOR FLIGHT.

as they were ably and generously rendered. When, in 1867, Mr. Bryson arrived from England and took charge of the mission at Wu-chang, a dispensary was also opened there; and in the same year, largely owing to the indefatigable aggressive labours of Lo Hiang-Yung, a station was established at Han-Yang. The work at Wu-chang had always been difficult. The city differed absolutely from Hankow. Hankow was the home of commerce; Wu-chang the centre of Government. And it seems as if the dead weight of corrupt officialdom had crushed all genuine life out of the people. Indeed, the corruption in headquarters had communicated itself to all classes and grades of society, and had contaminated the whole system of life in Wu-chang. It is well to remember this as we note the exceedingly slow progress made in the southern city.

1868 was mainly memorable for a remarkable journey made by Mr. John, in company with Mr. Wylie of the Bible Society. The great province of Se-chuen stretches away west to the borders of Tibet. It contains many important cities, foremost among them being the capital, Chung-too-foo. To investigate some of the towns and cities of this province, if possible to make their way to the capital, and then to return through the neighbouring province of Shen-si, distributing literature as they went, and inquiring as to openings for mission work—this was the purpose these two travellers set before them. They accomplished a journey of 3,000 miles, and fulfilled their programme to the letter. The whole pilgrimage deserves a detailed description impossible here. Never before had such a tour been made for missionary purposes. Not the least beautiful feature was the touching solicitude of the Church at Hankow for the safety of their minister. Day by day they met to pray for him, and the spirit of love and prayer thus awakened was fruitful of very encouraging spiritual results. Soon after Mr. John's return, Dr. Shearer arrived from England to begin medical work at Hankow, and Mr. John took up his residence at Wu-chang and devoted himself to reviving the mission there. The work went on slowly, the missionaries and the native evangelists being indefatigable in preaching and teaching. Mr. John visited England in 1870, returning in 1872. At

this time there were some two hundred members of the mission. In 1874 a large new hospital was opened at Hankow, and in 1875 John Kenneth Mackenzie arrived from England to take charge of this branch of the work, Dr. Shearer having retired.

No better illustration could be given at once of the perils of pioneer work in China, and of the circumstances that lead to expansion, than the visit which Mr. John and Dr. Mackenzie paid to the village of Hiau-Kan. The journey was taken at the instance of a convert named Wei, a cultivated and well-to-do Chinaman, who had made occasional visits to Hankow and had become a devoted Christian. Wei not only led thirteen of his acquaintances to join the Church at Hankow, but he entreated Mr. John to visit his native village. The day was fixed; but, on the Sunday previous, Wei arrived in Hankow with the story that, as he and his friends were worshipping God in the village, they had been attacked, the house pulled down, and the furniture broken. Notwithstanding this report, the missionaries decided to go. All went well until they came within two or three miles of Wei's village. Now curiosity changed to hostility, and covert opposition to open attack. The little party of Christians was pelted with stones and clods of earth. Mr. John was struck in the mouth with a hard lump of clay, and had another nasty wound at the back of the head, so that he was almost fainting. The native Christians loyally endeavoured to protect the persons of their teachers. A mob of a thousand men had now assembled, and the word was passed to hustle the Christians into the river. This they nearly succeeded in doing, but at the last Mr. John and Dr. Mackenzie made a rush for it, and escaped up the river bank and got away across country. During the *melée* Wei was very quiet, only saying, "It is me they hate"; and once to the people, "Do you think that ten thousand such actions as these are going to knock the cause of Jesus into nothing?" These experiences of the missionaries were in due time reported to the English consul, and measures were taken to prevent their repetition. It was not long before Mr. John paid another visit to the village, when he had a very different reception. Stages were erected, from which he preached to many hundreds of people;

and a great work began which was most singularly blessed of God. Shortly after this second visit, two chapels were erected in the district, most of the cost being defrayed by the villagers, who also gave much of their time and labour to build the little sanctuaries. New centres of work have since been established in the same part. The accessions at this time and for the next few years to the Church at Hankow and its outlying stations were large. At the end of 1877 there were 478 members. In ten years more there were over a thousand members, and the influence of the mission was making itself felt through all the district. The "handsomest chapel in Central China had been built in Hankow." A new wing of the hospital had been opened for female medical work. Mrs. John's well-known work for sailors had its outward and visible sign in the "Sailors' Rest," a commodious and elegant building, if one is to judge from the photograph. The *personnel* of the mission naturally changed with the years. Mr. and Mrs. Bonsey, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Sparham, and Dr. Gillison are hard at work at Hankow, Dr. Lavington Hart and Dr. Mackay at Wu-chang. The final results of our Chinese mission up to the last report must be set down in the General Summary at the end of this book.

CHAPTER XII

DEVELOPMENTS IN MADAGASCAR

Another Kabary and further persecution—The Eighteen Martyrs—Their Execution—Minor Penalties—Rabodo's Story—Mr. Ellis visits Madagascar—A visit to the Capital—Fresh Outbreak of Persecution—Death of Ranavalona I.—The Mission Re-established—Pathetic Scenes—Memorial Churches—Assassination of the King—Population of Madagascar—Ranavalona II.—A Christian Coronation—Burning the Idols—Great Extension of Christianity—The Chapel Royal—Difficulties of the Work—French Attack on Madagascar—Death of the Queen—Discouragements and Encouragements.

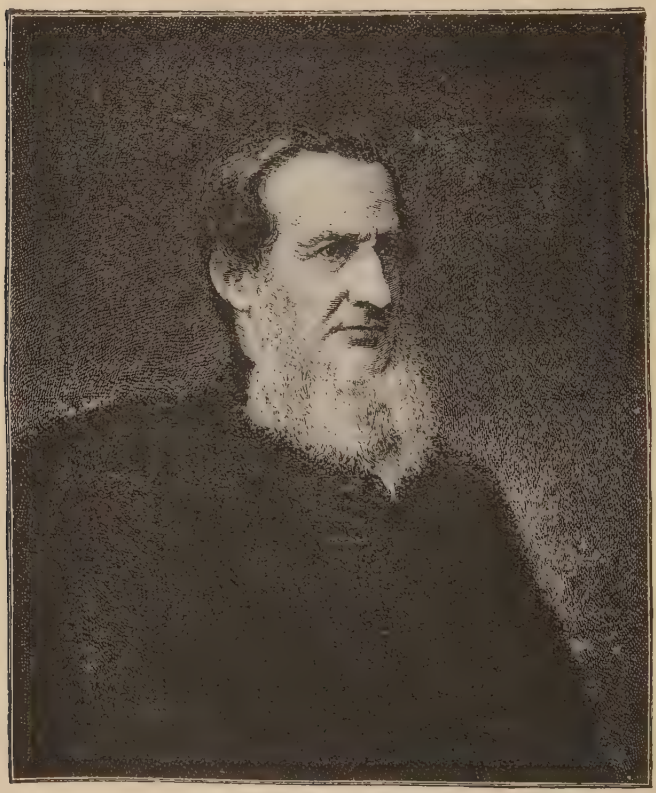
"I HAVE killed some; I have made some slaves till death; I have put some in long and heavy fetters; and still you continue praying. How is it that you cannot give up that?" These were the words of the Queen of Madagascar. They were uttered at the beginning of the year 1849, on the eve of the most fiery of all the persecutions through which the Malagasy Christians were called to pass. The occasion of their deliverance was a great "Kabary," similar to the one which had been followed by such momentous consequences, fourteen years before. It does not seem to have occurred to the Queen or her counsellors that this very accusation was a confession of failure. The Christians had been harried with fire and sword for a long succession of years; and yet, so far from being crushed, or intimidated into submission, they were numerically stronger than ever, and the spirit of faith and prayer was spreading far and wide.

During the recent period of comparative calm and immunity from active persecution, the Christians had spent much of their time in copying out portions of the Scriptures, and thus making rude books for themselves. The few printed Bibles that

remained to them were reverently cherished. Copies are still to be seen of these Malagasy scriptures, which were hidden away for many years in holes of the earth, or the thatch of houses, or under some bush in the forest. The torn leaves of some have been drawn together by fibres of bark, dexterously threaded through them. There are many stains upon them, due either to the soil, or the chimney smoke, or, in some cases, the tears of readers, who bent over them in loneliness and grief. "This is the oil that makes my lamp to burn," said an African woman to Moffat, as she drew a Bible from her breast. The same "oil" fed a flame in Madagascar that no persecution could extinguish.

The Kabary had been held; the Queen's speech had been read; and once again the Malagasy Christians were required to accuse themselves. The recollection of the consequences of this self-accusation in years gone by might well have filled the hearts of all but the bravest and sincerest with fear. But if the penalty was less obscure now, and if they realized the awful step they were taking more vividly, there was even less of trepidation than in the former days. The judges required the people to take the oath of loyalty to the idols, thus making escape impossible, save by resort to the most unworthy casuistry. Never had the authorities shown a bolder or more resolute bearing, nor assumed a more fiercely aggressive attitude. Never did the Christians respond with a firmer and nobler spirit. When Ramitraho, a Malagasy noble, was accused of abandoning the national idolatry, he delivered his confession with so much power and courage, that one of the officers whispered in alarm, "Let us stop the examinations, lest all the people declare likewise." For indeed the splendid enthusiasm was contagious. The allegory of the enemy pouring oil upon the flame, thinking it to be water, was illustrated here. Some of those accused were of such high standing, and so greatly beloved, even among their heathen relatives, that every effort was made to induce them to separate themselves from the Christian party. One such was Ranivo, who is described as "an interesting and beautiful young woman of good family." The Queen herself desired that Ranivo should be released. The

young Christian, however, made so bold and forcible a confession that it was impossible to distinguish her from the others. As a last resource, the judge fell back upon the time-honoured excuse that she was deranged. But Ranivo stood up before them all,



REV. W. ELLIS.

and in tones of quiet earnestness, joined to a manner which effectually disproved the vain assertion of insanity, she declared that God had given her a worshipping spirit, and she would never cease to worship Him alone. "Bind her," said the officer: and she was sentenced along with the rest.

The public pronouncement of judgment, as well as the execution of it, was postponed to the morrow. The Government was fully determined to make the deed of death the most appalling spectacle ever beheld in Madagascar, and to strike terror into every heart. The interval between midnight and daybreak was occupied by a few Christians, who were still at liberty, in praying for their comrades so soon to die. The voices of these faithful watchers, low in prayer, were suddenly hushed before an ominous sound. The cannon's note was heard: the day was breaking, before the close of which many Malagasy Christians would have died a martyr's death.

Eighteen men and women were to die. To add to their punishment, circumstances of shameful ignominy had been devised. First of all they were stripped of their clothing, and enveloped in dirty matting, so that no appearance of dignity and nobility should affect the popular mind, ever susceptible of such qualities in those who are appointed to death. Then their mouths were stuffed with rags, so that they might be prevented from singing or speaking,—a device which proved unavailing. Each of the prisoners was now bound, hand and foot, to two poles, and then hoisted on to the shoulders of bearers, and carried to the place appointed. Ranivo alone, in consideration of her youth and rank, was allowed to walk at the end of this procession, which Mr. Ellis truly describes as the noblest which the sun had ever shone upon in Madagascar.

In this fashion the Christian confessors travelled to the scene of judgment. There they were laid upon the ground, soldiers with fixed spears encircling them. The judges and officers arrived and took their stand where they could most effectively address the vast multitude. Then the Queen's proclamation was read, in which she declared that "the spirits of Andrianampoinimerina and Radama" had revealed to her what sentence to pronounce upon these obstinate Christians. Radama's spirit had certainly deteriorated since death, if *he* inspired so atrocious a sentence!

While for eighteen of the more notable offenders was reserved the extreme penalty of death, between two and three thousand

people were sentenced to varying degrees of punishment. Labour in chains for life, public floggings, fines, degradations,—this was the cost at which the Christians had to purchase the privilege of a clear conscience, and the inward happiness that comes from the cultivation of fellowship with God. We are apt to underestimate the heavy sufferings of those who were reduced to slavery or starvation, while dwelling on that sharper ordeal of death, which lends itself more readily to description. We shall return, however, to consider the effects of the minor penalties, when we have accompanied these eighteen faithful witnesses through the final stage of their pilgrimage. We have seen them in the long years of peril and privation, manfully enduring "as seeing Him Who is invisible." We have tried to picture them, in imagination, seeking spiritual comfort and sustenance in the dark recesses of the forests, or in some isolated hut. We have heard their calm and consistent testimony, when judges and officers have tried to browbeat and intimidate them. We have seen them submit without a murmur to the cruel outrages by which their implacable enemies sought their humiliation. At last the long and weary journey is nearly over; the burden will soon be laid down now. Courage, brave hearts! there is but one step more between you and rest!

Four of the condemned, who were nobles, were sentenced to be burned alive. The place selected was Faravohitra, "at the northern end of the mountain on which the city is built." One of the four was a woman, and she was near the hour of motherhood. Borne on the shoulders of carriers, as before, these of the nobility passed to their place of martyrdom. Smithfield itself was never graced by more undaunted sufferers than those who died at Faravohitra. The people marvelled to hear them singing as they went on their way,—

> "Grant us, Saviour, royal blessings,
> Now that to our home we go."

The day was marked by heavy showers, broken by periods of bright sunshine. The showers added to the agony of the martyrs; for more than once the pile of wood around them had to be re-

lighted. Amid the fire they were heard to cry,—"Lord Jesus, receive our spirits. Lay not this sin to their charge." The ferocity of the executioners stood out in dark contrast. In the hour of mortal anguish the woman-sufferer became a mother; the babe was thrust back into the flames. They were dying thus when a sudden burst of sunshine wrought a rainbow on the clouds, and one end of the bow seemed to rest so marvellously on the burning pile, that some of the onlookers fled in terror. The final testimony concerning this remarkable scene, borne by one who remained to the end, is this: "They prayed as long as they had any life. Then they died; but softly, gently. Indeed, gentle was the going forth of their life, and astonished were all the people around that beheld the burning of them there." We may say of them, as was said of one who, in another age and among a professedly more enlightened people, suffered the same fate, that they "passed through smoke and flame to their rest."

The fourteen who remained were certainly Malagasy nobles, in all but the name. For them was reserved the equally appalling fate of being hurled over the precipices of Ampamarinana, on the western side of the same mountain. The vast crowds who saw them carried to their death seem to have been greatly moved by the spectacle. The Queen had devised the most convincing object-lesson in the power and reality of the Christian faith that could possibly have been presented to her people. The pilgrimage of shame which she had intended became a triumphal procession, in which those she had hoped to terrify and overawe sang hymns of victory and peace. The details of the final scene vary somewhat in different reports. Clearly, however, the prisoners were bound with cords, and when thus helpless, lying at the precipice's edge, were offered liberty and life at the price of apostasy. They refused. It has been said that they were then swung out over the cliff, and with the knife held ready to cut the ropes, were again offered pardon if they would renounce the faith. It was a needless delay—a refinement of cruelty. They had made peace with God, and were ready. Another report simply recounts that, after the first steady refusal to listen to overtures of dishonourable peace, they were, one by one, pushed

over the precipice, and so killed. There was one exception. Ranivo had probably from the first been destined to mercy. She was reserved to the last so that she might witness the punishment of all the rest. When her turn came, she indignantly refused to do worship to the idols, and told the officers of death that she was ready to follow her friends. The executioner said, "She is an idiot, and does not know what she says. Take her away." So her life was spared; but we cannot refuse the honour of martyrdom to one who was as ready as her comrades to dare death for Christ's sake.

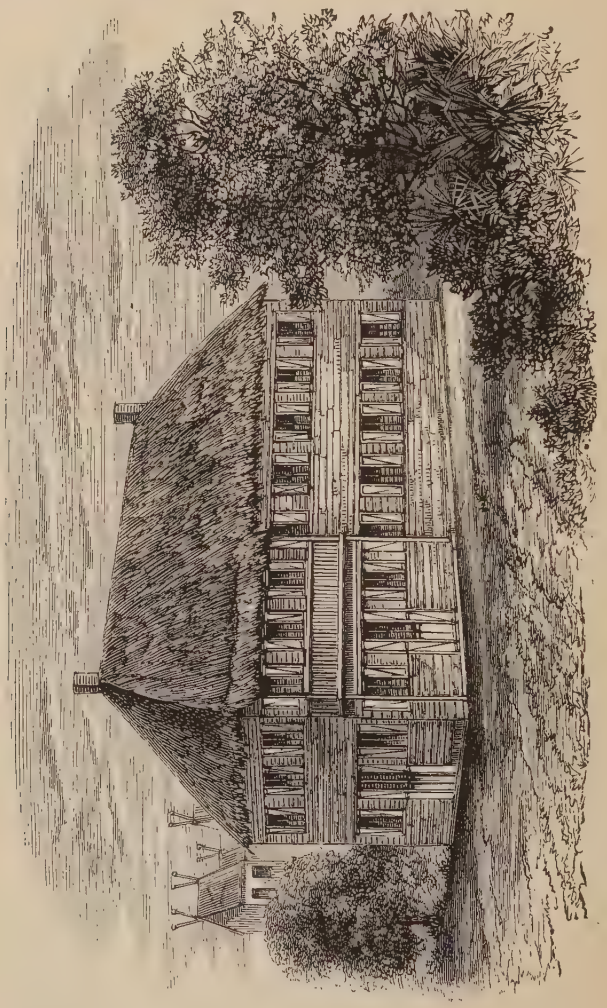
The proceedings of the day had fitting termination when the mangled bodies of the Christian martyrs were dragged to the spot where the nobles had been burned, and on one great pyre all that remained of these heroic confessors was consumed to ashes.

The Queen and the Government had now done their worst, and they can hardly have been deceived as to the side on which the victory rested. There were many to tell them of the impression produced upon the people by the scenes of the day. Probably owing to reports of this kind they were led to see that they had gone too far, and had served the cause they intended to destroy. The first confession of failure came twenty-four hours later in the form of a remission of half the fines in money and cattle that had been imposed on minor offenders. It was felt that where severity had so signally failed, a show of mercy might produce a better effect. But even so, the condition of the poor people condemned to pay the reduced fines was very hard. In many cases it meant the sacrifice of all, and more than all, that they possessed. The loss of their cattle was the loss of their means of sustenance. Life, from being existence in comparative comfort and sufficiency, became a struggle with privation, hunger, poverty. As for those in high estate, perhaps the heaviest fate was that of Prince Ramonja, nephew of the Prime Minister. It was determined to make an example of him. Not only was the fine exacted from him an excessive one, but he was reduced to the rank of a common soldier, and compelled to perform severe labour, to which he had never been accustomed, in the scantiest clothing. The Prince Royal had been accused of sympathy with the proscribed

religion ; but the Queen insisted that he was too young to understand what he was doing.

The nature of the persecution, now in progress, may be learned from a private letter addressed by one of the sufferers to the Rev. David Johns. It will be seen from this letter that many died for Christ in Madagascar who were not burned at the stake or flung over precipices : delicate women, worn out by cruel labour in chains, and stronger men sent into exile in distant parts, where fever found an easy prey in their worn and exhausted systems. The writer of this letter fled from his home by night, and was sought by the Government through four years and a half. A price was set upon his head, but he succeeded in remaining concealed. "Very great was the persecution which drove us into the wilderness," he says. His family and servants were seized and declared forfeit to the Queen. Their sufferings we will let him tell in his own way. "They bound my wife, Rabodo, and flogged her from morning until night to make her tell who were her companions. She fainted, and they left her to recover a little, and then flogged her again. But she refused to give up the names of any, so that they were astonished, and said, "*She is a Christian indeed!*" Failing to get her to tell who were her associates, they put a heavy iron ring round her neck and round each ankle. They also fastened these rings together by heavy iron chains from the neck to the ankles, and then bound her to four more Christians. Five others were also bound together, and there was a third party of sixteen also bound together. Every Sabbath day for seven months they placed these three parties before the people, that they might see how they were punished for keeping holy the Lord's day. At the end of the seven months they separated them, and sent five to the east ; of these *two died*, and three still remain. The other party of five they sent to the north ; of these *four died*, and one only remains ; and the sixteen they sent to the west, of these *five died* and eleven remain. My wife, Rabodo, was among those they sent to the west. She was left in bonds and died. . . . . Yes, she died in her chains, but her works do follow her. . . . My children they have sold into slavery, and my property they

have taken, so that now I have no house to live in or land to dwell upon. What has befallen me is too hard for nature; but



FIRST CHAPEL IN ANTANANARIVO, WITH MISSION HOUSE ADJOINING.

precious are the riches in Christ, and in Him light are the sorrows of earth." This is but one account of very many that

might be given, and that well deserve a place in the annals of suffering for conscience sake. What could be more touching than the story of this mother, enduring cruel floggings so nobly; and then, heavily chained, sent into exile, never to see husband or children more, but to labour on, wearing her felon's fetters night and day for ten years, until her brave heart ceased to beat, and God gave her rest.

The more the details of the Malagasy persecutions are brought to light, the more astonishing the spirit of the sufferers appears. High and low, rich and poor alike, were bound together in a fellowship of suffering. Men who had been officers in the army, high in rank, and with the promise of great position, were to be seen working as convicts at the quarries, subject to the needless insults and cruelties heaped upon them by heathen taskmasters. During the next three or four years, large numbers of men and women were working out their sentences. It was an open question whether, on the completion of the period of their punishment, they would be released or condemned to further suffering. In the case of some, whose sentences had been light, this doubling of the period had been resorted to, as the prisoners gave no sign of recanting their faith. But when in 1852 the young rival to the Prince Royal, Ramboasalama, who had constituted himself the champion of heathenism, proposed that fresh sentences should be imposed on those whose period of punishment had almost expired, the commander-in-chief opposed it strongly and successfully. "Why should they be sentenced again?" he asked; and added, "even the thunderbolt does not strike twice."

It seemed now as if the clouds were about to disperse. One of the cruellest and most powerful of the Malagasy ministers of state was removed by death, and his son was known to be sincerely attached to the young Prince who ought, in due time, to succeed to the throne. The laws against the Christians were no longer aggressively administered, and the secret meetings of the believers became more frequent and numerous. The news that reached the Missionary Society in 1853 was so far favourable that the Rev. William Ellis, together with Mr. Cameron, a former

worker on the island, were appointed by the directors to proceed at once to Madagascar, and reconnoitre with a view to discovering whether it were possible to resume the work. It was a great period of missionary expansion. Australia was responding to Mr. Gill's urgent appeal to send missionaries to that dark island where John Williams had perished. China was opening her doors at last, and the Society's friends were giving many thousands of pounds to increase our staff in that vast empire. And now it was Madagascar's turn. The appeal was made, and over eight thousand pounds came in to be used for the re-establishment of our missions there. All promised well; but the time of reaping was not yet, and the money collected lay for some years in the bank before it could be employed for the evangelisation of Madagascar.

Messrs. Ellis and Cameron landed at Tamatave, and learned many pathetic and interesting particulars of the persecution story. The Queen, however, was not prepared as yet to receive them at the capital. The influence of the heathen party, headed by Ramboasalama, was exceedingly strong, and they were alive to the fact that the next few years must decide their country's destiny. There was nothing for it but for Mr. Ellis and his comrade to retire to Mauritius and await the course of events. In June, 1854, Mr. Ellis again visited Tamatave, one of his main objects being to introduce into the island copies of the Scriptures. He found that the native Christians had often no more than three or four soiled and torn pages of the Testament; this was their Bible. These pages they read and re-read, until they knew them by heart. Some had a few chapters written out by their own hand. The laws strictly forbade the dissemination of the Scriptures; but there are certain laws which are more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Daniel prayed even when the law forbade it; and it seemed to Mr. Ellis that it was better to obey the law of God than the law of man in this instance. We have seen how the Chinamen used to go on inland journeys with New Testaments concealed in their baggy sleeves. Mr. Ellis became an expert in concealing contraband literature about his person; and in this way, by many passings to and fro, he safely delivered into the hands of

the Christians some fifteen hundred copies of portions of the Scriptures and other Christian books. Still, however, the way to the capital was apparently hopelessly closed. All solicitations met the same response: the Queen would not tolerate the presence of a missionary at Antananarivo. Mr. Ellis reluctantly retired again, this time to the Cape, and thence to England. Hopes that had risen so high were again brought low. Suddenly, however, and unexpectedly, the prospect cleared. A request came from Madagascar that a deputation might be sent to the capital, and every promise of protection and welcome was made. Without hesitation Mr. Ellis prepared to return: this was in 1856. August of that year found him at Antananarivo, where no missionary had set foot for twenty years.

Prince Ramonja was foremost in welcoming him, and the Prince Royal expressed equal satisfaction. It was necessary, however, to behave with great circumspection, for the Government had announced no change of policy. Every fortnight, as the army was paraded, the order to seize the Christians was publicly recited. Mr. Ellis was able to attend some of the secret conventicles, and to speak words of cheer to lonely Christians labouring in chains, and waiting wearily for the dawn of the day of liberty. Then, when the stipulated time had expired, he was obliged to leave the capital and return to England. Perhaps the most valuable result of his visit lay in the report he was able to give of the character of the native Christians. Those who had suffered most were seldom heard to speak one bitter word against their persecutors. To quote Mr. Ellis's words, "I often heard them say, 'If those who persecute us did but know the blessedness of the love of Christ, they would love Him too, and save, instead of destroying, those who believe on His name.'"

It might now reasonably have been expected that, with the resumption of intercourse with England, the days of persecution were over for ever. Experience, however, had taught those who longed most for the reign of peace in Madagascar not to be over-sanguine as to the effects of even the most auspicious events. The Queen was jealous of foreign interference, and her character in this respect did not improve as her life drew to a close. The event

which precipitated the final persecution in Madagascar was one which was especially calculated to provoke the Queen to fury. It seems that a certain M. Lambert, a French Roman Catholic, had devised a scheme by which Ranavalona might be deposed, and the land delivered from the miseries of her rule. After futile endeavours to induce either France or England to interfere to this end, he returned to Madagascar, and organised a plot among a handful of Frenchmen. The plot was discovered, and M. Lambert and his associates were promptly arrested and despatched by ship from Madagascar. It should be added to the credit of the Prince Royal, who had most to gain from such a revolution, that he honourably held aloof from the scheme. The discovery of this intrigue aroused all the dormant suspicions of the Queen, and she resolved on revenge. The heathen party were not slow to take advantage of the opportunity; they fed the fires by stories of the treachery of the Christians. Ratsimandisa, a Christian, made out lists of Christian men and women, who were accused of treason. The Prince Royal did his best to stem the storm, but to no purpose. On July 3rd, 1857, another Kabary was held, such as the Christians had come to associate with suffering and death. Once again, to the sound of cannon, the Royal decree was published that all Christians should accuse themselves within fifteen days; but the terror of the proclamation was not what it had been. So few were found to make public confession that other methods were resorted to. The troops were sent out to scour the neighbouring villages, and bring the Christians from their places of concealment: vengeance was denounced against any one daring to protect or shelter them. In one case, where six Christians were discovered hidden in a pit covered over with straw, all the villagers without exception were carried away by the soldiers to the capital to be punished. The Queen declared that she would have every village searched, and every pit and hole examined. In some cases, when the soldiers appeared, they found the village silent and deserted; the inhabitants had fled in terror to the forests, where they wandered in search of food, enduring all the rigours of the climate. Those Christians who were captured met with no mercy; fourteen were killed in a most shocking way by being stoned to death.

The place of their martyrdom was Fiadanana, about half a mile from Ambohipotsy. No fewer than fifty-seven were chained together by the neck and banished to distant parts where *more than half of them died a lingering agonising death in their chains.* Fifty were compelled to take the *tangena*, and of these eight died. Many others suffered minor punishments. Twenty-two years of persecution had now passed over the native Malagasy Church; they were enduring their final sufferings.

During the next three or four years little active oppression was exercised. The Queen was nearing the brink of the grave, "breathing out threatenings and slaughter" to the very end. The idols were entreated for her, the diviners employed their arts, all the known charms against disease were resorted to. It was vain. Her hour had come at last. On August 16th, 1861, the word went forth that she was dead, and the people whom she had persistently oppressed knew that the day of deliverance had dawned. Within a few weeks of her death the Rev. J J. Le Brun, of Mauritius, was in the capital, and the Rev. William Ellis was again on his way to Madagascar to re-establish our mission stations, which had been closed for twenty-six years. Six missionaries and two ladies were ready to follow as soon as arrangements could be made. One of this band was the Rev. W. E. Cousins, who has remained identified with the Madagascar Mission ever since, and has done invaluable service in revising the translation of the Malagasy scriptures. All kinds of supplies were prepared for the new mission, including a printing press, school materials, as well as 10,600 copies of the New Testament and portions of the old in the Malagasy tongue, the munificent gift of the Bible Society. The Religious Tract Society bore part of the cost of 20,600 volumes of Christian works. With such enterprise, and with such effective instruments of service, did the Church at home undertake the work of re-establishing the Madagascar Mission.

Meanwhile, at Antananarivo, the succession of the Prince Royal to the throne had taken place quietly. If the heathen party had really intended to supplant Radama, they were overwhelmed by the enthusiasm with which the populace greeted the new king. In a few hours from the time of his accession a pro-

clamation had gone forth, announcing to every man that he was at liberty to worship as he deemed best. Then ensued some of the most wonderful and pathetic scenes in the history of any people. Men and women were brought out of the land of exile, who had been banished for many years. There were reunions of those who had supposed each other to be dead long since. Out of the recesses of the forests there came men and women who had been wanderers and outcasts for years. They reappeared as if risen from the dead. Some bore the deep scars of chains and fetters; some, worn almost to skeletons by prolonged sufferings from hunger or fever, could scarcely drag themselves along the roads that led to the capital. Their brethren from the city went out to meet them, and to help them; and Mr. Ellis tells how, as they saw their old loved city again, they sang the pilgrim psalm, "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing; then said they among the heathen, the Lord hath done great things for them. The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

Surprise may be felt that the late Queen should not have foreseen this utter reversal of her policy, or, seeing it, should not have nominated another successor. It was, however, unfortunately true that the Prince Royal, with all his humane and generous instincts, had certain heathen vices and weaknesses, which in all probability won for him the favour of his mother. He was accustomed to indulge in all kinds of revels; and his habits of intoxication and licentiousness tended to weaken his will and enfeeble his reason at the very time when resolution and intelligence were absolutely necessary for the capable government of his people. Most of his counsellors flattered him openly, condoning and even encouraging his excesses; others helped to hasten his destruction. With such habits growing upon him he was not likely to perceive the danger to his people in at once throwing open his ports to every form of trade without restriction. Sixty thousand gallons of rum were, we are told, imported from Mauritius in one week. The land was literally flooded with

AMBATONAKANGA MEMORIAL CHURCH.

ardent spirits. A greater danger than the arm of the persecutor threatened Christianity in Madagascar.

Among the foreigners who flocked to the capital now that free access had been granted, was the notorious M. Lambert, and a number of French Roman Catholic priests. It is important to remember this in view of subsequent complications. Advantage was taken of the weak amiability of the king to induce him to sign a treaty, giving to France an undue influence and authority. This treaty was promptly repudiated after his miserable end, and the Queen who succeeded him preferred to pay a million francs as compensation rather than consent to it. If it is possible for a dissolute monarch, deceived by false representations, to compromise the whole future of his people beyond all possibility of reparation, then France has some reason to claim that she obtained her right to interfere with the national self-government of Madagascar by lawful treaty. But even so, the payment of an exorbitant sum of money as compensation should have sufficed to assure the world that Madagascar had, at an enormous cost, purchased her redemption from the yoke of France.

There is great value in sacred associations and heroic traditions; and oftentimes the Church does not sufficiently appreciate the fact. Mr. Ellis, on returning to Madagascar, had determined, if possible, to re-open the mission by erecting memorial churches on the very spots where the Christian martyrs had suffered. He even sent messages to the king, before his own arrival, begging that these positions might be reserved, if any grants of land were made to foreigners in the new order of things. The king heartily favoured the proposal; and on Mr. Ellis's arrival, in May, 1862, he received assurances of the deep interest of the Christians generally in the scheme. It appeared from enquiries made that in the capital and its suburbs there were at this time some seven thousand Christians. Twenty-six years before, when our missionaries had been compelled to fly from Madagascar, the number of Christians was roughly estimated at between one and two thousand. During twenty-six years of persecution, more than ten thousand people had been sentenced to various penalties, and of these it is believed that two hundred suffered death; and yet at the end of this long

period, taking all the country over, the Christians were probably fully four times as numerous as they were at the beginning. Thus does our God compel even the powers of darkness to serve the kingdom of light. After due enquiries had been made, Mr. Ellis was able to send a detailed statement to England, and appeal for £10,000 towards the erection of the churches. In a few months £6,500 was announced, and ultimately no less a sum than £13,000 was contributed for this purpose. The work of clearing and levelling the plots of ground was undertaken with the greatest eagerness by the people themselves. Nearly the whole congregation might have been seen on one occasion, armed with spades and picks, and carrying baskets of rubbish or earth away on their heads. The first band of missionaries had already arrived, and were busy organizing churches, and erecting chapels in various parts of the city. School buildings were once more opened, and filled with children. Before a year had passed away, *twelve* missionaries had either arrived at, or were on their way to, the capital. Mr. James Sibree had gone out to act as architect of the Memorial Churches. After spending four years in this important work, he then returned to England, studied for the mission field, was appointed to Madagascar, and has lived to do invaluable work there, and to write several books which have contributed not a little to our knowledge of the people, and of the progress of Christianity among them.

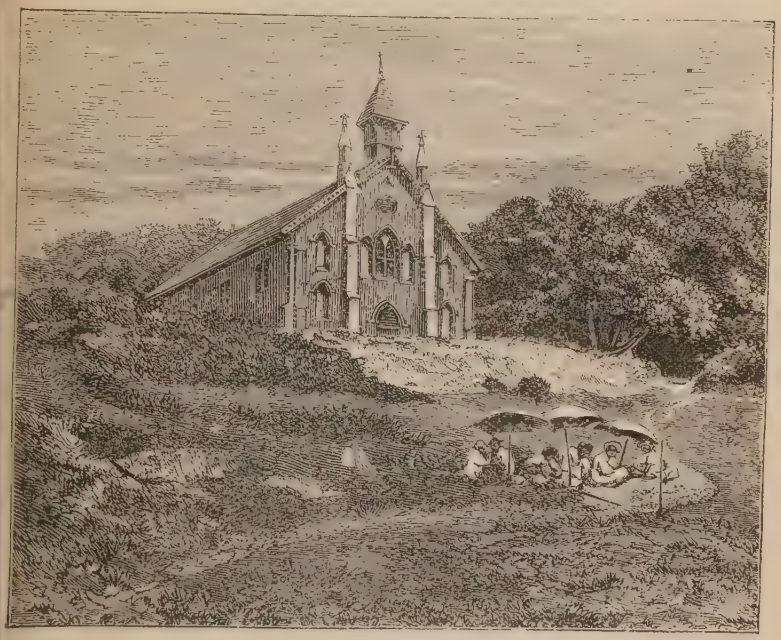
The good work was suddenly jeopardized by a revolutionary movement. Dissatisfaction had been increasing for many months; and at length a conspiracy was formed among a number of influential men. At the beginning of May, 1863, several of the king's ministers were seized and put to death, and he himself was soon at the mercy of the revolutionists. His mind had practically given way before this period, and he was quite helpless to offer resistance. On the 12th of May a body of men forced an entrance into the hapless monarch's bedroom and strangled him. His wife, Rabodo, was declared queen of Madagascar; but certain constitutional demands were first made of her. The agreement of certain representatives of the nobles and the people was to be necessary in all matters of life and death; or for the

enactment of any law which the people would have to obey. Perfect religious liberty was to be granted to all classes. Thus a wholesome limitation of the despotic power of the Malagasy sovereign was the outcome of what, at one time, threatened to be a movement full of peril to the cause of Christianity. The Queen was throughout her reign loyal to the principles she accepted when she assumed the crown, and no further serious disorder occurred.

Now that the mission is fairly established, it will be well for us to get some clearer idea of the various Malagasy tribes, and the distribution of population. Although one language practically prevails all over Madagascar, there are considerable differences among the people. The most populous province lies in the centre of the island and is called Imerina. Here Antananarivo, the capital, is situated—a fine city, containing a hundred thousand inhabitants. This province is occupied by the Hòvas, who are well known to be a brave, affectionate, law-abiding people. Mr. Sibree enumerates six chief tribes as occupying the eastern side of the island, six (including the Hòvas and the Bétsiléo) as occupying the central portion between the extreme northern and southern points, while on the west are various tribes, "all loosely called Sakalava" Over these latter the central government has very little control, which is a great misfortune for the unity of the Malagasy people. The Sakalava tribes, moreover, are very migratory; and this adds to the difficulties of their evangelization. The whole island contains between four and five million people.

The years of the new Queen's reign (she assumed the name Rasohérina) were marked by steady progress. The Memorial Churches were completed; schools were founded; and from the capital, evangelistic tours were made among the villages, which not only helped in the organization of Christian life, but which brought to light many strangely moving stories of the fortitude and fidelity of those who suffered in the times of persecution. The Queen remained a heathen, and the royal palace was re-occupied by priests and idols. At the same time, she was no persecutor, and even manifested much goodwill towards the Christian teachers. The Prime Minister, moreover, laid the foundation

stone of a new hospital, as well as of one of the Memorial Churches. The eagerness of the people to possess Bibles and Christian literature was extraordinary. One man travelled up from the south-east, a journey of three hundred miles, across difficult country, to beg for books. He arrived at the capital after a thirteen days' pilgrimage, and was eager to return at once. More than that, he was not content with a small parcel; but took



A VILLAGE CHURCH.

all that could be spared, shouldered the weighty package, and set off to carry it three hundred miles back again, for the benefit of his Christian friends and neighbours in that distant and obscure locality.

On April 1st, 1868, Queen Rasohérina died. At this time we had 28 schools and about 1,700 scholars. Our fourteen missionaries had associated with them seven ordained native

pastors. As many as 94 were denominated native preachers; the church members numbered five thousand, and the native adherents over twenty thousand. These were noble results; but now was to come a time of expansion that would prove embarrassing to the little company of missionaries, and would tax to the full the liberality and enterprise of the Church at home. The policy of the new Queen, Ranavalona II., was awaited with deep anxiety by the Christians. Some of them entertained grim forebodings when they knew that she had chosen a name associated with such painful memories. As a new epoch in Madagascar history dates from her accession, we must remind ourselves of this notable event.

It should be mentioned that the Queen was sister of that gallant young prince Ramonja, whose sufferings for his Christian convictions we have witnessed with admiration. It would hardly be possible to accord her higher praise than by saying she was worthy of her brother. On the 3rd of September, 1868, the public recognition of the new sovereign took place—"Coronation Day," as we should call it in England. Some who saw the tens of thousands of spectators may have been reminded of the *Kabary* which was the prelude to the period of persecution. How changed were the times! The royal seat was erected under a noble canopy, on the front of which glittered the words, "Glory be to God," and on the sides, "Goodwill among men," "On earth Peace," and "God shall be with us." In front of Queen Ranavalona, as she took her seat, were two tables; that on the one hand bearing the crown of Madagascar, that on the other hand the Bible which had been sent to her predecessor by the British and Foreign Bible Society. She had resolved to wear her crown in accordance with the teaching of the Bible. The impetus given by this event to Christian work was, of course, very considerable. The missionaries were meanwhile working with the greatest industry and enthusiasm. The press poured forth a perfect flood of publications of all sorts. The Malagasy Testament had been revised. An enlarged Malagasy hymn book was prepared and published by the kind co-operation of the Religious Tract Society. Spelling-books, grammars, and other educational

instruments had to be compiled at the same time; a magazine for general circulation was edited, and speedily became popular. Churches were soon built, schools planted, preachers and teachers trained. The wonder to any one who reads the records is that the strength of the little band of missionaries was equal to the strain of all these varied labours.

But even yet that event had not taken place which, like the final charge in some great battle, was to make the victory complete. A year had passed since the coronation day. In that period the Queen and the Prime Minister had themselves been publicly baptized by one of the native preachers, in the large court in front of the palace. At the close of the year, those who had a vested interest in idolatry determined to make a last rally. The idol-priests had possessed many privileges, some of which were of a most cruel kind, even the power of beheading offenders without the consent of Government having been granted them. Suddenly they found themselves deprived of their *prestige*. They accordingly sent to the Palace in September, 1869, to ask for a revival of certain royal favours during some idol festival. The Queen seems to have recognised at once the anomaly of the existing state of things. She was nominally the owner of the idols. They were her gods; and yet she had publicly disavowed any faith in them. She resolved, with the consent of her Ministers, on a bold step. Officers were despatched on horseback to the sacred village where were the headquarters of the great national idol, Kelimalaza. Great as he was, he was neither more nor less than a wooden insect, wrapped in red cloth. The consternation of the priests knew no bounds when the officers rode up to the temple, and demanded to see the idol. They demurred. "Is it yours or the Queen's?" asked the officers. There was but one reply possible: it was the Queen's. "Very well; the Queen has determined to make a bonfire of it!" The priests insisted that it was a god and would not burn. The officers proposed to make the experiment. The priests said they possessed charms which would render the idol invisible, so that the officers could not find it. The officers, however, were proof against the charms. Kelimalaza carried a

scarlet umbrella in illustration of his rank. It was now an inconvenient distinction, for the umbrella alone would have betrayed him. He was promptly seized, red cloth, umbrella, silver chains and all, and submitted to the ordeal by fire. He came out of it badly—more accurately, did not come out of it at all. Kelimalaza was not. The officers returned, and reported his end. Straightway orders were issued to all similar idol-temples. The Queen was resolved to keep no such images. Then ensued a great conflagration. The flames ascended in every village : Imerina province, and the province of the Betsiléos, were literally cleaned out of idols. Superstition had received its last shock. The heavens did not fall : the bits of carved wood were all consumed ; and the heart of the people rejoiced in emancipation from the baseless fears to which they had been subject for centuries.

The excitement in Madagascar over this revolution—for it was nothing less—was intense. When the last symbol and sign of the ancient superstition had disappeared, there was an eager movement of the people towards the missionaries and the Christian preachers. It was clearly providential that in April of this very year, the Rev. Robert Toy and the Rev. George Cousins started training classes for native converts who seemed likely to prove good teachers and preachers. Such men were needed ; every village was calling out for them. In the following year the Theological Institution was opened by the Queen. In this field, as in all others, it was the policy of the Society's leaders to attempt the evangelization of the people *through* the people. Some idea of the enormous expansion of the work at this period may be gathered from the fact that whereas in 1869, before the destruction of the idols, the various adherents to Christianity numbered some 37,000, at the close of 1870 they had increased to about *a quarter of a million!* The congregations had increased from 148 to 621. Rough chapels of grass and mud and rushes were being erected everywhere. There was a pathetic eagerness for instruction.

The Queen took the deepest interest in the provision of places of worship, and competent teachers, for her people. Our

AMBOHIMANGA.

missionaries were at first seriously afraid lest she should adopt the fatal policy of endowing a State religion by providing money out of the public funds. The bearings of the question were, however, carefully explained to her by the missionaries; and, to their satisfaction, she strongly supported the idea that voluntary contributions should be solicited from the strong churches in the capital for the evangelization of those districts where the people were too poor to erect their own chapel and support their own teacher. In 1869, the Queen had resolved to build a chapel to adjoin the palace. This "Chapel Royal" was some eleven years before it was completed, but a congregational church now meets within its walls; and many of those wealthier Malagasy who worship there contributed very generously towards the movement for the extension of Christianity among the villages.

Another very important move followed. Up to the present the Mission had only had one centre—at the capital. It was now time to organize the work around several centres. Ambohimanga to the north, and Fianarantsoa, the chief town of the Betsiléo province, were similarly occupied. Since that time many other advantageous positions for work among outlying districts have been adopted. The Rev. G. A. Shaw began an important and successful mission at the seaport of Tamatave in 1880; while in 1875 an attack was made on the heathen tribes called Sihanaka, lying away to the N.N.E., and in 1877 aggressive work was begun among the Sakalava.

Nothing could be further from the truth than to suppose that the tens of thousands of people who now flocked to the Christian meeting-houses were Christians. There are always multitudes of people who will bow down to any golden image a king or a queen may set up. No law was passed that the people were to become Christians: no royal command was issued. But the force of the Queen's example, and the public burning of the idols, combined to create the belief that they were expected to be Christians. The letters of our missionaries at this time show how painfully they often felt the absence of a higher motive in vast numbers who were now willing to profess Christianity. One thing, however, they were determined to do. So far as was possible, they

jealously guarded the door of the Church. They sought to admit none but those who, after considerable testing, gave decisive evidence of change of conviction and life. They also turned their special attention to the work of education. In Madagascar, Normal Schools play an important part. Here bright lads and girls are trained to teach others. We ought also to add a word of grateful testimony to the invaluable work done by the missionaries of the Society of Friends in the High Schools which they have been instrumental in establishing and maintaining. The need for teachers can easily be realized in this way. In 1868 we had 28 schools and 1,700 scholars. The report for 1887 speaks in round numbers of a thousand schools and *a hundred thousand scholars.* In connection with this educational work there has grown up a Malagasy literature. Mr. Sibree has enumerated some of the books which are now in circulation. They include Scripture commentaries, Lives of our Lord, the Apostles, and the Patriarchs, manuals of exegesis, hermeneutics, Biblical criticism, and Church history; handbooks of logic, physical geography, astronomy, and so on; dictionaries of the language; and also, to give permanence to the ancient national conceptions and local traditions, collections of the proverbs, Kabary, folk-lore, and folk-tales, have been made. A magazine is also circulated.

The year 1883 was a most anxious and critical one in the history of Madagascar and our mission. For some months previously trouble had been threatened. The Hòvas are a high-spirited people, and when the French formulated a demand for a Protectorate over the north-western portion of Madagascar, they not unnaturally foresaw other encroachments on their national independence. In May, 1883, the French fleet was sent to bombard Port Mojanga, and enforce submission to the terms of France. In the ensuing weeks not Mojanga only, but Tamatave itself was bombarded. In addition to this a new complication arose in the arrest of one of our missionaries, the Rev. G. A. Shaw, who was stationed at Tamatave. For fifty-four days Mr. Shaw was detained as a prisoner. The Rev. George Cousins, returning on furlough, had the greatest difficulty in making his way to England. Then, to add to the sorrows and

difficulties of the Malagasy people, Queen Ranavalona died, her death doubtless hastened by the danger to her country. Great excitement prevailed in Madagascar. Everywhere the schools were half empty, that any lad capable of holding a musket might be drilled. Some missionaries retired from the country districts to the capital, as the feeling against the French was so strong that no guarantee could be given that other foreigners would be safe. We cannot detail the events of this sad period. The niece of the late Queen ascended the throne under circumstances of singular difficulty. She was a Christian, and she assumed the name Ranavalona III. As a result of the war, a French Resident-General and Sub-Resident, with their retinue, took up their abode at the capital, and the French priests entered the country in even greater force. France was to control the foreign relations of Madagascar, but the Malagasy were to have full control over their own domestic affairs. Our work, however, has received no real check, and those best able to judge have declared that the effect of their troubles on the Malagasy was salutary. The nation became more consolidated, and its spirit rose to meet the perils which menaced its life. A steady and persistent work has been carried on in supplanting the miserable grass and rush chapels by more stable and decent buildings, and in this respect there has been a remarkable improvement. It has been far less easy to build up the spiritual Church. In many places where the people had themselves formed Churches, they had been anxious to include all who were willing to profess Christianity. Scandals were not uncommon. Many Churches had to be taken in hand, and an effective discipline brought to bear upon them, as far as possible. The missionaries were determined not to make Church membership too cheap.

The old order had changed in Madagascar, yielding place to new. The first influence of Christianity among such a people as the Malagasy is to root out certain gross sins and customs. In this respect the fifteen years of Queen Ranavalona II.'s reign were notable, for they were marked by numerous outward and visible signs of progress. Some of the more striking ones have been enumerated thus: "The burning of the idols, the abolition

TRAVELLING IN MADAGASCAR.

of Sunday markets, the proclamation and establishment of religious liberty, the public observance of the Sabbath, the building of the Palace Church, the emancipation of the Mozambiques, the amelioration of the condition of the soldiers, the codification of the laws, the absence of tumults, rebellions, the abrogation of the laws against brick and stone buildings, the establishment of colleges, schools and hospitals, the progress of elementary education, the abolition of polygamy, the establishment of a native missionary society"—surely a large and noble programme of social and religious reform! But Madagascar had now to stand the fires of quite new temptations, and she was, as yet, but imperfectly prepared. It has been truly said a nation may be born in a day, but it cannot grow to manhood in a day. The influx of foreigners introduced the Malagasy to foreign vices. The importation of intoxicants has wrought havoc among many tribes and villages. These things have made Christian work harder and slower. To such difficulties must be added the ineffectiveness of the central Government in maintaining order in many outlying districts. Bands of robbers infest parts of the country, and are but seldom brought to justice. Another great evil is the law which prevails by which any Malagasy youth may be withdrawn to Government service at any time in his career, and yet be entitled to no wages.

It would be easy to dwell on those grave defects of character which constantly bring sorrow and disappointment to the missionary. Centuries of a heathenism in which licentiousness, craft and dishonesty were regarded rather as virtues than vices, have left many dark tendencies in the Malagasy nature; but these are giving way before the light of the Gospel of Christ. We have under our charge a nation which, in its emancipation from superstition, has not yet learned at what cost truth has to be won. In God's providence, and in reward of the fidelity and earnestness of our missionaries, the making of this people is largely in our hands. The future alone will be able to judge with what degree of faithfulness we may discharge so sacred and awful a trust.

CHAPTER XIII

NORTH CHINA AND MONGOLIA

Settlements in North China—Dr. Lockhart at the Capital—Dr. Dudgeon and the Court—Massacre at Tientsin—Feeling in Southern China—Gilmour starts for Mongolia—Reaches Kiachta—Experience of Mongol Life and Language—"Our Gilmour"—Gilmour in N.E. Mongolia, and at Peking—Marriage—Tours in Mongolia—The Great Famine—Work in Shan-tung—Mackenzie at Tientsin—Erection of Hospital—Gilmour in England—War Troubles—Gilmour revisits the Plain—A Convert—Death of Mrs. Gilmour—Station in N.E. Mongolia—Dr. Roberts joins Gilmour—Death of Mackenzie and Recall of Roberts—Tientsin Hospital seized—Gilmour revisits England—Parker joins Gilmour—Gilmour's Death—Prospects of Mission.

WHEN, in the year 1860, the northern ports of China, as well as the great cities on the Yang-tse River, were opened to Europeans, missionary operations underwent a striking development. Griffith John, as we have seen, struck into the interior; Mr. Edkins and Mr. Lees took up their position at Tientsin; while Dr. Lockhart, who, after twenty years' exhausting work at Shanghai, had returned to England, volunteered his services to the L.M.S., to pioneer the first Protestant Mission to Peking, the famous northern capital of China. Tientsin was reported to contain fully half a million people, among whom it seemed a slight thing to be able to reckon six Christian converts, the result of half a year's energetic and prayerful labours, in 1861. Yet it was the faith of the workers there, that Christ, with a few loaves, could satisfy the needs of the great multitude; and they rejoiced over the infant church with a great joy. Dr. Lockhart, meanwhile, had safely accomplished his long journey, and found himself quartered at the British Legation at Peking, surveying the

city with a view to renting suitable premises for a medical mission. It had taken him three days to travel by cart 100 miles from Tientsin to the capital, but at last he writes, "I rolled in my cart under the great gates, and entered the Imperial city, thanking God for all the way in which He had led me." As soon as a convenient house could be secured, Dr. Lockhart started hospital work with all his accustomed energy and success. At the end of three months he was able to report that he had treated 7,000 patients, and that all sorts and conditions of people flocked daily to the hospital, to avail themselves of his services. At first a Tientsin convert preached in the waiting-room of the hospital, but arrangements were soon made by which Mr. Edkins moved on from Tientsin to Peking, and Mr. Lees received a colleague at the former place. Visible results soon began to appear, and at the beginning of 1863 a few converts were baptized, and "the first Protestant Church in the capital of China" was formed. It was somewhat curiously housed. In a densely populated part of the great Tartar city, there stood a "temple of the emperors and kings." The temple had a large courtyard, round which there were some small buildings. The whole was of course sacred to the Imperial religion; but funds were low. One of the small side buildings was unoccupied; and so, after preliminary bargainings, it was hired by the Christians as a meeting-house. It soon proved too small, and a larger place was obtained; a room was also opened in another quarter of a city. A school, under the care of a converted Mohammedan, was opened mainly for waifs and strays. Thus an unpretentious beginning was made; and the workers wrote hopefully of the prospect, especially as other societies were following the lead of the L.M.S., and sending missionaries to Peking. The first converts, too, proved eminently trustworthy, and two were soon employed as colporteurs.

One of the incidental advantages of having a mission in the capital was, that occasional opportunities arose of commending Western medical methods to some in the Government circles, and thus of establishing friendly relations with them. In 1866, for instance, when Dr. Dudgeon had succeeded Dr. Lockhart in the hospital work, two such occasions arose. One of the minis-

DR. LOCKHART.

ters at the China Foreign Office was notorious for his strong anti-foreign views. Nothing short of absolute necessity would have constrained his proud spirit to stoop to solicit English aid. But

a day came when his little boy of nine years of age shot himself accidentally in the chest. Dr. Dudgeon was sent for, and, thanks to his skilful and careful treatment, the life of the boy was saved. The minister afterwards showed the utmost friendliness to our missionary, and erected a handsome tablet in the hospital, commemorating in pompous Chinese fashion the cure of his son and the ability of the physician. Not long after, one of the four Chinese Prime Ministers of State sustained a somewhat serious concussion. Recourse was at once had to the same skill that had saved the Foreign Minister's boy. The Emperor himself was most anxiously interested in this latter case; and when Dr. Dudgeon's treatment proved once more successful, he was overwhelmed with kind gifts and thanks, and a second tablet was erected in the hospital to apprise all comers of the services rendered to the State by the English medical missionary. Both missions, at Tientsin and Peking, made steady and satisfactory progress, until an event occurred in 1870 which sent a thrill of horror through the civilized world. On the 21st of June of that year, Tientsin was in the hands of a ferocious mob, whose avowed intention it was to extirpate the Europeans, and the native Christians. To such purpose did they prosecute their work of blood that some twenty-two European Christians, and from sixty to a hundred natives, were brutally murdered; houses and churches were committed to the flames; and other nameless outrages were perpetrated. The fury of the mob wreaked itself mainly upon the Roman Catholics. Most terrible of all the crimes was the wholesale massacre of the Sisters of Mercy; whose house was burned, while they were butchered and flung into the flames. The French Consul, and some guests at the Consulate, suffered in like manner, the Consulate also being burned to the ground. The native Christians who escaped were plundered and cruelly ill-treated; while the Chinese Governor, if not avowedly favourable to the murderers, at least made no sign of desiring either to hinder the work, or to punish the evil-doers. The outbreak was not unexpected. On the contrary, for many weeks it had been threatened; and again and again the missionaries and the foreign representatives had urged upon the authorities the duty of taking strenuous measures to protect the

foreign population. These representations, however, had no effect. The people were deceived by the most abominable reports. It was generally believed that the foreign doctors kidnapped Chinese children, and made medicines out of babies' eyes. No story was too silly to be accepted by the popular credulity. Throughout a wide part of Northern China it was perfectly well known that this fearful crime was fully determined on. Still, no means of preventing it were used. Then, when all was over, and no measures could undo the deed, such a cry of indignation was heard from every civilized country, that even the Chinese governors trembled before the storm.

Although no Protestant missionary had suffered death, many of our converts had to pass through the fire. Eight chapels were burned in Tientsin; and only those members whose convictions were deep and true survived this period of trial. The spirit of lawlessness extended to the outside districts. Everywhere the Christians felt that their lives were hanging in the balance. Events occurred, moreover, in this same year which showed conclusively that what had happened at Tientsin was symptomatic of a certain intense and bitter feeling against the Christians—a feeling which was working its way to the surface, and would break out with similar violence in other parts of China. The two native Churches in Hong Kong and Canton had combined, in 1869, to start a mission, and support a native preacher, in the city of Fatshan. The work was very successful—so much so that a commodious new chapel was erected. Just before the opening day, the Tientsin massacre occurred; and anxiety was felt lest the Chinese in Fatshan should make this ceremony an opportunity for some act of violence against the foreigner. The fear was well grounded. On the opening day, a mob assembled, sacked and burned the chapel, and inflicted serious injuries on many of the Christians. Compensation was eventually claimed and awarded; but it was a long time before the excitement subsided, and the interest of many half-hearted converts cooled down, and in some instances disappeared.

In the very midst of these dark and troublous days, there arrived at Peking a young man, who had been commissioned by

the L.M.S. to re-open that Mongolian mission which, as we have seen, had been stamped out thirty years before at the will of the Czar. Our new relations with China had made it possible to resume the mission to the Mongols from the side of China rather than of Russia; and James Gilmour had undertaken to attempt the difficult duty. It is no misfortune in mission work that a man be well tested at the start. No situation could have been better adapted to this end than the one Gilmour found at Peking in 1870. The missionaries there lived for many weeks in the valley of the shadow of death. Some of Gilmour's earliest letters show that he had solemnly faced the question whether he himself was prepared, if required, to make the last sacrifice for the sake of the cause. The people in the capital were talking openly of an extermination of the Christians. French retaliation for the Tientsin massacre was daily expected; and in that case it seemed a foregone conclusion that all foreigners would be involved in a common peril, and devoted to destruction. There does not appear, however, to have been anything approaching panic. Gilmour quietly revolved plans for his journey northward. An Imperial edict having allayed the popular feeling somewhat, and made travelling possible, he left Peking on August 5th, 1870, and began the first of his now famous pilgrimages, through a country, which was then almost entirely *terra incognita*. The goal of his journey was Kiachta, which lies to the north of the great desert of Gobi, and is situated not far from Selenginsk, the site of the former mission of the L.M.S. Buddhism is the religion of the country; and probably no people is more priest-ridden than the Mongols. Indeed, the "lamas," or priests, form considerably more than half of the male population. Apart from this fact, which makes the Mongol very inaccessible to Christian influences, there is the further difficulty of the character of Mongolian life. The majority of the Mongols live a roving life, inhabiting tents, and wandering hither and thither in search of pasture for their flocks and herds, or else journeying on the main caravan routes, engaged in trade between China and the North. It is consequently a peculiarly difficult task for a missionary to do any satisfactory work among so unsettled a people.

With a Russian companion, Gilmour struck out across that vast desert of Gobi which occupies so large a portion of Central

GILMOUR DRESSED FOR A WALKING TOUR.

Mongolia. It was then that he realized the loneliness of the work to which he had given himself. He knew little of the Mongolian

language. He had no one who sympathised with his mission. As he penetrated the interior of the country, he was overwhelmed by the sense of remoteness from human fellowship. He spent almost the traditional forty days in the wilderness of Gobi. Then, at the end of September, he reached Kiachta. Here he was involved in new troubles, through difficulties as to his passport. Another one had to be obtained from Peking, and this meant irksome delay. He did his best to utilise the time in study of the language. In this his progress was slow. The Mongols could make nothing of this strange visitor, and his inexplicable desire to converse with them. Stolid from constitution, they became additionally so from suspicion. It was at this time that Gilmour confesses to sympathy with those who were driven out of their mind by sheer loneliness. "*Oh, the intense loneliness of Christ's life!*" he writes in his diary. "No one understood Him! He bore it. O Jesus, let me follow in Thy steps, and have in me the same spirit that Thou hast!"

Dissatisfied with his progress in the language, Gilmour determined to go back towards the desert and persuade some Mongol to allow him to share his tent. The prospect was not exactly a pleasant one, for often in those latitudes the nights are intensely cold, and the ordinary Mongol tent-life is not a scrupulously nice one. But taking a stout stick in his hand—called a "Penang lawyer," from the Penang method of settling law disputes!—Gilmour started back into the desert. The stick had for its object to defend Gilmour against the fierce Mongolian dogs, which are set to protect the encampments, and which often attack strangers with great ferocity. Thus accoutred. he made for the tent of a lama whose acquaintance he had previously formed, and at once arranged his business to the lama's satisfaction. He was to be lodged, fed, and taught for a little more than a shilling a day. It is not difficult to see that this meant hard fare enough, and no particular comforts; but Gilmour was well satisfied, and began his new life at once. He soon managed to pick up the colloquial Mongolian, and he made discoveries as to the character of the people. He found that even a lama was not at all averse to the use of very filthy language; that

many of that order were given to intoxication ; while at the same time he testified warmly to the personal character of his host. Many were the discussions held in that tent on religious problems, and very intimate was his introduction to the manner of Mongolian thought. Far into the nights, sometimes, he and the lama would sit up round the glowing fire, and discourse together on the mysteries of religion, the missionary endeavouring to convince the Buddhist of sin and of righteousness and of judgment. In course of time the lama moved away southward, and Gilmour established himself in another tent. He suffered much from the intense rigour of the winter, but he had the compensation of feeling that he was mastering the task he had set himself, and was slowly winning his way into the affections of the people. Indeed, already he had won for himself, among these reserved and insensitive Mongols, the title which he highly prized, "Our Gilmour."

After visiting the scene of the former mission of the Society, Gilmour journeyed south, crossing the great desert again to Kalgan. From here he made some eastward excursions, including a visit to one of the great Buddhistic centres. He was studying Mongolian, both as a colloquial and a written language, thus preparing himself to preach in it and to write tracts and translations. After a not very pleasant experience, living with a drunken Mongolian family, he again returned to Kalgan, and in November, 1871, re-entered Peking, where he had determined to pass the winter, study Chinese, and help in our mission work.

In April, 1872, he made another tour. This time he travelled 1,000 miles through the north-eastern portion of Mongolia, among the more agricultural Mongols. The people here, for the most part, speak Chinese, and live in houses, and in consequence Gilmour did not feel strongly drawn to devote himself to them. After his laborious mastery of the Mongolian speech, and experience of Mongolian habits and manners, he felt as if the Mongols proper had adopted him, and he had adopted them. He began now to urge upon the L.M.S. Directorate the absolute necessity of sending out some one who might be his colleague in the work. To evangelize this enormous country of Mongolia single-handed

was impossible. As we shall see, Gilmour cannot be said to have ever had a colleague, owing to a remarkable series of circumstances which occurred to prevent the intention being fulfilled.

During the following winter Gilmour established himself at the Yellow Temple in Peking, where the Mongols who visited the capital were wont to congregate, so that he might interview them. He also spent much time with Dr. Dudgeon at the hospital, obtaining an elementary knowledge of certain treatments which he might usefully apply to common Mongolian diseases. In after years, this became a prominent feature of his work.

The year 1873 was spent in several journeys on the great plain, in one of which he visited Lama Miao, a great trading centre, and witnessed the frightful spectacle of a condemned prisoner being exposed in a cage to the public view, and slowly starved to death—a sorrowful evidence of the inhumanity of the land. His knowledge of the people was being steadily enlarged; but the only possible method of mission work was that of personal conversation. They would not listen to his preachings. "In the shape of converts I have seen no results," he writes. "I have not, as far as I am aware, seen any one who even *wanted* to be a Christian; but by healing their diseases I have had opportunity to tell many of Jesus the Great Physician."

In the following year Gilmour was married to Miss Emily Prankard, whose sister, Mrs. Meech, was already the wife of one of our missionaries at Peking. "Uncommon as he was in so many ways," writes Mr. Lovett, "it was perhaps to be expected that in this great undertaking he would depart from ordinary methods." Depart from these methods he certainly did. He had heard much of his future wife from her sister, and had seen her portrait. Then, as he says, he put the whole matter in God's hands, asking Him, if she were not the wife chosen to share his lot, to disincline her heart to come. Miss Prankard accepted his proposal, and they were married at the end of 1874. No more devoted, brave, and sympathetic partner of his life could have been found if he had searched the world over. When no colleague arrived from England to accompany her husband on his Mongolian journeys, she at once volunteered to go with him. She was

anxious to save him the indescribable loneliness of former days. So two tents, one for themselves and one for their servants, were purchased, and they set out for the plains. There is no retirement possible to those who live in tents among the Mongols. Gilmour did indeed try to secure some privacy on account of his wife; but when they found that the Mongols were offended by this apparent desire to live at a distance, they gave way; and henceforth the Mongols took a keen interest in their manner of life! "At our meals, our devotions, our ablutions, there they were—much amused and interested, of course!" The Gilmours took great comfort, however, from the friendliness of the people, who were evidently gratified by this visit, and who were embarrassing in their efforts to express their appreciation. Mrs. Gilmour rapidly acquired the Mongolian language; but it was evident that the hardships of the life told upon her constitution. They had experience of all kinds of weather—extreme cold, changing suddenly to equally extreme heat, the latter being accompanied by violent tempests, from which canvas was a very ineffectual protection. Yet for four months they dwelt thus among the Mongols, living on millet and mutton, which at last became so unpalatable to Mrs. Gilmour that she could hardly bring herself to eat at all. Then they got back to Peking for the winter months. One can hardly wonder that serious question arose as to the advisability of prosecuting a work, which was necessarily of a somewhat desultory character, and seemingly unproductive. But Gilmour resolutely urged its continuance. He argued that the Mongols had as much right to a fair offer of Christianity as any other race; and to him the question was not so much whether great *results* were likely to appear, as whether it was a *duty* to "preach the gospel to every creature." Firm in this belief, he could not and would not consent to abandon the mission.

The year 1877 was the year of the great famine. In many districts there had been a succession of lean years, and now came the culmination—failure of crops, plagues of insects, with cholera following on to claim its harvest of human life. The various missionaries constituted themselves agents of relief. Large

CAMELS FROM MONGOLIA LOADED WITH COAL.

sums of money were subscribed in England, as well as among the wealthier population in China. But it was all inadequate to meet the innumerable cases of need. Men, women, and children died of starvation by hundreds. Those that the famine left, the pestilence swept away. Not only did our missions suffer from the inevitable losses by death, but in unforeseen ways perils arose. From the province of Shantung a singular spiritual movement was reported. Mr. Owen and Mr. Gilmour visited the district, and were welcomed with exceptional eagerness. Scores of people solicited baptism. It seemed as if a whole province was about to come over bodily to Christianity. Neither of the two missionaries was altogether satisfied with the aspect of things. Gilmour's Scotch caution inclined him naturally to wariness. It may safely be said that the movement could not have originated without some real spiritual earnestness. But the more it was investigated, the more it was apparent that physical distress, and utter material destitution, had been responsible for a large proportion of the professed eagerness for Christian help. Poor souls! One cannot wonder at such an attitude when one remembers what sufferings they had passed through. Still, a true Church cannot be founded on cravings for material well-being; and although, a year later, 1,600 people of all sorts were under instruction, and hundreds had been baptized, those who best knew the circumstances were least sanguine that the work would stand. In accordance with the understanding among the various missionary societies as to the areas they should occupy, this work was handed over to the Methodist New Connexion Society; but it has never fulfilled anything like its early promise.

In the year 1879, the mission at Tientsin received a great accession in the person of Dr. John Kenneth Mackenzie, whose services had been transferred from Hankow to this more northern station. Hitherto the work at the Tientsin Dispensary had been carried on by a native Christian doctor, Mr. Pai; but he had lacked experience and training, and his work was not what was needed in this great centre of population. Mackenzie soon began to consider ways and means for erecting a new hospital. After consultation with Mr. Lees, it was determined to apply to the

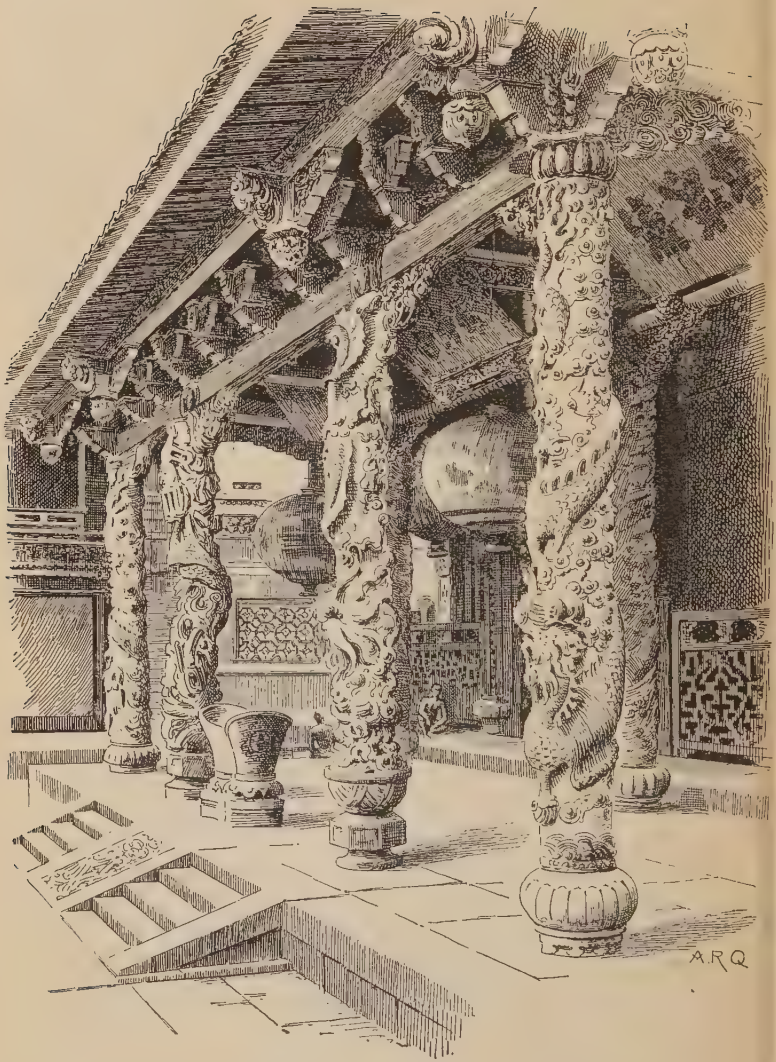
Viceroy, Li-Hung-Chang, for help. The application was acknowledged, but no more came of it. A long period of waiting succeeded, during which prayers were earnestly offered by the native Church that God would give guidance and help to His servants in this matter. What followed has been very simply told by Mackenzie himself. On August 1st, at the daily prayer-meeting, this all-important necessity of the work had been very prominent in the prayers, and the subject spoken about was, "and it shall be given you." As the prayer-meeting was breaking up, a courier arrived from the Viceroy, asking Mackenzie to come at once and see his wife, Lady Chang, for she was at the point of death. The case was one of extreme danger, as both Dr. Irwin, of the Foreign settlement, and Mackenzie recognised at once; but after many days of anxious work, she recovered. The fame of the cure spread through Tientsin, and grew until the case was pronounced to be one of miraculous healing. The immediate result was the friendship and gratitude of the Viceroy, who began to manifest great interest in English medical work. So impressed was he by its value, that he set apart an entire wing of one of the temples for the purpose of Dr. Mackenzie's work, and here patients were treated, while a native evangelist spoke to those in the waiting-room the message of the Gospel. The Viceroy bore all the expense of this work at the temple. Dr. Mackenzie, however, was not satisfied to have a hospital so far from the mission station, and hence plans were drawn out for a building to be erected in the mission compound. The response to the appeal for funds was most generous. Many of Mackenzie's wealthier patients gave large sums, while the poorer ones seemed eager to contribute what they could. The Viceroy, moreover, though Mackenzie thought him a fanatic in the matter of his religion, gave the scheme his hearty patronage and support. While the doctrines of Christianity were inconceivable to him, he more than once publicly expressed his appreciation of the spirit of Christianity. Accordingly, when the time came, towards the end of 1880, for the new hospital to be opened, the Viceroy, with many other high State officials, went down to the mission compound and performed the opening ceremony; afterwards expressing his great gratification at the building and all

its modern appliances. The whole of the money needed for its erection was contributed from Chinese sources.

During these two years, Gilmour, still making Peking his base of operations, took his customary journeys to the great plain, and renewed his mission to the wandering Mongolians. On more than one such trip, his brave young wife went with him, and shared the fatigue and discomfort of the life and the work. The suspicious nature of the Mongols caused Gilmour to forsake many simple methods of physical and spiritual refreshment. For instance, he liked to go away to some quiet spot in the early morning, that he might secure a period of meditation. But when he found that the Mongols muttered among themselves, suspecting him of trying to take away the luck of the land, he abandoned the habit, preferring to win the confidence of the people even by the sacrifice of his personal profit and enjoyment. Then, too, he naturally liked to make notes, and write up his diary from time to time; but this excited great distrust. They concluded he was making a map of the country, so that he might lead an army against the inhabitants. So Gilmour quietly gave up this innocent indulgence, and patiently pursued the conventional Mongol life—only healing their sick, and speaking, wherever he could find a listener, of the unsearchable riches of Christ. Thus, in 1880, he concluded ten years of his singular missionary experiences; but he was not able to report that all his self-denying labours had led one Mongol to accept the Christian faith.

In 1882 Gilmour was compelled to bring his wife to England. For more than twelve months, she had been suffering severely from the strain of the life. It was in the following year that he wrote his fascinating and realistic book, "Among the Mongols," about which the reviewer in the *Spectator* said, "Robinson Crusoe has turned missionary, lived years in Mongolia, and written a book about it." As this review contains an admirable condensed account of Gilmour's life among the Mongols, we may quote a considerable extract.

"Mr. Gilmour, though a Scotchman, is apparently attached to the London Mission, and seems to have quitted Peking for Mon-



CHINESE TEMPLE NEAR SHANGHAI.

golia on an impulse to teach Christ to Tartars. He could not ride, he did not know Mongolian, he had an objection to carry arms, and he had no special fitness except his own character, which he knew nothing about, for the work. Nevertheless, he went, and stayed years, living on half-frozen prairies and deserts under open tents, on fat mutton, sheeps' tails particularly, tea and boiled millet, eating only once a day because Mongols do, and in all things, except lying, stealing, and prurient talk, making himself a lama. As he could not ride, he rode for a month over six hundred miles of dangerous desert, where the rats undermine the grass, and at the end found that the difficulty has disappeared for ever. As he could not talk, he 'boarded out' with a lama, listened and questioned, and questioned and listened, till he knew Mongolian as Mongols know it, till his ears became so open that he was painfully aware that Mongol conversation, like that of most Asiatics, is choked with *doubles entendres*. As for danger, he had made up his mind not to carry arms, not to be angry with a heathen, happen what might, and—though he does not mention this—not to be afraid of anything whatever, neither dogs nor thieves, nor hunger, nor the climate; and he kept those three resolutions. If ever on earth there lived a man who kept the law of Christ, and could give proofs of it, and be absolutely unconscious that he was giving them, it is this man, whom the Mongols he lived among called 'our Gilmour.' He wanted, naturally enough, sometimes to meditate away from his hosts, and sometimes to take long walks, and sometimes to geologize, but he found all these things roused suspicion—for why should a stranger want to be alone; might it not be 'to steal away the luck of the land'?—and as a suspected missionary is a useless missionary, Mr. Gilmour gave them all up, and sat endlessly in tents, among lamas. And he says incidentally that his fault is impatience, a dislike to be kept waiting!"

The war between France and China, in 1884, caused much trouble in our southern missions. In the Fatshan and Poklo districts, many of the Christians suffered the spoiling of their goods, and some gross ill-treatment. The hostilities revived the old anti-foreign feeling which had smouldered for some years,

but had never been extinguished. At the end of the previous year there had been ominous riots at Canton, which were not entirely unprovoked, the brutality of some Englishmen, it is said, supplying the spark that caused the explosion. The London mission houses were looted by the mob, but not burned. Fifteen houses in the English settlement were destroyed. These outbursts of hatred and antagonism always serve to sift out of our little Churches unworthy members, and to reveal the genuine character of many others. But they are saddening to those who would fain hope that the East and the West are being reconciled, and a real "union of hearts" established. In the North, the influence of the outbreak was felt, especially in the interior districts, where the wildest rumours prevailed, in consequence of which Christian work of any kind became increasingly difficult, not to say dangerous. Out of the darkness one star gleamed. Gilmour had the joy of learning that a Mongol, in whose mud hut he and Mrs. Gilmour had once taken refuge in a time of storm, and who had seemed deeply interested in the missionary's message, had steadily sought to know more and more of the Christian teaching, and now offered himself for baptism, as a convinced believer.

This year, 1884, Gilmour visited the plain, travelling on foot. His reason for this was characteristic. He wanted to go, he said, "in a spiritual capacity." So he took no medicines with him, but just set out to revisit old acquaintances and press upon them the claims of the Gospel. The journey was one which would have daunted a less stout heart. He knew well the inevitable hardships of it, but he counted on the compensations; and so, cheerfully slung his necessary baggage over his shoulder and set out. It was a memorable journey. The old friends everywhere rejoiced to see him back among them; and the intense earnestness of the man, no less than the strange manner of his coming, produced unusual impression. As for the traveller himself, his feet swelled with the prolonged effort of walking, and he suffered increasing pain. But he was not to be daunted. After a long day's tramp, the enthusiasm of his mission inspired him, and he sat up with the curious Mongol hearers, and spoke to them, with growing power, of the offered love of God, and His power to save

from sin. Such appeal could not be wholly in vain, nor was it. It happened, one night, that he had gone in to visit a priest, of whom he had hopes, and had found him alone. The conversation at once turned to the one subject on Gilmour's heart. Presently a layman entered, known to both the speakers. The matter was briefly explained to him, when, almost immediately, he spoke up and said that, whether the priest would join him or not, he was quite determined to become a Christian, for he had long been "a scholar of Jesus." "I was lying flat on the platform," writes Gilmour, "and the two men were crouching on the floor. I could just see dimly the bottom of their skin coats, but the place was beautiful to me as the gate of Heaven, and the words of the confession of Christ from out the cloud of smoke were as inspiriting to me as if they had been spoken by an angel out of a cloud of glory." So the missionary went on, from place to place, and tent to tent, his poor feet causing him indescribable suffering. Often the snow lay deep on the plain, and sometimes he had to suffer much from thirst; but he wrestled on, and at last, worn out in body and spirit, got home after many a "terrible march," bringing with him one golden memory of the hour when Boyinto, the Mongol, made confession of his faith. Boyinto, as we have seen, was baptized at the end of the year 1884.

It was *home*, certainly, and to his wife and boys, that Gilmour painfully made his way from the plain, but it was home with the shadow of a great coming sorrow upon it. The gallant young wife, who had borne up so bravely and faithfully, amid many difficulties, had sorely overtaxed her strength, and even the restful sojourn in England had not availed to entirely restore her. She had returned to Peking with her husband, better for a time, but soon to grow weaker, until it became evident to all, in 1885, that she was not long for this world. There was much spiritual movement in the Peking Churches, and the missionaries were busily engaged, Gilmour bearing his full share. His wife rejoiced in all the good tidings of growth and progress; but she could not stay to learn how far, or how deep, it was to extend. In September of this year she died, and, soon after, the two motherless lads had to be sent away, and Gilmour was once more alone.

In the midst of his great sorrow he turned his thoughts, with characteristic fortitude, to his work. He had come, slowly, to incline to the north-east district, where the agricultural Mongols lived a more settled life, as the most advisable field for permanent work. Besides, there was this to tempt him: "It was a hard field, and no one else could or would go." He was encouraged, moreover, by the prospect of having a duly qualified medical assistant, whom the L.M.S. were anxious to send out speedily. So he travelled away north-east this time, on a two months' tour of exploration, walking for the most part, so that he might converse more readily with his Mongol companion. The cold was intense, so much so that, at times, his muscles were benumbed, and he could scarcely speak. "I met with some spiritual response, though," he says cheerily, "and, with that, I can stand cold." The walk home, 300 miles, was accomplished in seven and a half days, or about forty miles a day; "my feet really very bad." He had selected three centres of work in this district, and, after a short stay in Peking, he disappeared into Mongolia for eight months. He might have been seen, during that period, wearing the dress of an ordinary Mongolian shopman, living as a vegetarian on threepence a day, after the Mongolian custom, and generally conforming, as far as possible, to the Mongolian habits of life. The result of the work, in definite confessions, was two converts; but the influence of the man prevailed everywhere, winning him the warm affection and respect of the people. In 1887 he rented a miserable room at Ta Cheng Tsu, a thoroughly unsanitary dwelling, in a little trading court, which had a pigsty in one corner. The place served; and he was never over-careful of his own comfort if he could accomplish his mission. From thence he travelled through the neighbouring country, setting up his tent, healing the sick, preaching the Gospel, and selling or distributing Christian books. At such times he was besieged by sick folk from early morning till late evening; "so busy that there was no time to eat." The opium-smokers, the gamblers, were his constant companions, and everywhere was an atmosphere of idolatry and superstition. The towns he visited had never seen a missionary before, and it was very difficult to make the people

understand why he had come: but they felt the brotherly spirit and earnestness of the man, and the sense of sympathy opened the way for conversation.

At last, towards the end of March, 1888, the long-looked-for event occurred—the event which, in Gilmour's thought, was to

A NORTH CHINA PASTOR.

give permanence and power to the Mongolian mission—the arrival of a qualified medical colleague. This was Dr. Roberts, a man suitable in every way to be comrade to Gilmour. They spent a month in discussing plans, and carefully surveying the field of operations. Then suddenly all their proposals were shattered,

for a courier arrived from China with the terrible news that Dr. Mackenzie was dead, and that Dr. Roberts was appointed to succeed him at Tientsin. Of all who were sufferers by the loss of Kenneth Mackenzie, no one was called upon to suffer more than Gilmour, who, just as his life's hopes were being realized, was left once more alone in Mongolia. "My faith is not gone," he writes, "but it would be untrue to say I am not walking in the dark. I shall do my best to hold on here, single-handed." So Dr. Roberts returned southward to Tientsin, and Gilmour said farewell, and then quietly turned to his old work and his solitude.

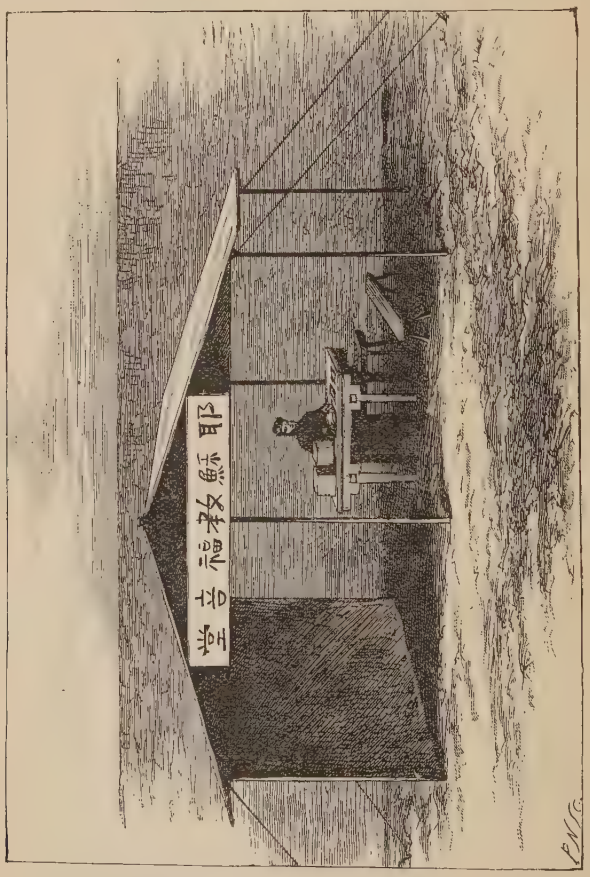
Mackenzie was dead. Indefatigable in caring for everybody's health but his own, he had worked on when he was physically unfit, because the mission was short-handed at the time. Then he was compelled to take to his bed, and in a week he was gone. Not only a skilful and beloved physician, but a man with a passion for evangelization, he was mourned by all, high and low alike. "I never thought Chinamen could be so affected," wrote one who stood by his graveside, and saw the great concourse of people, and the evident grief that showed itself in their faces. The coffin was covered deep in flowers, while "among these last gifts of love glittered the Star and Ribbon of the Double Dragon, conferred upon Dr. Mackenzie by the Emperor a few years previously." Scarcely had the grave closed over him, when the authorities laid claim to the hospital building and to the large fund which had been accumulated by Mackenzie's self-denial, and which was about to be devoted to the sustenance of a medical missionary in Mongolia. Everybody had believed that the Missionary Society owned the building erected on its own compound, and that Mackenzie had the disposal of the money. The fund in question had been accumulated through many years. The Viceroy paid a liberal sum for every Chinese medical student trained by Mackenzie. The latter refused to accept the money personally, but devoted the surplus, after paying all expenses, to this Mission Trust Fund. Thus the legitimate reward of Mackenzie's labours was now claimed by the Chinese officials, and a court of law awarded the claimants both the mission buildings and the fund. The only grace shown to the

L.M.S. was permission to them to purchase the hospital which stood on their own ground, and which their representative had been instrumental in erecting. This was done, and Dr. Roberts was duly installed in Mackenzie's place. The Viceroy, however, so far from extending his favour and patronage to the new-comer, erected a great hospital of his own near by, and staffed it with some of the most distinguished of Mackenzie's students. Thus, in a few months after the latter's death, Hospital and Trust Fund had been wrested from the mission, and a rival hospital established over against the old one. "Put not your trust in princes." It was another lesson, similar to the Siberian one, of the perils of State patronage of religious work.

The year following Dr. Roberts' departure from Mongolia was a very trying one for Gilmour. The few professing Christians proved anything but satisfactory. Indeed, one or two of them caused much scandal among the heathen. One robbed Gilmour of money, and only the latter's marvellous patience, tact, and resolution, subdued him to repentance. Another insisted that he had only become a Christian because he had been promised work. These sorrows tried the solitary man even more than the sins and miseries of the heathen. In a year's time Dr. Smith arrived, and one of his first patients was Gilmour himself. The latter's eyes were bad, and his heart weak, so he was packed off to England for rest without delay. His visit home was a great refreshment, but all too short, for at the earliest possible moment he was off again to Mongolia. He had already ordered that all his own savings should be sent out to Peking, and banked, so that he might use them in his mission work. He hoped to pay for his boys' education out of his salary. If he died, God was their banker, he said, and would not let them suffer. He had made over all his work, and all his future, into God's hands, and in this spirit he returned for his last sojourn in the country of his heart.

One of the delights of returning was the prospect of having Dr. Smith as a medical colleague. Once again it was not to be. Soon after Gilmour's return Mrs. Smith died, and Dr. Smith, broken down by grief and overwork, had to return to England. He had the satisfaction, however, of taking out to Gilmour a

young colleague, Mr. Parker, who proved admirably adapted for the work, but who had not the medical knowledge that Gilmour had so earnestly desired. The work went on slowly, quietly, but with more of real comfort and cheer to the workers than had



GILMOUR'S MEDICINE TENT.

been felt at any previous time. It seems as if God willed that James Gilmour should taste the supremest of all life's satisfactions before he died. Then in April, 1891, he journeyed to Tientsin and presided over the annual meetings of the North China

District Committee of the L.M.S. During this time he wrote, "I am more and more impressed with the idea that what is wanted in China is not new 'lightning' methods so much as good, honest, quiet, earnest, persistent work in old lines and ways." He was very busy and very happy. "He looked the very picture of health, and was in excellent spirits." Then towards the end of the meetings he took fever, and in eleven days he had passed to his rest. As he lay dying, he summoned all his remaining force to say, "We are not spending the time as we should; we ought to be waiting on God in prayer for blessing on the work He has given us to do." One can hardly doubt that his last thought was his great life-thought, "the *work* He has given us to do." The grief in Mongolia was widespread. Even the Buddhists mentioned the name of "Our Gilmour" in their prayers; and the little Christian Church at Ch'ao Yang wrote a letter of touching sympathy to the now fatherless and motherless lads in England. "Pastor Gilmour," they wrote, "in his preaching and doctoring at Ch'ao Yang, north of the Pass, truly loved others as himself, was considerate and humble, and had the likeness of our Saviour Jesus. Not only the Christians thank him without end, but even those outside the Church (the heathen) bless him without limit." Surely no one could be said to have failed who left behind him such a memory in the hearts of the people—"he had the likeness of our Saviour Jesus."

It must just be added that soon after Gilmour's death, Mr. Parker, thus left unexpectedly single-handed in his early Mongolian days, was called to pass through a very perilous period. A rebellion broke out in Mongolia against China, and the Roman Catholics suffered severely. Mr. Parker had to bury his valuables, medicines, books, and fly by a roundabout way to Tientsin, where he safely arrived. After some months, he was able to return and reopen the mission. The Protestant Christians had escaped unscathed, and the work has gone on since that time with renewed vigour and promise.

CHAPTER XIV

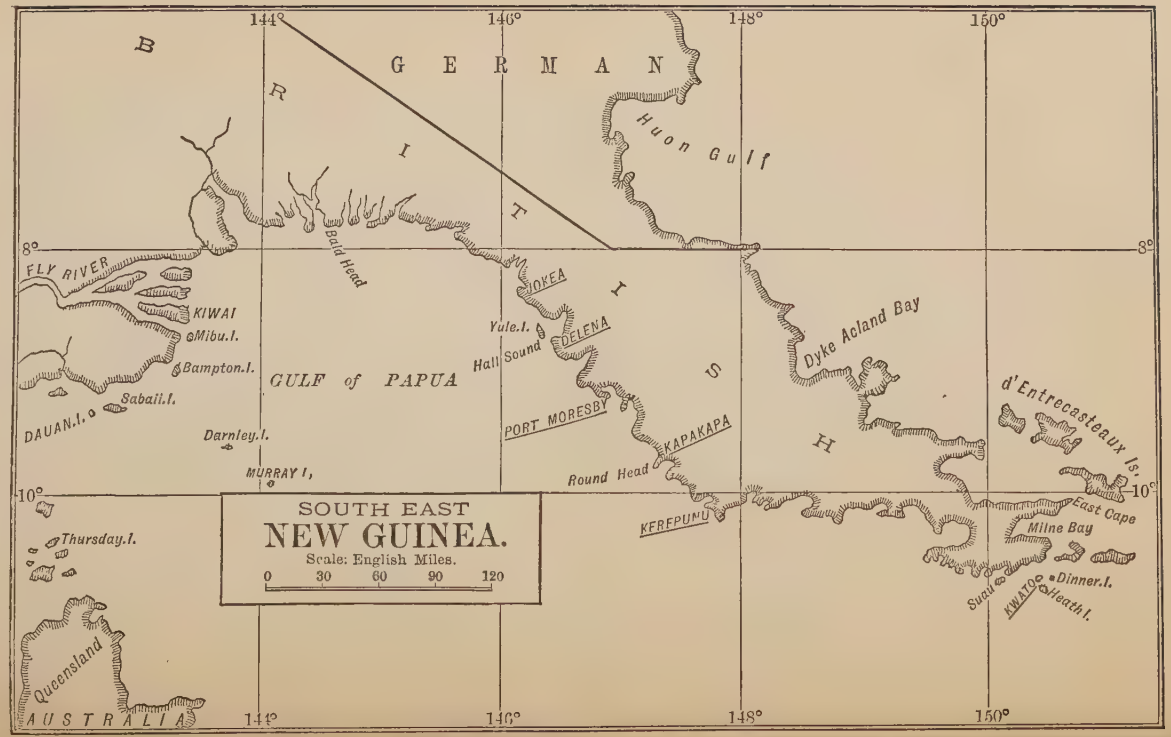
NEW GUINEA

Character of New Guinea—Lifu and the Mission—Landing at Darnley—First Trials—Second Expedition — Mataika's Story — The First Martyrs — Serious Losses—Mr. Chalmers and Mr. Lawes—Pioneering—Training New Guinea Teachers—After Ten Years—Tragedy at Kalo—Kone's Story—Progress and Extension—Heroism of Native Teachers—Prospects and Summary.

SINCE the promotion of Australia to the rank of a continent, New Guinea has stepped into the distinguished position of the largest island in the world. We need not recount the names of its discoverers and explorers, nor linger on the attempts of the Dutch to open up the north-western portion of the island to commerce, and to evangelize the people on the shores and islands of Geelvink Bay. Between this part of New Guinea and the south-eastern portion, with which we are concerned, lies the vast body of the mainland, but little of which is at present explored. More has probably been learned about its geography and its inhabitants in the last fifty years than in all the previous centuries. The deeds of blood associated with the name of New Guinea had given it a shameful reputation in the eyes of Europeans. Had we known more of the high-handed proceedings that too often provoked these bloody retaliations, we might have transferred that reputation to quite other people—men who, under the aspect of civilization, themselves wore the nature and exhibited the characteristics of savages. Still, one cannot read without a shudder such a story as that of the capture of the *St. Paul*, with its 360 Chinese passengers, by the Papuans. They cooped up the

miserable victims like so many cattle marked for the slaughter, and clubbed and cooked them "three or four every morning, until only four remained." Even in the grim annals of human barbarism this incident would appear to be unsurpassed in horror. A writer in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" has declared that the Papuans do not even come up to the average of the other islands of Polynesia for intelligence and character. If this is true, the results of our mission to New Guinea must be reckoned more than ever notable; for one who is as competent to pronounce an opinion as any living man—the Rev. James Chalmers—has written, "I know of no mission connected with this Society, or indeed any other society, that can compare with it in results." And yet the whole work of the mission lies within the compass of little more than twenty years.

It was in the year 1870 that the Directors sanctioned a movement forward on New Guinea, and selected as pioneer the Rev. S. Macfarlane, of Lifu. The Christians of that island manifested extraordinary enthusiasm for the enterprise. When volunteers were asked for the work, and its certain privations and perils pointed out, *every student in the institution and every native teacher on the island proffered his services.* The May Meetings of 1871, on this island in the Loyalty Group, will never be forgotten by the people. "Papua, Papua," was uttered as if it were a battle-cry, and as the host of people who responded to the call might in their former days have exulted in the prospect of an enterprise of blood rather than a mission of peace. The Rev. J. Sleigh, in telling the story of the meetings, notes as an especially interesting fact that the Lifuans were supposed to be by extraction Papuans, and were thus, as it were, carrying the gospel to the Fatherland. But let us hear his description of the assembly and the orators. "Many of the speakers paced to and fro in Mazzinian style, speaking till nearly breathless. I never saw and heard native oratory like that of one who lives some twelve miles from here. He was describing the Son of God as offering Himself to the Father to die for us, and bending slightly his knees, extending his arms, throwing back his head, and looking up to heaven or heaven's King, he passionately exclaimed, '*Satauro ni*


144°
146°
148°
150°
8°
10°
B R I T I S H
G E R M A N
Huon Gulf
Bald Head
FLY RIVER
KIWAI
Mibu.I.
Bampton.I.
Sabaii.I.
DAUAN.I.
Darnley.I.
MURRAY I.
GULF of PAPUA
Yule.I.
Hall Sound
OKEA
DELENA
PORT MORESBY
KAPAKAPA
Round Head
KERFPUNU
Dyke Acland Bay
d'Entrecasteaux Is.
East Cape
Milne Bay
Dinner.I.
Heath I.
Suau
KWATO
Thursday.I.
Queensland
AUSTRALIA
SOUTH EAST
NEW GUINEA.
Scale: English Miles.
0 30 60 90 120

je! sataure ni je!'—'Crucify me! crucify me!'" and this was in appeal to his audience to be willing to suffer all things for the sake of their brethren in Papua. Mr. Macfarlane has described a speaker, at the farewell meeting, drawing his illustration from the well-known methods of whaling. The pioneers represented the leading boat in the expedition, and New Guinea the whale. Other boats would quickly follow. "You are going to New Guinea," he exclaimed. "You are the *first* boat. Take care to 'fasten' well. We shall follow you, and hope to assist in killing and towing in." He then urged them to take care that they did not merely wound and irritate, and so drive away the people from the gospel! At this meeting eight teachers were consecrated for the work—four from Mare, and four from Lifu; and on May 21st, 1871, these, with their wives and four children, sailed for New Guinea, Mr. Macfarlane and the venerable missionary, Mr. Murray, directing the expedition.

If the reader will now refer to the map, he will notice that the seas around the south-eastern promontory of New Guinea are dotted with islands, and that where the Torres Straits divide Australia from New Guinea, islands likewise abound, forming very admirable outposts for a surveying expedition desirous of discovering suitable stations on the mainland. Eastward of the Torres Straits lie the islands of Darnley and Murray. They are perhaps insignificant in themselves, but they have a high strategic value, and to these islands Mr. Macfarlane first directed the course of the *Surprise*. On the 1st of July a landing was effected at Darnley Island, and after some difficulty the chiefs consented to try a teacher for twelve months. It was during the delay at Darnley Island that the colloquy took place between one of the teachers and a native who was bent on frightening the newcomers out of their resolve to go on to Murray Island. The story has become famous, but it illustrates excellently the spirit of these crusaders. "There are alligators on Murray Island," said the native, "and snakes, and centipedes." "Hold!" said the teacher Tepeso; "are there *men* there?" "Oh, yes," was the reply, "there are men, of course, but they are such dreadful savages that it is no use your thinking of living among them."

"That will do," said Tepeso; "*wherever there are men, missionaries are bound to go.*" Tepeso was one of the first native missionaries to New Guinea to lay down his life for the people. He, his wife and child were all swept away by fever.

The next morning the *Surprise* stood out from Darnley Island, leaving on the beach the first of the eight teachers to begin his work. His name was Gucheng, and one can well understand the tears of his wife as she realized now the task to which they stood committed. "Oh, my country!" she was overheard to cry; "why did we leave our happy home? Would that I were back at Lifu again!" Then her husband gently comforted her, and reminded her of what Christ suffered for us, and how it behoves us to take up the cross. And so they stood on the shore, and watched their comrades sail away across the sea, and then turned to their dangerous and lonely work on Darnley Island.

Between Darnley Island and the mainland there are two very dissimilar islands lying quite near to one another—one, very rocky, Dauan Island; the other, low and fertile, Saibai Island. The next movement of the expedition was to plant teachers on these islands—a work that was accomplished without much difficulty, the chiefs appearing genuinely cordial. As Dauan and Saibai Islands are quite near to the mainland, it was decided subsequently to leave there two of the remaining teachers, with instructions that as soon as an opening offered they should move on to New Guinea proper and establish themselves there. If this movement were carried out, we should have a mission station situated between the two important rivers, the Baxter and the Fly. Two teachers still remained, whom it was proposed to locate at the mouth of the Fly River. A sudden change in the fortunes of the expedition, however, prevented the accomplishment of this purpose. As Mr. Murray and Mr. Macfarlane, with the two teachers, were making their way to their destination, a boat met them, and a letter was handed out which contained the news that two teachers and their wives had fled in terror from Dauan, and that they believed that their comrades had been murdered. Thus early were the prospects of the New Guinea mission clouded; but the darkness of the situation was relieved by the simple

heroism of the two teachers who remained with the missionaries. "We know," they said, "that your heart is very heavy on account of the sad news you have received. We have been talking and praying over this matter, and this is what we wish to say. If we find, when we return to Dauan, that the people have killed the teachers, we want to take their places; and if we find that they are not killed, then we will take the place of the two who have run away from their post." Christianity is indeed above either the attacks of its foes or the unworthy fears of its friends while it has apostles such as these.

On a return to Dauan, it was found that things were by no means so desperate as they had seemed. No one had been murdered, though two teachers and their wives had fled on account of the avowed determination of some of the inhabitants of the island to avenge on them the marauding sins of some of their fellow South-Sea Islanders. Their lives had only been saved by the stout determination of an old chief, who held out stubbornly day and night against the solicitations of the people. Then two of the teachers, fearing he must eventually yield, announced their intention of putting to sea; but their comrades would not join them. They were under orders, and must stand their ground, they said. "If we live, we live; and if we die, we die." So they remained, and the hostility of the people gave way before their quiet fortitude. The tide had turned in their favour when the missionaries reached Dauan. The two teachers who had yielded to fear were afterwards left on Warrior Island, their places at Dauan being taken by the two who, in the hour of peril, had volunteered so to serve. Thus the first missions on the islands adjacent to New Guinea were established in 1871. This is the western half of our mission. The eastern was yet to be founded. After a preliminary survey of some portions of the south-east peninsular, Mr. Macfarlane and Mr. Murray recommended the Directors that missions be formed there to be manned by evangelists from Eastern Polynesia, — Samoans, Rarotongans, Niuéans.

As yet no European missionary had been left at the New Guinea mission; but as it would clearly be inhuman, as well as

impolitic, to leave the Lifuan pioneers without visitation and encouragement at their difficult outposts, Mr. Murray agreed to take temporary supervision of the new stations, and to continue the work of extension; while Mr. Macfarlane went to England to confer with the Directors. Making his headquarters at Cape York, the northernmost extremity of Queensland, and only eighty miles from New Guinea, Mr. Murray formed his plans. In company with Mr. Wyatt Gill, who was on his way home to England, and had brought some Rarotongan evangelists for the work, a fresh expedition was made. On Darnley Island, Gucheng, the teacher, had done well. In a few brief months this brave fellow had practically stamped out the custom of strangling infants at the birth, and had done other effective foundation work. On the previous voyage, a teacher named Mataika had been left with Gucheng on Darnley Island, the understanding being that some means of transport would be found later to convey him to Murray Island, his appointed sphere of work. As no such means appeared, Mataika began to grow impatient, and being, as Mr. Murray says, "a John Williams in a small way," he began to devise methods of his own. There was good timber in the bush, and he was not without tools. Was it not possible to construct some rude form of canoe that would suffice to cross the thirty miles of sea to Murray Island? He set to work, and with Gucheng's help, and that of a friendly islander or two, he dug out the heart of a single tree, fixed some side-boards to keep out the wash of the waves, and so sailed; and in this strange fashion, after two days and a night on the deep, arrived at Murray Island with four companions. He received the welcome he deserved, and hiring a boat, returned to Darnley Island, shipped his possessions, and, with his wife, crossed again to Murray Island and settled down to his work. All this Mr. Murray learned on his expedition. He succeeded this time in planting four teachers at Katau on the mainland, two at Bank's Island, six at Manumanu, and two at Bampton Island near the mouth of the Fly River.

The next two years were comparatively uneventful, save that three or four of the teachers, or their wives, died of fever, the first-fruits of Death's great harvest from the ranks of these gallant

men and women on the unhealthy coast of New Guinea. In consequence of its unfavourable climate, Manumanu was abandoned for a time, and its surviving teachers removed to Port Moresby, which had been just discovered by Captain Moresby. To this must be added one tragedy. The teachers on Bampton Islands proved the first martyrs. They were murdered one evening while at prayers. It seems probable that they had manifested a zeal not according to wisdom. In their impatience of the heathen rites by which they were surrounded, they had not been careful to avoid irritating those whose affections they needed to gain.

Meanwhile, Mr. Macfarlane's visit to England had had more than one important result. After hearing his description of the new field and its needs, Miss Baxter, of Dundee, generously gave £2,000 for the purchase and outfit of a small steamer, of thirty-six tons register, which might ply between the various stations of the mission. The little vessel was called the *Ellengowan*, after Miss Baxter's residence, and proved an invaluable, indeed indispensable, auxiliary. The Directors determined that Cape York should be for the present the headquarters of the mission, and that not less than three English missionaries should be appointed to New Guinea. The first appointment was the best that could be made: the Rev. W. G. Lawes, who has remained at his post, doing invaluable educational and translation work, from then till now, was asked to leave Niué and proceed to Port Moresby. It was a great source of satisfaction to Mr. Lawes that a number of Niué converts were among the evangelists who were to work with him. By the beginning of 1875 the mission may be said to have recommenced, with English resident missionaries and a steamer to unite the various stations.

The story of the next few years is a story of very lamentable losses, Port Moresby proving especially unhealthy. In two years the little cemetery there contained *eighteen graves*. The Rarotongan teachers seemed singularly susceptible of fever, and without the stamina necessary to resist its repeated attacks. Katau was also unhealthy, but there the islands of Dauan and Saibai were contiguous, and the invalids could fall back on these

healthier spots to recruit. After two years and a half even Mr. Lawes was compelled to retire for a time to Cape York, and informed the Directors in doing so that he considered Port Moresby an unfit residence for Europeans. It must not be supposed that no progress had been made. The smaller islands were already yielding to the faithful and earnest labours of the Lifuan teachers. At Murray Island, led by the energetic Mataika, the people had erected a rude chapel, the first place of worship built for the mission. Of Dauan and Saibai Islands the celebrated Italian explorer and naturalist, Signor D'Albertis, had something to say. After speaking of the reverent behaviour of the natives during religious service, he says, "I am not capable of judging of the influence of the teachers in (*sic*) a religious point of view, but from the benefit derived from their *moral* influence the result is very satisfactory. The advance of the natives of Saibai in civilization is proceeding very fast, and the L.M.S. may be proud of two such teachers as Elia and Lochat, who are eminently qualified to reform the wild tribes, and to prepare the ground for future settlements." And this was after no more than four years' work.

A great and much-needed impulse was given to the mission in 1877 by the arrival of the Rev. James Chalmers, from Rarotonga, bringing with him a new staff of Rarotongan teachers. Mr. Chalmers was in every way suited for the pioneer work necessary in opening up new ground. Associated, as he was to be, through so many years, with Mr. Lawes, no happier choice could possibly have been made. During all his adventurous journeys among the cannibal savages of that strange land, he has made it his invariable rule to go unarmed; and, if the epigram may be forgiven, he has proved that in such work as this to be unarmed is to be unharmed. "Tamate," Chalmers' native name, is a passport among the tribes all along the coast, and in many of the inland regions. Both he and Mr. Lawes have suffered repeatedly from fever; but their lives have been spared, and through all their arduous experience they have never faltered; while it has been given to them, perhaps more than to most pioneers, to see the fruits of their labours in the marvellous growth of the mission to which their lives have been consecrated. It may be said here

that Port Moresby was not abandoned as seemed at one time probable. Mr. Lawes returned there, and there his most important work has been done. There, a strong church has been built up; and there Mr. Lawes, after fifteen years, succeeded in completing a translation of the New Testament into the Motu language, which is the one most general among the people along the south-eastern coast of New Guinea. This New Testament was printed in England in 1891.

One of the first results of Mr. Chalmers' arrival was the plan-

RUATOKA AND HIS WIFE, RAROTONGAN TEACHERS AT PORT MORESBY.

ning of a new pioneering expedition to the more easterly parts of the peninsula, in hope of finding healthier settlements there. It was arranged that Messrs. Macfarlane and Chalmers, with a band of teachers, should form the expedition; and Mrs. Chalmers, whose courage and calmness in the midst of the most terrifying scenes were repeatedly exemplified, insisted on accompanying her husband. Both the South Cape district and the East Cape district were tried, and two stations formed; but, to the great grief of the founders, the places were hopelessly unhealthy. The mortality among the teachers was very great; and

a severe blow to Mr. Chalmers and the mission was the breakdown in health of Mrs. Chalmers, who retired to Sydney in September, 1878, and died there from the effects of her sufferings in New Guinea. Her loss was greatly felt by all who knew her. The memory of this English lady, who behaved with such quiet and composed serenity amid the frenzied cries of the cannibals who had had an affray with the crew of the *Magic*, and who urged her husband not to flee away by night, even though the friendlier natives insisted that they would be murdered before morning, is cherished by many who knew and loved her in the South Seas.

The breakdown of the attempts to discover really healthy settlements led to at least one most important resolution. The South Sea Islanders were evidently not well fitted, physically, to evangelize New Guinea. But at such stations as Katau, Murray, Darnley, Dauan, and Saibai, the New Guinea converts were already beginning to show promise of enlarged intelligence and deeper conviction. Why not train them to be missionaries from the very cradle of their religious life? The experiment was decided on. Mr. Macfarlane got together a number of the brightest lads, and put it to their parents whether they would spare them to be educated on Murray Island for this great work. Nearly a hundred were thus gathered and put to school, with a view to their becoming teachers in their turn, should future days prove them to have the capacity and the consecration. Thus the Murray Island Institution was established. To-day a similar institution is in active work at Port Moresby, and a considerable number of New Guinea evangelists are settled as teachers and preachers among their fellow-men. This policy of evangelizing a people, through their own members, is recognised increasingly, to-day, as the soundest and best. The lines of the Murray Island Seminary, or "Papuan Institute," as Mr. Macfarlane called it, are worth noting. An industrial school was part of the programme; the curriculum was to include training in a variety of useful manual arts. Miss Baxter again gave generously towards the Institution buildings, as well as guaranteeing a handsome annual subscription for maintenance. Mr. Robert Bruce, a

yacht-builder, undertook the charge of the industrial school, and one of the first practical achievements of the school was the building of the yacht *Mary*, of twenty tons burden, especially for work in the Papuan Gulf, where the *Ellengowan* was too large to go.

The next few years were full of enterprise. Mr. Chalmers' exploration journeys added considerably to European knowledge of the geography of New Guinea, and of the character and customs of its inhabitants. He was "in perils oft," venturing among the most ferocious tribes unarmed, placing himself entirely at their mercy, determined to win for the mission a place in the confidence and affection of the people. In this he succeeded beyond all hope. His name was soon honoured, and passed from tribe to tribe. He also bears record that the name of Piri, the native evangelist who had settled at Boera, and worked there with his wife most faithfully and well, had come to be a synonym for peace and goodwill along the coast; while at Mr. Lawes' native name, "Misilao," the savages laid aside their weapons of war, and welcomed strangers with joy. These, surely, were excellent results of their kind; yet, in the Directors' Report for 1881, it is confessed frankly that there are but few outward evidences of success. "There is nothing to show, beyond a small school and settlement on Murray Island; a dialect reduced to writing and used in the preparation of one or two elementary books, and a very few persons who have given up heathenism and seem to be under the power of Divine grace."

A change was very soon to be seen in the aspect of things. But first a terrible event happened which affected the friends of the mission in England with horror and dismay. This was nothing less than the massacre of a boat-load of teachers, with their wives and children, by the natives of Kalo. In the boat there were two parties of people, one set of teachers having gone to visit their neighbours. The murderous act was apparently inspired by motives of jealousy. Four teachers were killed, the wives of three of them, and two children. The teachers were all faithful men, according to Mr. Lawes. Anederea was an especially devoted Christian, who had more than once been at death's door through fever, but had returned to his post with

praiseworthy pluck again and again. It may be said here that when the time came to reopen the Kalo mission, the Samoans and Raiateans volunteered for the work. The Rarotongans, however, earnestly begged that they might be allowed to occupy the post of danger, and, as those who died had been Rarotongans, the request was granted. Mr. Chalmers' comment on the tragedy of Kalo was that, in order to save expense, we had allowed the teachers too little margin for the giving of presents, which go very far to establish amicable relations. The people of Kalo heard that other natives had been more liberally treated, and hence arose a feeling of bitterness against their own teachers.

The event was lamentable indeed, and seemed the more so because, only a month or two previously, the first native Church had been formed at Port Moresby, and a spirit of hope and expectation had spread among all the workers in the mission. It was on the 5th of January, 1881, that this Church was formed. A new chapel was opened at the same time, and, in the presence of a crowded congregation, the first three New Guinea converts were baptized. Mr. Lawes was hard at work training and educating all who could be got at for this purpose, preaching and translating. Mr. Chalmers was ubiquitous, passing from tribe to tribe, arranging disputes and superintending the scattered stations. Among the stories of New Guinea natives related by Mr. Chalmers, none is more touching than the one concerning Kone. Kone was a chief and a rain-maker. He accompanied Mr. Chalmers on many journeys, acting as interpreter, and manifesting the warmest sentiments of affection. Heathen rain-maker as he was, he learned enough of the power of the new faith to be anxious to learn how to pray. Mr. Chalmers taught him to say, "God of love, give me light; lead me to Christ." The light he prayed for he received—light to do his duty. If it is martyrdom to die for others, Kone died as a martyr. One night a chief, Laoma by name, took his spears and went out to kill a Naara man. Kone watched him, and divined his purpose. Just as Laoma was about to hurl his spear, Kone caught the Naara man and thrust him behind him. The spear passed through Kone's own breast. He was carried home in agony, and

there died. A glimpse like this one of the nobility of some of the natives who have caught the spirit, if they have not learned the doctrine, of Christianity, must serve to strengthen our faith in the power of Christian influence and example.

The Fly River is a great highway into the heart of the mainland; indeed, it is the Zambezi of New Guinea. On its banks are numerous tribes of natives. One difficulty in connection with evangelistic work has been the fact that so many dialects are spoken—"a new one every fifty miles," says Mr. Macfarlane. In the year 1883, the first teachers trained in the Papuan Institute at Murray Island were settled among these tribes up the Fly River. A few years before, the teachers had themselves been skull-hunting cannibals, as bloodthirsty and shameless as any they were now going forth to teach. About the same time the Port Moresby Institution sent forth its first-fruits of trained New Guineans to preach the Gospel and to teach in the villages of their native land. Away at East Cape, which is 500 miles east of Murray Island, the South Sea teachers had done wonders. At Barabara, in this year, Mr. Macfarlane baptized fifty converts. Some of them, he could say, had already become local preachers, and had struck out northward, fired with the ambition to carry the good news to the tribes on the northern coast. Passing on to Milne Bay, a strange spectacle presented itself. Drawn up in lines, three deep, were ninety-seven men and women, and twenty-one children. What were they for? To confess that they had renounced the old revolting ways of heathenism, and to ask baptism in the name of Christ. Does any one ask by whose instrumentality this extraordinary revolution has been accomplished? Mr. Macfarlane answers, "an uneducated native convert!" Yet if their knowledge was small, it was found that the meaning of the abandonment of heathenism had been made very clear to their minds.

The next year, 1884, was successful in many ways. At home, New Guinea lost a very loyal friend, by the death of Miss Baxter. She had laid the mission under additional obligations by presenting a schooner, the second *Ellengowan*, when the little steamer was worn out in the service. The schooner

eventually proved too small, and was sold, the *Harrier* being bought to serve in its place. Unfortunately the *Harrier* was wrecked, and the problem as to the best kind of vessel for this difficult mission is evidently not easily solved. Much anxiety had been felt by our missionaries as to the political future of the country. It was, of course, perfectly natural that they should prefer to work under the protection of the British flag; and the contiguity of the island to Australia made the colonists there anxious for the same outcome of events. At the same time it is impossible not to feel sympathy with the position of those who insist that England has already undertaken obligations to the full extent of her capacity to discharge them. However, in 1884, the British flag was hoisted at Port Moresby and a great many stations along the coast, in token of British protection. Holland and Germany are our neighbours there, and, we may hope, will continue to work side by side with England for the benefit of the native races. It was a relief to those interested in the mission to know that it was now in no danger from the intrusion of a foreign power unfriendly to Protestant teaching. When the ceremony of hoisting the flag and proclaiming the protectorate was performed, either Mr. Lawes or Mr. Chalmers accompanied the presiding officer and translated the proclamation to the people. The natives received it with every demonstration of goodwill. If Tamate and Misilao were satisfied, they felt it must be all right!

In the same year, by decision of the Directors, it was determined to strengthen the eastern section of the mission by the appointment of two English missionaries. More than one such had been sent out previously, but had been compelled to retire before the devastating hand of fever. After a quarter of a century of arduous and successful work in the South Seas, the Rev. Samuel Macfarlane was about to retire. Evidently the whole burden could not be allowed to rest even on the broad shoulders of Mr. Chalmers and Mr. Lawes. The Rev. Albert Pearse, of Raiatea, offered to move to New Guinea, and the offer having been accepted, he, in 1887, settled at Kerepunu, a little east of Kalo, where the massacre of 1881 took place. The Rev. E.

B. Savage and the Rev. A. E. Hunt took up the work at Murray Island. Still, it was becoming more necessary every week that

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a settlement should be made near the eastern extremity of the peninsula, where a European missionary might reside. There was a further rearrangement, consequently, in 1889. The

station at Murray Island was given up, as it was too far from the mainland to be convenient. Mr. Chalmers and Mr. Savage moved westward from Port Moresby, and made their headquarters at Motumotu; while Mr. Walker, who arrived to strengthen the mission, took up his position on the island of Suau, near the eastern extremity of New Guinea. When Mr. Abel joined him in 1891, a further movement was made to Kwato, an island which it was felt was even more suitable for the eastern headquarters of the mission. In the same year an event occurred which was a striking and happy evidence of the unity of our South Sea missions. The people of Niué had determined to present a boat for the purposes of the New Guinea work. The proposal was enthusiastically taken up, and a "beautiful little lugger," the *Niué*, the cost of which was £550, arrived at Kwato, and was received there with great delight, not only as a useful auxiliary, but as a token of the sympathy with which the Niué Christians were following the work of extension in New Guinea. Very energetically and prosperously have Messrs. Walker and Abel worked at Kwato. They had swamps to reclaim as well as people; stores, boat-sheds, dwellings, chapels, to build; but they have been so successful that the report truly says, "the station is now a credit to the mission, and a remarkable illustration of what can be done by energy and determination well directed."

While these changes had been going on in the organization of the mission, the gallant band of teachers from the South Sea Islands had passed through many losses, and had been recruited again and again. The Report for 1894 contains the tragic statement, that since the mission was established twenty years ago, *over one hundred and twenty* have died of fever, or been poisoned and massacred in New Guinea. And yet more volunteers had only to be asked for, and there was a quick, glad, eager response. "Those who are living and working in the island to day," is the testimony borne to them, "are just as ready to die, if need be, as those that have passed away." In 1887, Tauraki, the Rarotongan teacher at Motumotu, was murdered. He was a splendid specimen of a South Sea Christian, and suffered death because of his devotion to the natives among

whom he lived and laboured. There was a feud between the Motumotuans and the Moviavians, and a party of the latter attacked a party of the former while Tauraki was among them, with his wife and child. The Moviavians called to him to desert his friends and fly, as they had no wish to injure him. But he would not leave his people. His wife wanted to fire a shot, but he said to her, "No; you have not yet been wounded." When she was wounded, with her child, she fired, frightened the natives, and got overboard with the child. Tauraki was dangerously wounded, and both he and the little one died, the wife alone recovering.

The work of such men as these cannot be in vain. The herculean task of lifting a benighted and savage people out of the heathenism in which they have revelled for untold centuries of time is one that must inevitably have its burden of disappointment and failure. There has already been ebb as well as flow of the tide. Work has receded in one place while it has advanced elsewhere. But all the while

"Comes silent, flooding in, the main."

Christian truth, with its fair fruits of goodwill, peace, security, honesty, love, is spreading as the light in New Guinea; and its ultimate conquest will perhaps be all the surer and more stable, because it is gradual. We cannot do better than conclude this sketch of the New Guinea mission by the comparison published in 1891 of the progress made since the words already quoted were written in 1881. The first decade had showed little outward result beyond "a small school and settlement on Murray Island, a dialect reduced to writing, and a very few persons who have given up heathenism." What did the second decade show? Let us quote the words of the Report: "The settlements on the mainland have been developed and multiplied. Port Moresby is the centre of a widespread influence of civilization and Christian instruction, and the home of a training institution for native catechists. Three other stations, occupied by European missionaries, are found upon the coast. Hundreds of the people have been gathered into the fold of the Christian Church, and

hundreds of children are under Christian education; already a considerable number of young men have devoted themselves to the work of teaching their countrymen; and the decade closes with the arrival in England of the Rev. W. G. Lawes, bearing with him the manuscript of the New Testament, translated into the most widely used language along the whole south-eastern coast of New Guinea."

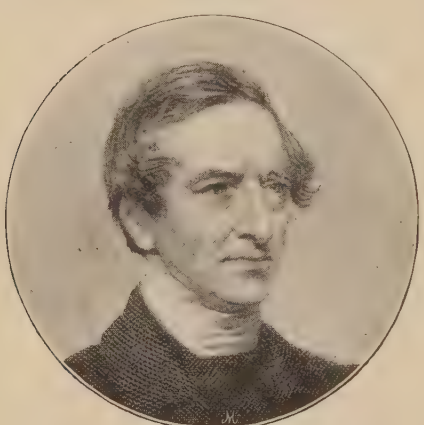
CHAPTER XV

SUMMARY

Cornelius Rahmn—Foreign Secretaries of the Society—Home Secretaries—Treasurers—Translations of the Bible—Other Literature—Native Writings—Character of the Native Ministry—Testimonies thereto—Liberality of Native Christians—Examination of the Society's Finance—The Forward Movement—State Endowments—Do we Anglicise?—Customs in Native Churches—Statistics of Results—Present-day Opportunities.

A FINAL chapter may be bestowed on some general tabulating of results, and chronicling of certain facts which cannot very well appear in the main body of the narrative. All we have been able to do has been to take a cursory glance at the principal fields of labour, and to review, all too briefly, the more striking incidents of the history. It is perhaps not too much to say, that in every field some of the best work has been done by men whose names have never become prominent, and by steady, persistent, humdrum methods which do not lend themselves to description. In the early days of the Society's history there were men who spent their lives among many tribes and peoples, holding a sort of roving commission, and exercising an influence that cannot be estimated with any accuracy. Such was Cornelius Rahmn, a Swede by birth, who accompanied Mr. Stallybrass to Siberia in the first instance. Feeling drawn to evangelise the Calmucks, he proceeded to Sarepta and to Astrakhan. Thence he struck out, and wandered about among the Choshote Calmucks on the Achtuba River. Driven by ill-health to return, he peregrinated next among the Derbet horde of Calmucks. But the censure of the Russian Government had been incurred, and his work was stopped. He returned to St. Petersburg and began a mission

to the Swedes, Finlanders, and Germans of that city; and pursued this work with success until recalled to London by the Directors to assist in the Foreign Department of the Society. Ultimately the Swedish king appointed him pastor of the Swedish Church in London, and chaplain to the Swedish and Norwegian embassy. Such in barest outline is the story of Cornelius Rahmn—name unknown to us now—and his attempts to preach the Gospel to the Calmucks on the north-west shores of the Caspian, in the second and third decades of this century. Such missions are rather meteoric than planetary, and we cannot consequently assign them any definite place in our present missionary history. If it is with sorrow that we are unable to record the doings of a host of good and true missionaries abroad, we must regret that so many gallant workers at home, whose zeal contributed very much to the Society's success, must share a similar fate. Any history, however, would be seriously incomplete that said no word of those who have had the main direction of affairs. We have seen that the Rev. John Love was the first Foreign Secretary. He held office only five years, and his successor, the Rev. John Eyre, for an even briefer period. In 1803, the Rev. George Burder, whose portrait appears in our opening chapter, was appointed to this all-important post, and for twenty-four years he discharged its duties with great efficiency. The Rev. William Orme stayed but two years; and then the Rev. William Ellis, whose work in the South Seas and in Madagascar we have become acquainted with, occupied the position until 1841. Before the completion of that period, he had

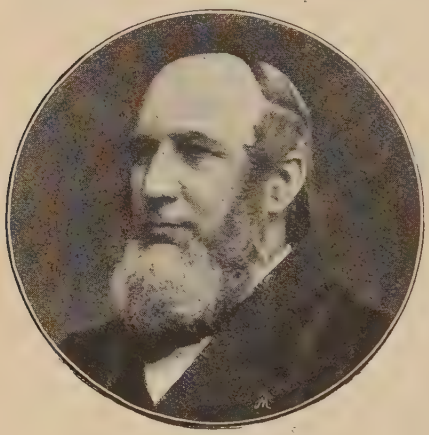


DR. TIDMAN.

associated with him the Rev. Dr. Arthur Tidman, one of the greatest and wisest officers the Society has ever had. From 1841 until his death in 1868, he was an honoured leader and counsellor. With him, after Mr. Ellis's retirement, was, first of all, the Rev. Joseph John Freeman, one of the early Madagascar missionaries, and subsequently the Rev. Dr. Mullens, who became sole secretary at Dr. Tidman's death, and remained so until he fell in the heart of Africa, on one of those missions of counsel and sympathy in a peculiarly difficult emergency, which he so frequently and bravely undertook. To him succeeded in 1881 the present beloved Foreign Secretary, the Rev. Ralph Wardlaw Thompson, who is worthy to stand by the side of the very first of his predecessors. Mr. Thompson has paid visits to many fields, and has more than once undertaken negotiations of a very delicate character with conspicuous success. Thus in the post of Foreign Secretary there has been a constant succession of men. The post of Home Secretary, however, has not always been filled. Mr. Shrubsole discharged the duties for three years, and the Rev. John Eyre for five. Then for eight years the post was vacant. There was again an interval of three years between the secretaryship of the Rev. S. W. Tracey, and the Rev. John Arundel. The latter entered upon the office in 1819, and retired in 1846. His successor was the Rev. J. J. Freeman, at whose death in 1851 the Rev. Ebenezer Prout, whose name is still well known throughout the missionary constituency, accepted appointment, and continued at the post for thirteen years, when he retired. The Rev. Robert Robinson was Home Secretary for nearly twenty years. Then in 1885 he was succeeded by the Rev. E. H. Jones, on whose retirement, in 1892, the Rev. A. N. Johnson, the present secretary, was appointed. The treasurership of so great a Society is an arduous and often an anxious post. The L.M.S. has been conspicuously favoured in its treasurers. Mr. Hardcastle's *régime* has been already described. His successor, W. A. Hankey, Esq., held the purse-strings for sixteen years; and in 1832 Thomas Wilson, Esq., consented to serve the Society in this capacity. Sir Culling Eardley Smith, Bart., was treasurer for the nineteen years following, until his death in 1863. Mention of

the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, M.P., introduces us to an honoured name, and for eleven years he nobly served the Society's interests. John Kemp-Welch, Esq., J.P., bore another well-known name; while his successor, Albert Spicer, Esq., M.P., J.P., who followed him in 1885, represents a family known throughout the kingdom for their liberal support of all Christian enterprises, and has proved himself in every way worthy of the name he bears and the office he so capably fills.

Finally, it must be recorded that on the return of the Rev. George Cousins from Madagascar, at the time of the French hostilities against that island, he was appointed, first of all, Deputation Agent for London, and further, in 1884, editor of the Society's publications. It was felt, and rightly felt, that very much of the Society's success must depend on the circulation of information by means of magazines, books, pamphlets, and so on. Since Mr. Cousins' appointment, there has been considerable expansion in this department, and he now, as Editorial Secretary, gives most of his time to it. The *Chronicle*, which had its origin in July, 1813, has been greatly enlarged and improved; a Juvenile Magazine for children has been edited, which is in turn to give way to a magazine for young people generally, entitled *News from Afar*.



DR. MULLENS.

The mention of the editorial department brings us, not unnaturally, to some record of the literature which has grown up around the Society's work. To take first of all the work of translation. It must have become evident to any reader who has steadily followed the course of our missionary history in various parts of the world, that an immense amount of labour has been

expended in every field on good and reliable translations of the Scriptures. From the earliest one, into the Tahitian language, to the latest, into the New Guinea language, no pains have been spared to make the translation, in every case, one that can easily be "understanded of the people." In many instances the missionaries had to deal with languages which had never before been reduced to writing. Important words, figures of speech, common in the Bible, had no equivalent in the native vernacular. The task of translation demanded patience and ingenuity combined. As the years went by, and the resources of the language were more fully learned, revision had to be undertaken; and, in the case of more than one translation, revision has followed revision, so important have the missionaries conceived it to be to place in their converts' hands, and in the hands of enquirers, a worthy version of the Christian Scriptures.

We may form some idea of the work done by our missionaries in this department of Scripture translation if we glance at some of the principal results. To begin with China. The early translation was into what is known as High Wen-li. Dr. Morrison, the Rev. William Milne, Dr. Medhurst, Dr. Joseph Edkins were specially concerned in this undertaking; while Dr. John Chalmers and the Rev. William Muirhead assisted in revision. The translation into Low Wen-li is the great achievement of Dr. Griffith John. Messrs. Stronach and Medhurst translated the New Testament into the Mandarin dialect of Nanking. The version of the Bible which Messrs. Swan and Stallybrass made in the Buriat dialect of Mongolia will be remembered by the reader. Turning to India, the more celebrated translations for which our missionaries have been responsible are the Telugu, Canarese, and Gujarati. The Rev. J. Paterson should be mentioned as affording valuable help in the revision of Bengali versions; while in the Urdu, or North Hindustani language, our Benares missionaries did good work of translation and revision, the Rev. J. A. Lambert devoting much time and ability to this end. A Telugu version was attempted by the Rev. A. Des Granges early in the century; it was carried on and completed by Messrs. Pritchett, Lee and Gordon, of the L.M.S., while the

name of John Hay will ever be associated with the great work of revision; one might almost say, of re-translation. The Rev. John Hands, of Bellary, translated a large portion of the Bible into Kanarese, and the Revs. E. Lewis and E. P. Rice have had considerable share in the revision. The Gujarati version—spelt "Sujerattee" by the early missionaries—by Messrs. Skinner and Fyvie has already been mentioned. Passing now to Madagascar, the principal translation into Malagasi was made by Messrs. Jones, Griffiths and Johns, and completed just prior to the outbreak of persecution. The Rev. W. E. Cousins has been notably associated with the revision. In Africa Dr. Moffat's Sechuana Bible, in the preparation of which he was assisted by the Rev. W. Ashton, was completed in 1858. Translations of parts of the Scriptures have been made into other dialects of the interior. In Polynesia our missionaries have been very busy. John Williams led the way in the preparation of the Rarotongan and Samoan versions. In the former he was assisted by the Revs. C. Pitman and A. Buzacott. Dr. Wyatt Gill can claim to have taken out to the Pacific the first Rarotongan Bible issued by the Bible Society. He, with the Rev. George Gill, was responsible for a revised version of it. The Samoan translation owes very much of its value to the unwearying labours of Rev. G. Pratt, while Dr. Turner carried four editions through the press. To the brothers Lawes the inhabitants of Niué are largely indebted for their Bible, the name of the Rev. George Pratt being also honourably associated with the work. In 1885 the Lifuan Bible was completed by the Rev. S. M. Creagh, assisted by the Rev. J. Sleigh. Mr. Creagh also did much good work of a similar order in Mare. The Tahitian Bible was due mainly to Henry Nott, while Messrs. William Howe and Thomas Joseph made a careful revision of it. Finally, the Motu New Testament for New Guinea, begun by the Rev. James Chalmers, and completed by the Rev. W. G. Lawes, was issued in 1891. Portions of the Scriptures have also been translated for Murray Island, Sabai Island, and Kerepunu. Such a splendid record as this deserves the gratitude of all who believe in the power of the Bible to tell its own story and make its message understood by those who are able to read it.

In this work of publishing translations of the Bible, the Society has had repeatedly to acknowledge the munificence of the Bible Society,—the invaluable auxiliary of every new missionary enterprise. When one turns next to help rendered by the Religious Tract Society, one is face to face with an even more bewildering mass of literature. The tracts issued by the early Chinese press were as the sand on the sea-shore, innumerable. Leaflets, pamphlets, portions of Scriptures for broadcast distribution, have been published both at home and abroad. But literature of a less ephemeral character has been prepared. The missionary, it should never be forgotten, mediates between two civilizations. He introduces East to West, and West to East. Works of permanent value, such as the "Pilgrim's Progress," the "Saints' Rest," and a variety of other devotional and religious books, have been given to the Society's converts in many fields, in their own tongue. Neither must we omit to mention books of a purely educational character. Grammars, geographies, histories, dictionaries, in various languages and dialects, have become more and more indispensable, as faith in sound educational methods has become stronger in the constituency at home. As the crown of all such labours there must ever remain the colossal and monumental work, in six folio volumes, Morrison's Chinese Dictionary, witness to the genius and untiring industry of its compiler. Side by side with it should be mentioned Dr. Medhurst's Chinese and English Dictionary, in two volumes; and his companion English and Chinese Dictionary, in two volumes. Dr. Joseph Edkins' Grammars of the Shanghai and Mandarin dialects deserve mention, as well as, in other fields, George Pratt's Grammar and Dictionary of the Samoan language; Matthew William Wollaston's Grammar for the use of the natives of India, and Practical Grammar of the Sanskrit language; and W. G. Lawes' Grammar of the Motu language. To Dr. John Chalmers, who has spent a long lifetime in the service of China, we owe a concise Kang-Hi Chinese Dictionary, and a pocket dictionary of the Cantonese dialect. These look dry and unimposing on paper; but the actual dweller where these languages are spoken would be swift to acknowledge their value.

We now turn to the other side of the shield. The translator may well be expected to give to the West anything of interest and value that the literature of the East contains. Among such works Dr. Legge's translation of the Chinese classics, in seven volumes, must take the foremost place; and, indeed, it overshadows every other work of the kind. It was to Dr. Medhurst, however, that the English public was largely indebted for such understanding as they obtained of the teaching of the famous Tai-ping leader; while Dr. John Chalmers has given us a volume of the "Speculations of the Old Philosopher Lao-tse." But apart from mere translations of existing literatures, an interesting work has been done in describing the life, customs, habits and ideas of the various peoples. Dr. William Wyatt Gill's delightful book, "Myths and Songs from the South Pacific," has had a very wide circulation, and he has since then given us more specimens of the primitive folklore of the islanders. James Gilmour's "Among the Mongols" was the first book to show us vividly the inner life of that most singular people. Moffat and Livingstone were the first to tell us the character and primitive conceptions of the interior tribes of Africa. William Ellis made us acquainted with Madagascar history, and the character of the inhabitants; while, in regard to India, Dr. Mullens' "Religious Aspects of Hindu Philosophy," "Vedantism, Brahmism, and Christianity"; Rev. M. A. Sherring's "Sacred City of the Hindus," and "Tribes and Castes of India"; Rev. W. J. Wilkins' "Hindu Mythology, Vedic and Puranic"; and Rev. Samuel Mateer's "Land of Charity," "Native Life in Travancore," and "Travancore and its People," have contributed not a little to a better understanding of that vast population which we have undertaken to govern.

The books mentioned already have not been perhaps distinctively descriptions of our missions. Such descriptions constitute a class by themselves, and to this class belong some books that have had a world-wide influence. John Williams' "Missionary Enterprises"; William Ellis's "Polynesian Researches"; Robert Moffat's "Missionary Labours and Scenes in South Africa"; John Philip's "Researches in South Africa"; Freeman and Johns' "Narrative of the Persecutions in Madagascar";

David Livingstone's "Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa"; Chalmers' and Gill's "Work and Adventure in New Guinea"; and James Chalmers' "Pioneering in New Guinea," belong to this category. They do not, however, by any means exhaust the list of useful and interesting books on our missions. Dr. Turner's "Nineteen Years in Polynesia"; Dr. Mullens' "Missions in South India," "Ten Years' Missionary Labour in India"; W. J. Gardner's "History of Jamaica"; Mr. Muirhead's "China and the Gospel"; Matthew A. Sherring's "History of Indian Missions," completed by the Rev. E. Storrow; Dr. Edkins' "Chinese Scenes and People," "Religion in China," "Religious Condition of the Chinese"; John Mackenzie's "Ten Years North of the Orange River," "Austral Africa"; Samuel Macfarlane's "Story of the Lifu Mission," "Among the Cannibals of New Guinea"; James Sibree's "Madagascar and its People," "The Great African Island," "Madagascar: Country, People, Missions"; A. W. Murray's "Missions in Western Polynesia," "Forty Years' Missionary Work in Polynesia and New Guinea"; Dr. Lockhart's "Medical Missionary in China," "Reports of Chinese Hospitals in Shanghai and Pekin"; James Kennedy's "Life and Work in Benares"; Captain Hore's "Tanganyika"; David Carnegie's "Among the Matabele"; William Johnson's "City, Rice-swamp and Hill"; and George Cousins' "Story of the South Seas,"—these are a formidable list, but let it not for a moment be supposed that they pretend to be a complete bibliography. As a further division we may take the lives of our missionaries. Mention must be made of the "Life and Labours of Robert Morrison," "Life of Robert Milne," "John Smith, the Demerara Martyr," "Life of John Wray," "Lives of Robert and Mary Moffat," "Memorials of A. F. Lacroix," "Memorials of the Rev. T. Boaz," "Life of Richard Knill," "Memoirs and Life of John Williams," "Life of James Gilmour," "Life of John Kenneth Mackenzie," and finally, the many biographies of David Livingstone, foremost in popularity, perhaps, being the admirable volume by Mr. Thomas Hughes.

It would be exceedingly interesting if we were able to state with some precision what of Christian and other literature we

have owed to our native converts. Two instances may occur to the reader. The famous tract which turned the thought and feeling of Tai-ping-Wang towards Christianity was written by Leang-Afa. A translation of one of the Gospels, attempted with some success by Paulo, a South Sea evangelist, was noted as memorable. Mr. Mateer gives some specimens of native hymnody in Travancore, where an original talent for poetry has been developed by education, and the quickening of the nature under the influence of Christianity. Dr. Milne used to set his converts to write hymns, he tells us; but, probably discreetly, says nothing as to the quality. The compilation of hymn-books has been a very important work. We had a glimpse of David Livingstone "turning poet," as he said, through stern necessity, so that a Sechuana hymn-book might not be lacking. In Madagascar we heard the martyrs singing their native hymns as they passed to the place of execution. "Let me write the hymns of a people," says Dr. Dale, "and I care not who writes the theology." We may be sure the writing of hymns has been a work that has cost much trouble, even if it has been a labour of love.

If but little opportunity has been given us of judging of the abilities of native Christians in regard to the written word, a book might be written on their abilities in regard to the spoken word. We have now got a native ministry in almost every mission-field. We still wait for a thoroughly candid and exhaustive treatment of this great question of the value of the native ministry, and the prospect of evangelizing heathendom by its means. But we are not without innumerable testimonies on its behalf. Mr. Ross Murray has written an admirable essay on "Hindu Pastors," and has collected evidence both of efficiency and inefficiency. That many evangelists and catechists turn out badly, and are either immoral in their personal life, or else so ignorant that they injure the cause instead of serving it, is beyond dispute. On the other hand, Mr. Mateer gives instance after instance of truly apostolic men who have commanded the respect and affection of their fellow-countrymen in an exceptional degree. Calcutta could tell the same tale: indeed, everywhere such men have been, and still are to be, found. Mr. Chalmers maintains that the South Sea

evangelists are the "heroes and martyrs of the nineteenth century"; and none can read the sad but splendid story of the New Guinea martyrdoms without feeling how true the saying is. Many of our Chinese pastors and preachers have been real saints. Leang-Afa's story has been told. It could be paralleled, if not surpassed, in other provinces. "There are single converts," said Mr. Arnold Foster, "who are worth all the money England has ever expended on missions in China." To appreciate that fact we may need a new standard in economics; but that it should be said at all shows the impression which some Christian converts make on those who know them best. A chapter might be written on the sermons, addresses, and prayers of these earnest, but often raw, disciples. Some of Pomare's sermons are still extant. They show considerable powers of description and imagination, powers that appear to be commonly possessed by the islanders. Dr. Macfarlane has rescued from oblivion the striking illustration of the leading whaling boat as applied to the first attempt to gain a hold on New Guinea. It shows a picturesque style of speech; a faculty of making ideas forcible by means of illustration. One of the Hong Kong native preachers must have possessed altogether unusual eloquence, according to Dr. Legge's account. He does not appear to have had that remarkable spiritual gift which persuades men. But he had great dramatic power, and in a sermon on Job so wrought upon the feelings of his audience, that imitating the preacher, they were seen to be all stretching hands down to grasp some potsherd to scrape themselves withal! And yet the Chinese are by no means easily moved.

Examples of similar powers of speech could be given in abundance. But for the work which most needs to be done it is not so much the practised orator who is wanted, as the holy, consecrated man who will teach the people, and whose influence will be habitually exercised to purify and elevate their common life. When such men are found, they obtain a hold on the affections of the people which is unique, and are powerful for good among them. In some fields the European missionary has thankfully confessed that not a tithe of the conversions has been due to him; the most effective work has been accomplished by native

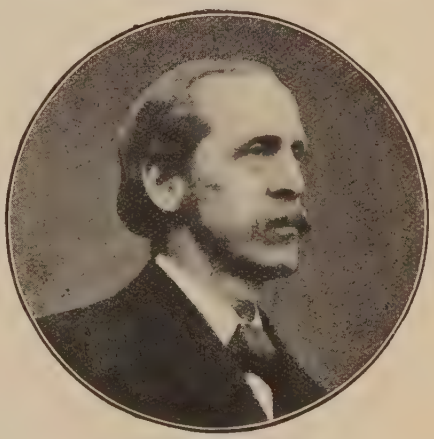
agents. The prayers of some of these simple-minded men are quite beautiful, touching, and appropriate. Mr. Darwin overheard his Tahitian servants praying at night-time, and wrote in high praise of the devout and reverent earnestness of their supplications. Quaint touches and novel applications of Scripture abound in their devotions. It should never be forgotten that these native teachers have a great deal to stand against, especially in such countries as China and India. They are often men of the lower castes in India, and find themselves involved in sudden disputations with Brahminical Rabbis, who use all the arts of rhetoric and ingenuity, and all the resources of their knowledge, to publicly discredit the Christian confessor. Sometimes the teacher retires confused and apparently disgraced from the unequal contest, but seldom without earnest reiteration of the great central truth on which he ever falls back, that Christ Jesus is come to the world to seek and to save the lost. In Southern India a clever and keen observer said that the wonder of the present age was that men, and even women, of the despised and debased Pariah caste, were becoming the Brahmins, or public teachers, of their time; and more, were convincing the people of the truth of what they taught.

REV. R. WARDLAW THOMPSON.

It seems worth while to quote, in concluding this section of our summary, the testimony of a police-magistrate of Cooktown, as published in the *Queenslander*, because it contains a reference to the remuneration of these native teachers which should be noted:—

"I found them to be a most excellent people, physically and mentally of a superior class. They are a devoted and self-sacrific-

ing body of men. Many of them in their own islands were men of property and influence, but have given up all those advantages to assist in spreading the gospel, which they had themselves received from the missionaries, among the savage and benighted inhabitants of New Guinea. Nor in doing this can they be said, to be influenced by mercenary motives or hope of profit. The London Missionary Society pays them £20 a year each, not a very magnificent sum for the services of two people, a man and his wife, both fairly educated. They are not permitted to trade with the natives except for articles necessary for their subsistence, such as an occasional pig, yams, cocoa-nuts, and the like. Many of these men have proved their devotion by the sacrifice of their lives, and have died either by the club of the savage native, or from the scarcely less deadly influence of the climate in some of the localities where stations were at first formed. Nor can they even look forward to a posthumous fame as an incentive to their work or as a reward for their zeal. They die by violence or disease, and beyond the narrow circle of the missionaries or their fellow-labourers nothing more is heard of them . . . If New Guinea is ever evangelized it will in a great measure be due to the devoted efforts of the humble native teachers."



REV. A. N. JOHNSON, M.A.

As for the rank and file of adherents, it must be confessed that they are usually ignorant, and frequently untrustworthy; but Mr. Mateer's testimony seems to be generally confirmed by workers in other fields, "The great body of our *Church members* are persons of whose Christian experience and life and genuine conver-

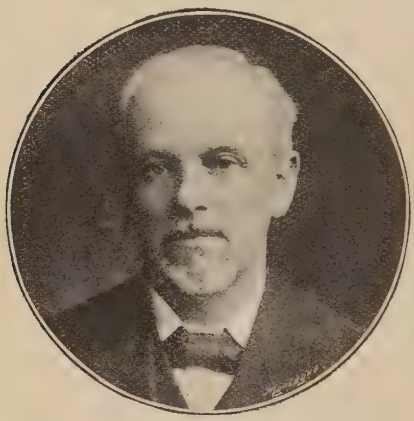
sion we can bear our testimony with confidence." When Mr. Chalmers is able to tell of villages in New Guinea, where the thieving proclivities of the people a few years ago won them a shameful notoriety, so changed that to-day the European missionary leaves his house open, with no fear whatever that any article will be stolen, we have a proof of success in one important direction that cannot be controverted. Of course it would be perfectly easy to compile a long catalogue of cases of gross inconsistency. That could be done without difficulty in England every year. The frank and genuine testimony of the Rev. W. G. Lawes, written of Niué in 1871, deserves quotation. After saying that only six out of eleven hundred church members had been convicted of gross sin during the year, and after some plain speech as to lying, stealing, covetousness and adultery, he says: "If any one wishes to visit Savage Island, don't let him expect to find a paradise, but let him look out sharp for his pocket-handkerchief, and if he does any trading with the natives mind what he is about, or he may get cheated. *Formerly* every Savage Islander was a thief, a liar, a murderer (in purpose if not actually), an adulterer, a treacherous rogue. *Now*, for every thief I can show you an honest man, for every liar a truthful man, for every murderer hundreds of peaceful men, for every adulterer a moral man, for every ungodly man a professing Christian, and for every backslider a score of steadfast men." That is a good and honest record for which we may well thank God and take courage.

On the generosity of the native Christians much might be written. When their poverty is considered one is more and more astonished at the liberality of their offerings. When they have been moved by some specially earnest appeal, they will sometimes give in a way that embarrasses the missionary. Not only the ornaments they wear are put into the plate, but they will bring the sheep or oxen on which they rely for support, and will strip their houses of anything that can be sold for the cause. Neither does this generous spirit express itself in sudden gushes of liberality merely. The offerings for the Missionary Society are well maintained year after year; indeed, there has been a steady growth in the amount thus collected. In addition to this the burden of

supporting their own teacher or catechist is very early assumed by the churches of our Society, and as a rule there is an eagerness on the part of the people to do so. Of course this spirit is by no means uniformly strong in all fields of work. According to our last report, the native contributions from our Travancore churches amounted to nearly *two thousand pounds*, and it must be remembered that of these people a large number belong to the most poor and wretched Pariah caste. Our Chinese stations contribute as their local contributions over three thousand pounds a year, our Polynesian churches over four thousand pounds, and our Madagascar churches over seven thousand pounds a year. Altogether the local contributions during 1893 amounted to over nineteen thousand pounds, and the school fees to seven thousand eight hundred pounds, making a total of *nearly twenty-seven thousand pounds* raised at mission stations. For fuller details the reader is referred to the table of results at the end of this chapter. It will of course be borne in mind that these statistics take no account of the churches of South Africa, British Guiana, and Jamaica, which are now self-supporting, and hence no longer appear in our reports.

In connection with this question of finance, we must note the growth of home contributions. When the Society was twenty years old, the Chairman was able to announce an income of nearly £20,000. In 1825, at the close of the next decade, the income had just doubled itself, and stood at £40,000. This had grown to nearly £60,000 in the course of ten years more. In 1845 the Jubilee of the Society was celebrated, and the total income amounted to almost £100,000. This, however, included large special contributions; and it must be noted that the ordinary contributions were not much larger than ten years before. It is a great disappointment, in looking forward over another decade, to find that at its close the total income is scarcely higher, if at all, than it was twenty years previously, and that a large and increasing debt frowns from the balance-sheet. Hereupon, however, the friends of the Society awoke, the debt was swept away, vigorous efforts were made both at home and abroad, and in the following year the income shot up to £82,000, and the Directors breathed freely once more. The Report for 1865 is an encouraging one.

General contributions have steadily increased, and the total income exceeds a hundred thousand pounds. It is worthy of note that since that date the contributions from the mission stations themselves have very nearly doubled. Ten years later the income stands at £103,000, and the ordinary contributions have grown to £94,000, a very gratifying increase. 1885 is another discouraging year. The total income is lower by two thousand pounds than in 1875, and there is another ominous debt. The mission stations are returned as raising £18,000. This is only ten years ago, and when we note that to-day they raise £27,000, we are able to appreciate the great work that is now in progress. Two years later the balance against the Society is nearly £15,000; this was reduced by one half in the following year, mainly owing to the payment of legacies. The general contributions had not increased. They stood at £94,000. Special gifts during the following year reduced the debt to £2,700, and the general contributions were also increased. In the 1890 Report there are several very important items to be noted. The total income is now £121,000, of which in round numbers £100,000 may be called general contributions. A vigorous revision of expenditure, and economy of every practicable kind, reduced the out-payments considerably. At this time, moreover, an analysis of the proportions in which the money raised was expended in organizing work, literature, etc., on the one hand, and work in the foreign field on the other, produced an interesting result. Out of every pound of the Society's income *eighteen shillings and twopence* is expended directly in mission



REV. GEORGE COUSINS.
Photo by Russell & Sons.

work, or for the support of retired missionaries, missionaries' widows, and so on. Only one shilling and tenpence is expended on collection of funds and administration, a result that speaks well for the economy of management. Despite all retrenchment and appeals, however, the Report for 1891 has to chronicle another intruding debt. It was becoming more evident every year that something must be done. Either we must have a Backward Movement, and retire from some work we were apparently unwilling or unable to sustain, or we must have a Forward Movement and challenge the faith and sacrifice of the Churches in a bold way. The time seemed ripe. Weekly appeals for help were coming in from nearly every field. The staff of English missionaries was miserably inadequate to the work requiring to be done. The heavy balance against the Society, amounting to £7,600, seemed to some an indication that it was impossible to advance in the face of the indifference at home. To others the cry from abroad seemed an imperative call. Two crowded and earnest meetings for conference and prayer were held, and then the Directors decided that they would, without hesitation, enter upon the enlarged openings for work presented in connection with several of the great mission-fields in which the Society is labouring, and that an attempt be made to add *one hundred* additional missionaries to the Society's staff before the Society's Centenary is celebrated in 1895. This momentous decision arrived at, there went forth a two-fold appeal for men and money. To that appeal the answer was instantaneous. Offers of service of a very high character were received; while, thanks to the Self-Denial Fund and special contributions to the Forward Movement, the debt of the previous year was swept away, and a balance of nearly £10,000 remained to the credit of the Society. The general income stood at £148,624. That a large number of the gifts included in this sum were special, and would not be repeated annually, was probably expected by all. The increased expenditure was very large; new buildings for schools, church work, and dwelling-houses had to be erected, as well as new missionaries supported. The 1893 Report announces a deficit of £5,000. This was serious indeed, and when the following year

the Directors were bound to sanction the purchase of a steamer for our South Sea work at a cost of £17,000, an even more serious condition of finances was apprehended. In 1894 the unprecedented debt of £28,000 was reported, and the constituency informed that the Directors would soon be obliged to recall their workers and abandon many stations unless something were speedily done. Under the circumstances the Centenary Fund was at once opened, and many generous special contributions were made. The time has clearly come, however, when there *must* be an all-round increase in contributions, and new auxiliaries must be formed, if we are not to fail miserably in a work to which, with earnestness and in a spirit of faith and prayer, we have pledged ourselves.

The subject of finance can hardly be discussed without a word on the burning question of State endowments. Few tasks have been more difficult than to convince the chiefs of tribes who have confessed Christianity, that they must not compel their people to support the new religion, as they compelled them to support the old idolatries. The missionaries, however, have made this a principle. No doubt the public adhesion of a king or chief has carried with it an authority not due simply to the weight of his private convictions. His subjects have given under the belief that to do so was one way of gaining royal favour, or possibly under the unfounded impression that they would suffer if they did not. At the same time it is due to our missionaries to say that stress has always been laid, and emphatically laid, on the voluntary character of offerings given to the Society. More than once we have seen that the L.M.S. Directors refused to sanction any acceptance of State endowments, even where they were not confined to any one sect. In the very early times, however, grants of land were offered by chiefs and accepted without payment, and these, it must be conceded, may fairly be interpreted as endowments. In the later years a fair price has been invariably paid for land, even where it has been freely offered, as in New Guinea and other places. Government grants have, of course, been accepted in aid of purely educational work, as in National and British schools in England.

We pass now to a very important question. How far has the Christianization of our converts resulted in Anglicizing them, and in imposing upon them a number of unnatural habits and conventions, which are erroneously supposed to represent civilization? This is a serious and not infrequent charge. It may readily be confessed that it is a very difficult thing to get a group of Managing Directors, consisting of nineteenth century business men, ministers, and ladies, to realize the conditions of African, Indian, Polynesian or Chinese life, so as perfectly to sympathise with what is good and appropriate in national customs and characteristics strangely different from our own. On the other hand, no point has been urged by the officials and leading representatives of the Society with greater force and persistence than this. It is true our own missionaries have not often thought it wise to attempt to live the native life as regards clothing, food, and so on. Morrison tried it, but had to give it up. Gilmour. of Mongolia, did it for many years. The controversy as to the relative advantages and disadvantages of attempting it is one into which it is impossible to enter here.

There is doubtless force in the contention that it is part of the mission of a Christian missionary to exemplify many qualities most lacking in those to whom he goes—decency, cleanliness, neatness, etc., as well as to cultivate an appreciation of what is tasteful and beautiful, such as a simple English home is able perhaps to illustrate better than any other institution. There will always be posts which it may be desirable to fill with unmarried missionaries; but no one can read the records of the L.M.S. and not be convinced that the influence of a missionary's wife is simply incalculable, and the spectacle of a true Christian home the most powerful, concrete argument for Christianity, and the most easy of appreciation by the common people. The honour paid to women and the frank and full intercourse between man and wife carry their own lesson with inevitable effect. This is of course but one point in a large problem; but it is a supremely important one. There remains the question how far it is advisable to encourage the native converts to adopt English manners and customs. As regards dress, it has been unusual to encourage

any departure from what is customary, except where decency demands it. The lady missionaries designed the upper-cloth for the lower caste women of Travancore on this ground. Similar necessity has imposed similar duties on missionaries and their wives in other fields. But the ideal aimed at has been to design a dress that would be suitable to the climate and the occupations of the wearers, rather than to introduce any European fashion. When we turn to consider the difficulty of dealing with ancient tribal customs to which the teaching of Christianity is inimical, very large liberty has been wisely conceded to the missionary, who has to deal thus with social and moral problems. Of course the most crucial of all such questions is polygamy. The frightful evils incidental to the system are denied by none; at the same time opinions have differed widely as to the true course for the convert to pursue who, in his heathen days, contracted engagements to many wives. Some missionaries have required their converts to make choice of one wife, but to maintain the others, and recognise the legitimacy of the children. Some have permitted their converts to continue in polygamy, and have looked forward to the system dying out with a passing generation. The Society has prudently made no hard and fast law on the subject. Similarly the system of church life most suitable to the character and needs of the converts of any one field has been left for the missionaries to determine. Only the purity of the churches has been jealously guarded. Often chiefs of immoral life have sought membership; and, for the sake of the influence that would thus be gained over their tribes, the temptation to admit them has been great. But it has been resisted. Substantially all our missionaries have held by the admirable definition of Barrowe that "a church is a company of faithful men and women, wholly surrendered to Jesus Christ, walking forth in faith and obedience." To realize this has been the effort of our workers everywhere. The form of church ordinances naturally varies under different conditions. The elements used in the Lord's Supper in our Polynesian Missions were not bread and wine which were difficult to obtain, but the ordinary "bread and wine of the country," that is, the pure white yam and cocoa-nut milk. Thus the ordinances of the Church

reflected the character of the country, and any suggestion of Christianity being other than the natural religion of the people was taken away. Baptism is usually given to any who desire to profess Christianity, church-membership being a further privilege reserved for those who, after a testing-time, give evidence of consistency. But baptism is sometimes reserved for this latter class. Again, there is no hard and fast rule.

In concluding this chapter, we must refer to what after all is the least satisfactory test of the influence of missions, the statistical. There are single converts in one mission whose adhesion to Christianity may be a greater triumph than a hundred conversions in another field, where either the conditions are far easier, or the character of the converts is less pronounced. The Christian missionary in India may point to the annihilation of the monstrous custom of "suttee," the creation of some conscience against infant murder, the suppression of the worst features of some diabolical heathen festivals, the breaking down of the terrible seclusion of the zenana, the raising of the age at which girls may marry, and a hundred other ameliorations of the social life of India. Even caste itself, with all its indescribable tyrannies and cruelties, has been mortally wounded by medical and educational work; and though it will doubtless die hard, yet there are not lacking signs that its days are numbered. All such slow leavening of the public life, and gradual elevation of the public sentiment, find no place in statistical tables. We may count the blades already showing above the surface of the field; but this work is, as it were, a preparation, an enriching, of the soil itself.

Yet, judged by the inadequate test of statistics, the *success* of missions is so striking as to be startling. We do not realize that in little more than thirty years the church in Madagascar has grown from some few thousands of scattered Christians to a compact body of over sixty thousand, with two hundred and eighty thousand native adherents, and practically two whole tribes under Christian instruction. A handful of missionaries has done this work, while more than 1,000 native ordained ministers now preside over various congregations. Nearly six thousand are included under the title native preachers; and something like a

hundred thousand children are being taught in day and Sunday schools. Travancore presents us with a compact native community of sixty thousand adherents, seven thousand of whom are church members. Here fourteen missionaries and twenty-two native ordained ministers are at work. Nearly twenty thousand scholars are under instruction. Throughout Polynesia we have between forty and fifty thousand native adherents and three hundred and sixty-one native ordained ministers; while in day and Sunday schools there are twenty-seven thousand scholars. In China it is still the day of small things, but we must remember that the ports were only opened fifty years ago, and our missions have ever since laboured under the serious obloquy arising from the fact that the gospel and opium entered China together, and that the latter was forced upon her by sword and cannon. Yet we have now some five thousand church members, while another three or four thousand may be described as adherents. The influence of our medical and other work has been referred to elsewhere. The same hard fight is being maintained in North and Central India. Here however our educational work has been, and still is, very extensive. Our South African work is of course not represented at all in the statistics given at the end of this chapter. As has been already said, there are now some seventy thousand members of congregations in the South African Congregational Union, most of which churches were formed by missionaries of our Society, and in due time became self-supporting. The churches in British Guiana and Jamaica have a similar history.

Such successes make us absolutely confident as to the future. They also impose exceptional responsibilities. Already in South India villagers who had thrown away their idols at the message of a passing evangelist have sorrowfully and despairingly returned to them. Faith is a faculty that cannot be starved. If we do not give it the true and wholesome food of the gospel, it is fain to be satisfied with the very husks that the swine do eat. These men and women would be Christians if they might; in default of that they are idolaters; they only cannot be nothing. It would seem that the churches at home are not prepared for such embarrassing success as has been achieved abroad; and having con-

quered new peoples, have yet no braver and more enterprising policy to pursue than to evacuate the conquered territory, leaving the inhabitants to resume the discredited habits and manners of their old civilization, and still to suckle their children in a creed outworn! Yet the opportunity is unique. This readiness to receive us and our message may not always continue. Disappointment at delay, resentment at the deaf ear we apparently turn to their entreaties, may beget quite another spirit. Hinduism or Buddhism may come, as they have come ere now, with an evangelistic zeal which the disciples of Christ may envy, and these poor suppliants of our pity may be lost to the Church for long years, if not for ever. In the hope that the story of our past success and our present opportunity may arouse a deeper enthusiasm and consecration for the future, these pages have been written. In the Acts of the Apostles there are recorded no more signal triumphs of the authority of Christ than have been achieved through the instrumentality of our missionaries and native evangelists. They have proved a thousand times the living power of the Lord Christ.

> Witness the men whom with a word He gaineth,
> Bold who were base and voiceful who were dumb;
> Battle, I know, so long as life remaineth,
> Battle for all, but these have overcome.
>
> What is this psalm from pitiable places,
> Glad where the messengers of peace have trod?
> Whose are these beautiful and holy faces,
> Lit with their loving and aflame with God?

The answer is that they reflect an indisputable inward change wrought by Him who is the Light of the world; and thus they contain prophecy of that "Divine event" "to which the whole creation moves," the coming of the kingdom of God on earth.

> Surely He cometh, and a thousand voices
> Call to the saints, and to the deaf are dumb;
> Surely He cometh, and the earth rejoices,
> Glad in His coming, who hath sworn, I come.

It is written for us as surely as for the Baptist, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight."

APPENDIX

THE STORY OF THE LAST TEN YEARS (1894–1904).

TO trace the progress of a great Christian enterprise through the course of a full century of work must always be an inspiring task. There is time in a hundred years for a veritable transformation to take place in many a heathen land. The thick darkness melts into dawn before our eyes, whilst here and there the dawn unfolds into the strong and steady light of day. As we read the shining page it is almost as though we had been enabled to enter into the designs of Providence and see the working out of God's great purpose of redemption in the life of the race.

How different is the impression produced when our view is limited to a single decade! The sun is but little higher in the heavens at the end than it was at the beginning. In some directions, it is true, the shafts of light have found their way a little further into the darkness; but at other points the shadows seem to lie as deep as ever. We have need to remember that the promise is, "*In due season* ye shall reap, if ye faint not."

Yet the following pages should make it abundantly clear that even in the story of ten quickly-passing years there is much to confirm the faith and uplift the hearts of those upon whom God has laid the burden of concern for the progress of His Kingdom in the world.

At the close of the first century of its labours we left the Society engaged in the great Forward Movement by which it was proposed to celebrate the centenary. A hint has already been given that this enterprise, begun with such widespread enthusiasm and supported at first by so many generous gifts, was not sustained with the vigour and determination necessary for its successful completion. Of the hundred additional missionaries whom it was desired to enrol, only sixty-five had been sent

out in 1895, and even to-day we are seventeen short of the goal.

But enough has been done for thankfulness, if not for glory. An increase of its staff of missionaries from 196 to 279 in twelve years is a result for which any Society might well be grateful to Almighty God.

"Take one step forward and secure that step," says Browning. Unfortunately, we can hardly claim as yet that the forward step has been secured. We have our eighty-three additional missionaries; but we are far from having made adequate provision for their maintenance. It is only by dint of Special Appeals, renewed with distressing regularity year after year, that the staff is maintained at the present level, whilst the work all round the field is sadly crippled and contracted for lack of funds.

Let us see, however, what progress can be reported from the mission fields as the fruit of these ten eventful years. And first we turn to INDIA. To attempt to tabulate the progress of ten years in India is an impossible task. The hoary East moves not in decades, but in centuries. Yet even in ten years a change has come over the spirit and attitude of India towards Christ. In spite of a strong re-action towards neo-Hinduism, the claims of Christ to be the supreme Teacher and example of the race are more widely admitted than ever. "It seems to me," writes a missionary, "that thousands have really accepted Christ and His teaching, and are trying to carry it out while still remaining under the shelter of Hinduism."

We may well rejoice that under such circumstances the L.M.S. has been able to add nearly forty new workers to its staff in India since the beginning of the Forward Movement. The growth of the work has been fairly proportionate to this increase of staff. In North India, a notoriously hard field for missionary effort, the numerical growth has been but small. But in the Southern field (including Travancore) the number of the Society's adherents has increased in ten years from 69,000 to 95,000, and the church members from 8,700 to 11,500.

Most of the new workers have gone to strengthen old positions. Only four new stations, indeed, have been opened during the period, and it is interesting to note that three of these (Kachwa, Jiaganj and Jammalamadugu) are medical missions. At the fourth, Attingal, work is being carried on among the poorest and most ignorant section of the community in a thickly populated district of Travancore.

But it is chiefly to the old-established centres that we must

look for signs of the times in India. There, among the out-caste and low-caste millions living within reach of the Society's influence, a work is going on which promises within a few generations to revolutionize the life of the country. Men who for centuries have been denied all opportunity to fit themselves for any rise in the social scale are seizing on the Gospel as a message of hope both for this present life and for that which is to come. "They belong to a class of Indian society that has for years been down-trodden," writes a Telugu missionary; "but every year now witnesses their advancing liberation from ancient superstition and vices, and their entrance upon a new and higher type of life. And, notwithstanding their poverty and illiteracy, and the evil entail of past centuries, they make rapid progress, for their minds are open to receive the light."

There are now more than 20,000 people of this class in connection with our Telugu mission alone, and their ranks are being largely added to every year.

The pity of it is that so many fields which are white already to harvest have to be left unreaped for lack of workers. There are districts to-day in South India where the people, after promising to give up their idols and renounce their superstitious practices, have gone back to heathenism because no teachers could be sent to instruct them in the truth. At the present time there is a community of Shanars in the Salem district, numbering at least 50,000 souls, who have asked for teachers and are willing to put themselves under Christian instruction. The open door is before us, in this and many other places. How long it will remain open, if we are unable to take advantage of the opportunity, no man can say.

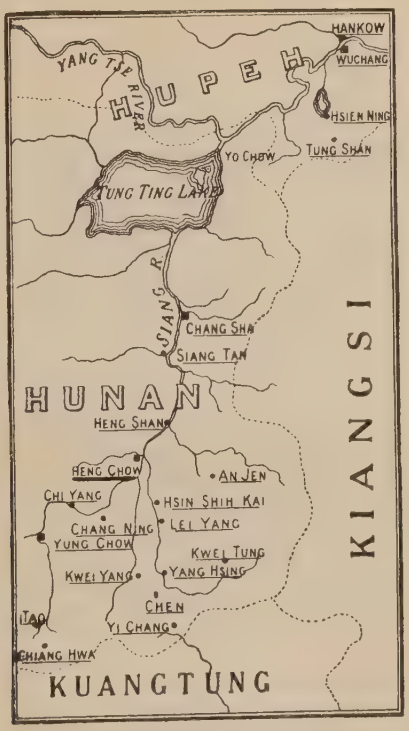
In CHINA the past ten years have been "years of transition" in no merely conventional sense. It was not to be expected that China would move forward with the same rapidity as her island neighbour, but there can be no doubt that a very effective stirring of the dry bones has been going on.

A bare list of the places occupied by the L.M.S. during the last ten or twelve years will be enough to show that the Society has not been neglectful of her opportunity. In the South we have advanced to Ting Chiu and Hui-An; in the Central Provinces to Hiau Kan and Tsao Shih, and to Heng Chow in the far interior of Hunan; in the North to T'sang Chow, Wei Chen[1] and

[1] Wei Chen had been worked for some years as an independent mission before it was taken over by the L.M.S. in 1899.

Tung An. All these represent the occupation of new fields for Christ.

There could be no more inspiring theme than the story of these extensions. Any one of them could furnish materials for a chapter to itself. We must confine ourselves, however, to the mission which has aroused the most widespread interest among



L.M.S. STATIONS IN HUNAN.

the Society's supporters, and which appears to hold the largest possibilities for the future. It is almost incredible that when the first edition of this book was published—only ten years ago —the province of HUNAN, in Central China, was so absolutely closed against the Gospel, and so far beyond the reach of our

efforts, that its very name is unmentioned in the preceding pages.

Yet even at that time the way was being prepared. Two years previously, in 1892, there had presented himself to the missionaries at Hankow, with a request for baptism, a man named P'eng Lan Seng, who was destined in the providence of God to play a great part in the evangelization of Hunan. He was himself a native of the province, and was well known as an opium-smoker and a bitter hater of the foreigners.

At the same time the Spirit of God was preparing the field, as well as calling the labourers. Many Hunanese had been converted at Hankow and other mission stations, and had gone back to witness for Christ among their heathen neighbours. "By the year 1896, a little company of twenty-five had begun to meet regularly for Christian worship in the city of Heng Chow, far in the interior of the province. Christian literature was being diligently circulated. Native colporteurs were busily at work. The Gospel was proving its power to force a way even through closed doors." (*Answered Prayers*, p. 25.)

Yet when in 1897 Dr. Griffith John and Mr. Sparham visited this same city of Heng Chow, in company with Mr. P'eng, they were roughly handled and pelted out with stones. Hunan still remained the source and centre of that violent anti-Christian agitation which for several years kept the whole country in a continual ferment against the missionary.

But though the missionaries were driven out, Mr. P'eng returned to Heng Chow. In spite of persecution and opposition he held his ground, and within two years some fifteen preaching stations were opened in the valley of the Siang. In 1899 the prohibition of missionary work in Hunan was removed, and at once Mr. Greig and Dr. Peake were sent to begin work at Yo-chow, not far from the Hupeh border. Early in 1901 a deed of property was secured for a chapel at Chang Sha, the capital of the province; and at the end of the same year the missionaries were able to advance from their temporary post at Yo-chow and take up their residence in the very city of Heng Chow from which Dr. John and his colleague had been so unceremoniously expelled four years before.

A year later Dr. John found twenty or thirty congregations established in the Heng Chow prefecture, with literally thousands of people desiring baptism. Under such circumstances it was obviously wise to exercise great caution in admitting to church fellowship, but the 1903 Report of the mission shows a

membership of more than 300, with many others on probation.

As yet, Heng Chow is the only head-station of the L.M.S in Hunan. Other important centres are waiting to be occupied as soon as the Society can send out re-inforcements. At least a dozen men are needed, according to Dr. John, before the L.M.S. can take its proper share in the evangelization of Hunan. It is emphatically a strategic point for the Christianization of the whole Empire, and when we consider the wonderful way in

CHAPEL BUILT BY NATIVE CHRISTIANS NEAR TIENTSIN.

which Providence has opened the door before us, it is hard to resist the conclusion that the same Providence means us to go in and possess the land.

The previous chapter of this book recording the history of the Society's work in North China (see pp. 369 to 393) is largely taken up with the story of James Gilmour and his work in Mongolia. It is curious to note how the centre of interest has changed in ten years' time. Mongolia is no longer a mission of the L.M.S., the work in that district having been handed over to the

Irish Presbyterian Church in 1901. It is chiefly in the country districts to the south-west of Tientsin that the mission in North China has expanded during the last decade. The Chi Chou mission was started nearly twenty years ago, but at the time of the Centenary the converts in the whole of this district numbered only 350. Since that time strong and extensive missions have been built up at T'sang Chow and Wei Chen, in the same neighbourhood, and by the year 1899, before the terrible Boxer outbreak harried the Church, the converts of the three missions were nearly 1,200 in number. In 1900 the missionaries had to flee for their lives, the native preachers were almost all killed, the mission houses and chapels were destroyed, and a great company of native Christians suffered martyrdom for their faith. The mission is only just recovering from the shock of that year of blood ; yet the Church is stronger to-day than ever it has been, both in numbers and influence.

By the goodness of God our missionaries escaped with their lives from the fury of the Boxers and reached the coast in safety, after many perilous adventures. Unfortunately, some months later the Rev. J. Stonehouse, after passing safely through the dangers of the siege of the Legations in Peking, was shot by robbers whilst engaged in carrying relief to the village Christians in the neighbourhood of Tung An.

During the present year (October, 1903, to June, 1904) a special Deputation, consisting of the Revs. George Cousins and William Bolton, have been engaged in a tour of inspection through the whole of the Society's Chinese missions. Their report has not yet been issued, but there can be little doubt that it will call attention to the greatness of the opportunity set before the Christian Church in China at the present time, and will urge the need of stronger efforts in many directions.

The first convert of the Central African Mission had been baptized at the close of 1890. Ten years ago there were barely a dozen members of the church. To-day the church numbers over sixty, whilst the regular weekly congregations reach an average of nearly 5,000. Judged by ordinary standards, it is not a large return for all the strength and money and life which have been expended on the mission ; but the work of preparing the ground and sowing the seed has been faithfully carried on and the organization of the mission to-day is a very different thing from that of ten years ago. Then there were only two mission schools, with about a hundred scholars ; now the schools number more than thirty, and the scholars well over 2,000.

Early in 1900 a distinct Forward Movement, which had long been contemplated, was made by the opening of an out-station in the Awemba country, to the south-west of Tanganyika. Later in the same year Mr. and Mrs. Purves took up their abode near the village of the great Chief Kazembe and commenced a school and Sunday services. Unhappily, after less than twelve months of strenuous labour in his new field, Mr. Purves fell a victim to fever and passed away, leaving the mission in the charge of a young colleague who had only been a few days in the country. Yet the work has gone forward. Reinforcements have been sent out, a medical mission has been commenced, and the latest letters are full of encouragement and of hope

In South Africa the period under review has been a time of storm and stress. First came the rinderpest, which swept the country of oxen and reduced large numbers of people to destitution. This was followed in three successive years by a great plague of locusts. Then came the long, sad struggle known as the Boer War, producing untold suffering and sorrow throughout South Africa, and effectually disorganizing all progressive missionary work for several years. The result is that, as far as the Bechuanaland mission is concerned, there is but small numerical increase to report, though there is some reason to believe that, especially since the end of the war, a new and deeper spiritual life has begun to manifest itself in the native churches.

Certainly there is a growing desire for education on the part of the young people, and an increasing demand for Christian literature. The need of teachers for the schools is greater than can be met, and one of the most pressing requirements of the mission for some years back has been an adequate supply of trained and devoted Christian teachers.

All this makes it the more unfortunate that the carrying out of the important scheme for a Central School for Bechuanaland, inaugurated at the time of the visit of Khama and the other chiefs to England in 1895, should have been so long delayed. A beginning, however, was made in the early part of this present year, on an estate purchased for the purpose at Tiger Kloof, near Vryburg. The Rev. W. C. Willoughby, for many years the missionary at Khama's town, has been appointed principal of the Institution ; already as many scholar-apprentices as can be accommodated have been received ; and it is hoped that within a year or two a work may be going on in connection with the Institution which will make its influence felt over the whole of our South African missons.

Of the Matebele mission it was written in a previous chapter (p. 250), that "the main features have been the stolidity of the people, and the fortitude and devotion of the workers"; and the assurance was cherished that even in this barren spot there would some day be "a great upheaval of ancient superstitions and usages, and a time of reaping for the faithful husbandman."

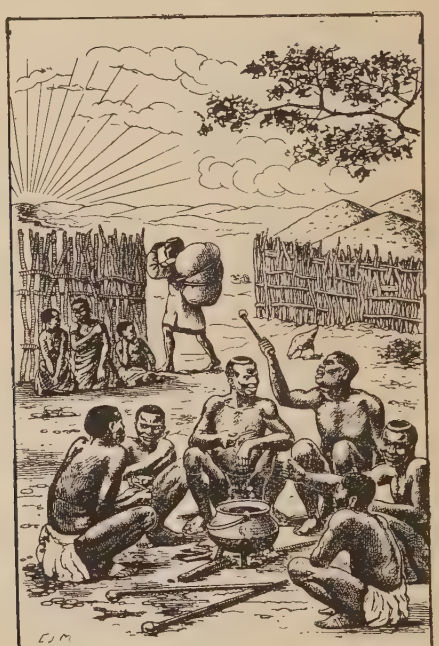


ILLUSTRATION FROM THE SENTEBELE *Pilgrim's Progress*, PUBLISHED IN 1902.

That hope has at length begun to be realized. The death of Lobengula, and the consequent break-up of the old tyranny, resulted in a new liberty and independence of action which soon manifested itself in a changed attitude on the part of the people towards the missionaries. Since then, and especially during the last three or four years, there has been a marked difference of "atmosphere" in the mission. A great demand for

elementary education and for books has sprung up; the congregations at the Sunday services have largely increased; and where the missionaries had laboured for a generation with no apparent result, converts have now been gathered in by the hundred. Altogether there are now nearly 300 church members in connection with our Matebele mission, and more than 2,500 adherents.

Passing to MADAGASCAR we find a very different record. When the story of the mission up to the time of the Centenary was written, there was no anticipation of the momentous political changes which were so soon to come about. For several years the island had been under an ill-defined French protectorate, and in 1895, after a short but costly campaign, France made herself absolute mistress of the country. What this change has meant to Madagascar, and particularly to the work of the L.M.S. in the island, it is impossible to tell here. For a time it seemed as if the mission would have to be abandoned altogether. Gradually, however, the clouds have lifted, and rays of light have appeared on the horizon which a few years ago seemed wholly dark. For this happier result we are indebted, under God, in the first place to the friendship and co-operation of the Paris Missionary Society, which for a time took over a considerable section of our work; and in the second place to the Deputation, consisting of the Rev. R. Wardlaw Thompson and Mr. Evan Spicer, who visited the island in 1897, and were able to convince the authorities of the good faith and loyalty of the Society in working under the new political régime.

There are many features in the new order of things over which every lover of liberty and progress must rejoice, as there are other features which cause regret and apprehension. It is well, for many reasons, that it should no longer be regarded as a fashionable thing to be connected with the Christian Church, and that such attachment should rather involve a certain amount of sacrifice and disadvantage.

From the point of view of statistical returns—and the fact is a good illustration of the small value of statistics—the decade has been one of overwhelming disaster for the L.M.S. in Madagascar. In place of 63,000 church members and 283,000 adherents, we have but 25,000 of the former and 48,000 of the latter class, whilst the number of scholars under our care has sunk from 75,000 to less than half that number. Yet it is held by some of those who are best qualified to judge, that the cause of true religion is stronger to-day in Madagascar than it has ever been,

and that though the London Missionary Society may never again fill so large a place in the religious life of the country as once it did, the church which we have had the honour and joy of planting and nurturing for so long will prove itself well worthy of its place in the household of faith. If that be so, the L.M.S. will rejoice to have been permitted, by God's grace, to carry the first seeds of truth to the people of Madagascar.

The only part of the mission field that remains to be touched on in this rapid survey is that known as the SOUTH SEAS, in-

A VILLAGE IN THE GILBERT GROUP, SOUTH SEA MISSION.

cluding the great island of NEW GUINEA. Little need be said concerning the work of the past ten years in the islands which have so long been under the Society's care. There is no room here for impressive statistics of progress from year to year, for the simple reason that practically the whole population is already connected with the church. In the Cook Islands, for instance, out of a total population of some 7,000, more than 6,500 are returned as in connection with our mission as church members or adherents. So the veteran missionary of the island of Niué could

declare recently that out of a population of just over 4,000, more than 1,700 were church members and 2,300 adherents of the mission—which does not leave much room for "outsiders."

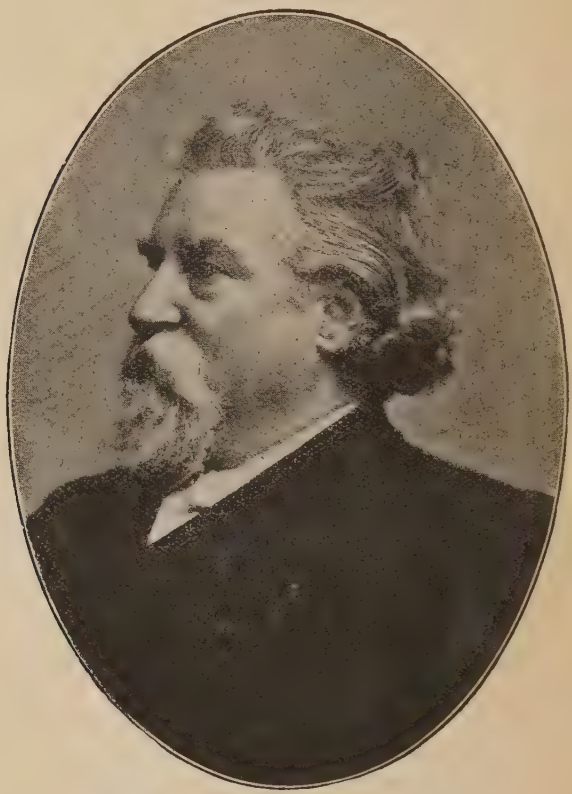
In Samoa the decade has been a stormy one from the political point of view. In 1900, after a prolonged period of agitation, the German flag was hoisted over the islands of Upolu and Savaii, and the eastern islands of Tutuila and Manua passed under the control of the United States. Whilst it is too soon to say what will be the effect of these political changes on the religious life of the people, it is gratifying to learn that there has been no falling away from the church, nor any diminution in that evangelistic and missionary spirit which has sent so many noble men and women from Samoa, as from the Cook Islands and other parts of the South Sea mission, to labour for Christ in New Guinea.

The growth and influence of the large Girls' Boarding Schools at Papauta (begun in 1891) and Atauloma (1900) have been important factors in the life of the people, each having now about 100 girls in residence.

The anticipated settling of an English missionary in the Gilbert Islands, referred to in a previous chapter (p. 222), was not effected till the year 1900, when Mr. and Mrs. Goward were appointed to take charge of the work. They found on their arrival a condition of things which shows how unwise it is to leave such a field without the constant supervision of a Eurpean missionary. In some cases the Samoan pastors had laboured faithfully and well; in other cases they had yielded to the temptations of their position, and had been anything but examples to the flock. Mr. Goward, realizing that the first essential for the upbuilding of the Church is the training of a zealous and intelligent native ministry, is devoting a large part of his time and strength to this and other forms of educational work; and with very encouraging results. Forty-four students have been under training during the past year, and the thirty schools have had more than 3,000 scholars in attendance.

For the NEW GUINEA mission the past ten years have been a peculiarly critical and difficult time. There has been much illness among the members of the mission, and several valued workers have been compelled to retire. On April 8, 1901, the great pioneer missionary, James Chalmers, whose name will always be linked with the history of New Guinea, was murdered by the Fly River cannibals, together with his devoted colleague, Oliver Tomkins, and a number of natives. They had gone in

the little mission schooner *Niué* to visit one of the unevangelized districts of the great Fly River Delta, and were apparently explaining the object of their visit when they were treacherously struck down. So "Tamate" crowned a life of service for the



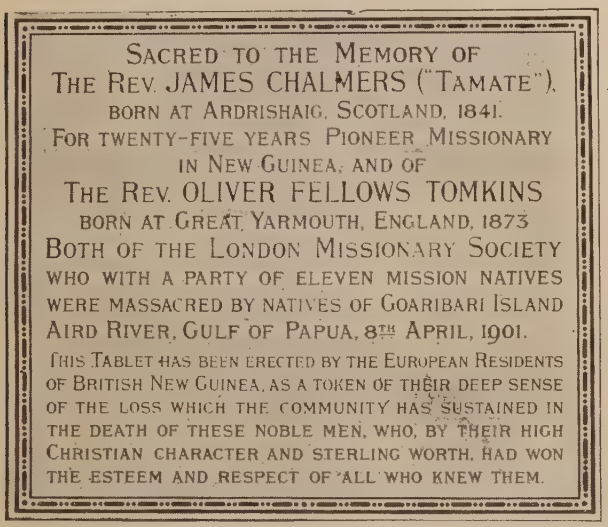
JAMES CHALMERS, OF NEW GUINEA.

natives of New Guinea with a martyr's death at the hands of those to whom he was bearing the word of life; and his young colleague, after less than a year of labour in the field, died by his side.

In addition to these irreparable losses, the little band of

missionaries in New Guinea has had to bear many trials and disappointments. It is not to be expected that a savage and cannibal people like the Papuans should be transformed into peaceful and consistent Christians within a single generation. But a marked recrudescence of heathenism in several of the mission districts has been a cause of great distress to the missionaries and to the Directors during the last year or two.

Yet the record of the ten years is one for which the most profound thankfulness must be felt. From the point of view of statistics, it is surely something to have increased the number


SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
THE REV. JAMES CHALMERS ("TAMATE").
BORN AT ARDRISHAIG, SCOTLAND, 1841.
FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS PIONEER MISSIONARY
IN NEW GUINEA, AND OF
THE REV. OLIVER FELLOWS TOMKINS
BORN AT GREAT YARMOUTH, ENGLAND, 1873
BOTH OF THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY
WHO WITH A PARTY OF ELEVEN MISSION NATIVES
WERE MASSACRED BY NATIVES OF GOARIBARI ISLAND
AIRD RIVER, GULF OF PAPUA, 8TH APRIL, 1901.
THIS TABLET HAS BEEN ERECTED BY THE EUROPEAN RESIDENTS
OF BRITISH NEW GUINEA, AS A TOKEN OF THEIR DEEP SENSE
OF THE LOSS WHICH THE COMMUNITY HAS SUSTAINED IN
THE DEATH OF THESE NOBLE MEN, WHO, BY THEIR HIGH
CHRISTIAN CHARACTER AND STERLING WORTH, HAD WON
THE ESTEEM AND RESPECT OF ALL WHO KNEW THEM.

BRONZE TABLET IN THE EUROPEAN CHURCH AT PORT MORESBY, NEW GUINEA.

of church members from about 300 to at least seven or eight times that number.

The establishment of a native Training College at Vatorata in 1895 marked the attainment of a new stage in the history of the mission. A fair number of students have already passed through the four years' course, and are now settled in the villages. The number in residence at the present time is about thirty.

The inauguration of the new Inland Mission, with its first

station at Kalaigolo, marked another distinct step forward. For several years it had been felt (and the visit of the Rev R. Wardlaw Thompson and Mr. William Crosfield as a special Deputation to New Guinea in 1897 had only deepened the impression) that the Society was not doing its duty in occupying merely a few points along the coast, leaving practically untouched the vast districts stretching away to the great mountains of the interior. A munificent gift from the late Hon. J. H. Angas, of Australia, enabled the Society in 1901 to make a beginning of this work, and already, although there is little or nothing to report in the way of statistics, a firm footing has been secured in the new district, and it is hoped shortly to establish a second station further inland. A remarkable gathering was held at Kalaigolo in 1902, at which twenty-six chiefs were present, with representatives from some fifty different villages. The very fact that villages which had hitherto only met to fight met that day for the first time in friendship over a common feast, is a significant indication of the new day which is slowly but surely breaking over New Guinea.

There are many other important movements and events which demand some mention in this hurried survey of our foreign field, but space forbids more than a passing allusion to one or two.

Medical missionary work has been greatly developed, especially in India and China. In China, for instance, we have to-day twenty-one fully qualified doctors and three trained nurses, compared with the eleven doctors who formed the medical staff before the Forward Movement. The number of patients treated in the whole of the Society's thirty-three hospitals and thirty-six dispensaries in 1903 was 166,000.

The Society's *educational work* has also been greatly extended in the ten years. At the present time the L.M.S. has 1,940 Day Schools under its care, with a total of more than 92,000 scholars, paying fees to the amount of £6,800 a year. Excluding Madagascar, where the conditions have changed greatly since the French occupation, these figures represent an increase of 35 per cent. in the number of scholars during the last ten years. The increase has been specially marked in South India and Travancore (with 30,750 scholars in 1903, as against 22,000 in 1892), and in the African missions (with 6,600 as against only 385).

In China, as yet, comparatively little educational work has been done by our mission. But movements have recently been started which promise to exercise a widespread influence over the next generation. The Anglo-Chinese College at Amoy, the

High School at Hankow, the Medhurst College at Shanghai, the Union College at Tung-Chow (where the L.M.S. and the American Board have united their forces for higher educational work in North China), the Walford Hart College at Tientsin—these are all institutions which have sprung up within recent years, and which are bringing the L.M.S. into line with the strong educational missions of the great American Societies.

There has been a marked revival of interest lately in the work of *Industrial Missions*. In almost all our mission fields something is now being done to train the converts in useful arts and handicrafts, and at the same time to provide a livelihood for those whom the profession of faith in Christ has deprived of their former means of subsistence. Many difficult problems have still to be solved in connection with these mission industries, but the next few years will probably see important developments in this direction.

Many of those whose names have figured prominently in the foregoing chapters of this book have been called home during the past ten years. What heroic memories of the early days of missionary work are recalled by the names of Legge and Chalmers, Muirhead and Lockhart and Lees, of China ; Kennedy, Newport, Whitehouse and Lewis, of South India ; Ella and Pratt and Gill, of Polynesia ; Chalmers, of New Guinea ; Ashton, Mackenzie, Durant, Philip and Roger Price, of South Africa. All these have passed away since 1894, with many younger men whose service was lacking in nothing but length of days.

A few words must be said, in conclusion, about the home side of the work during these ten years. The addition of eighty-three new missionaries to the staff has involved a very large increase in the Society's foreign expenditure. (The Home Expenditure, it is interesting to notice, was less by £1,900 in 1903 than it was ten years previously.) Unfortunately, the income, though it has shown a steady and encouraging increase from year to year, has not yet attained the necessary dimensions for the support of the larger work for which the Society is now responsible. Year after year, with distressing monotony, deficiencies have arisen, and have had to be wiped out from time to time by means of special appeals. So serious had the position become, that in 1902 the Board felt itself compelled to adopt a resolution limiting the Society's expenditure for five years to the average of the two preceding years, and at the same time the grants to missionaries for the carrying on of their work were reduced all round the field by 5 per cent.

We are thus committed, apparently, to the policy of "marking time" for three more years. And in the mission field to "mark time" is to retreat. What such a policy means to the missionaries cannot be told. "The Board tells us not to grow," writes one of them from North China; "but we can't help it, for life means growth. If we didn't grow we should be dead, and the mission might as well be given up, as it would only cumber the ground. God is with us, so growth is spontaneous and natural."

"A business man," writes another from Central China, "would move heaven and earth to gather in such fruits as we see within our reach. And yet, instead of rejoicing and pressing in to gather the fruit, we seem to be doing only the minimum that our consciences will allow."

One element of hope in the Resolution referred to on the preceding page must not be overlooked. The limitation of expenditure for five years was to be subject to the raising of the income, in the meantime, beyond the level of that expenditure. This, it was stated, would involve the provision of at least an additional £15,000 a year, and the churches were earnestly appealed to for a strenuous effort to reach this goal. Although it cannot be said that the goal is yet within sight, progress has undoubtedly been made during the last two years and movements have been set on foot which promise to effect much in the near future.

There are many signs which encourage the hope that a revival of missionary zeal is not far distant. The growth of the Society's Prayer Union, known as the Watchers' Band (founded at the time of the Forward Movement, and now numbering 31,000 members in all parts of the world, including not a few native Christians in the mission field); the larger place given to the work of foreign missions by many ministers, both in the pulpit and the prayer-meeting; the growing recognition by the churches of their responsibility for this work; the improvement of the Society's organization throughout the country—all these are signs of promise.

In the closing year of the nineteenth century the late Mr. Robert Arthington bequeathed to the work of foreign missions the largest sum that has ever been given for this object. Certain legal difficulties and formalities have up to the present delayed the appropriation of the bequest; but when the London Missionary Society receives its share—which is expected to amount to more than £250,000, all of which will have to be spent on new and aggressive work—there will be a great call for labourers

to go forth to occupy new fields. May it not be hoped that with this call for service there will come a new consecration of the wealth of the church to the work of the world's evangelization—so that whether it be much or little that we can give, we may give it gladly and whole-heartedly for the spread and strengthening of God's Kingdom in all the earth.

Pages could be filled with the bare record of opportunities waiting to be seized, of open doors through which there comes the cry for help. Never before has the world been so open to the preacher of the Gospel as it is to-day. We may turn our eyes where we will and see the same sight everywhere—fields white unto harvest, furrows waiting to be sown, fertile lands ready for the harrow and the plough. Shall we complain that the work is too great for us—greater than we expected, greater than we feel disposed to undertake? Or shall we pray the Lord of the harvest that He thrust forth more labourers into His harvest? And if He shall thrust them forth, are we prepared to meet the new demands which will arise through the answering of our prayers?

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